NOW IS THE TIME TO FORM CLUBS. SEND FOR FREE SAMPLES.

The Boston Weekly Globe.

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FOREIGN SUMMARY.

Indignities Practiced on Irish Political Prisoners.

War Rumors Continuing, With Prospect of a Break in the Spring.

Notes Gathered from All Parts of the Old World.

BERLIN, Dec. 24.—If war early in the spring is averted official anticipation will be deceived and military expectation disappointed. Within the past few days it has become the settled conviction of diplomatic circles that the Czar's pacific tendencies have been overborne by the Pan-Slavist faction, and that he is now under the control of the war party, the leaders of which are likely to precipitate a war by some act of provocation committed without the Czar's full assent.

An ominous indication of the extreme tension of the situation is the bellicose tone of the St. Petersburg papers toward Austria. There is no further pretence of concealment as to what are Russia's aims. Bulgaria, the papers say, must be deprived of any shadow of autonomy and become a Russian province, while Austria must be forced to evacuate Bosnia and Herzegovina.

It is a notable feature of the articles in the Navoe Vremya, Navosti and other Russian papers that war with Austria will not necessarily involve Germany. An inspired article states that the Russian government has obtained the knowledge that the treaty of alliance gave Germany leave not to interfere unless Austria is threatened with a collapse, which would involve terrible losses. This is contrary to the official press of Vienna and Pesth, which treats the war question as a common matter between Austria and Berlin. The Berlin official view concurs with that of the Austrian press, and the closeness of the intimacy between the war departments distinctly points to concerted plans of military action in the event of war.

During the past week Russian cavalry and light artillery have been pushed forward to extreme outposts; for Witaves, to Melchew, a few kilometres from Cracow, and to Thilakoov, a station on the Lewberg & Derbus railway. A careful estimate in the Post gives Russia eight and a half army corps without the frontier districts of Warsaw, Welna and Kieffe, with 120 field batteries, against a combined Austrian and German force of five and a half army corps with 82 batteries. Russia has also an immense preponderance in cavalry strength.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S VIEWS.

Lord Randolph Churchill's Movements—Irish Prisoners and the Prince.

LONDON, Dec. 24.—The Tories are showing signs of increasing uneasiness at the attitude of Lord Randolph Churchill to the ministry. His motives in taking a lengthened and tedious foreign journey at this particular juncture are at once suspected. His visit to Russia was declared to be for the sinister purpose of injuring Lord Salisbury with the party.

The cruelties to which Irish political prisoners are subjected are increasing every day. It is the customary thing for such prisoners now when they object with perfect propriety to wear the to have their uniforms of felons wearing apparel torn off their backs and the bedclothes removed, leaving them naked and defenceless.

Religious people are much exercised at the prominence given to the recent prize fight, and to the present extraordinary outbreak of fistic enthusiasm as mirrored by the daily journals here. The Prince of Wales has fallen even lower than before in the estimate of these classes by his interview with John L. Sullivan.

The cabinet begins this, as it did the last, session of Parliament with new rules of procedure. The main proposal is an automatic closure of debate at 12 o'clock midnight, the House meeting at 3 in the afternoon.

Balfour is certain to be vigorously assailed, and he will probably be much damaged in reputation before the end comes.

We have no expectation of winning the Winchester election. It is a very small constituency, and ruled by the big brewery, the cathedral and the local magnates of the land. It is hoped, however, to diminish the Tory majority recorded at the last election.

The reductions of rent in Ireland continue to be enormous. Most of the landlords who still resist are pilloried as thieves. They belong to various landlord unionist organizations, and are doing all in their power to make their tenants smart. Eviction writs are falling like snow flakes under the new system of eviction by registered letter. Balfour has also instructed the police to help actively in the cases of eviction instead of standing aside as under Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Affairs are very bad indeed, but public opinion is steadily crystallizing in our favor in England.

T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.

Mr. Mandeville Liberated.

DUBLIN, Dec. 24.—Mr. Mandeville, the fellow-prisoner of Mr. O'Brien, M. P., was released from Tullamore jail today, the term of his sentence having expired. On the night of Nov. 23 he was visited in his cell by the governor and six wardens, who forcibly stripped him of his clothes, took them away and left him absolutely naked. Mr. Mandeville then put a quilt around himself and thus remained for 24 hours. He was then again visited and threatened with a removal of the quilt. He got five minutes in which to decide, and under such compulsion had no alternative but to put on the prison clothes.

This cowardly conduct was denounced by the public. Mr. Mandeville refused to clean his cell and was again put on bread and water. This torture was kept up at intervals until his liberation today, although he suffered terribly from diarrhœa and rheumatism. Mandeville proceeded by train to Cork on his liberation. There was no demonstration in Tullamore.

FROM MANY FIELDS.

Notes of Interest Gathered in Many European Centres.

Lord Hartington will go to Italy after Christmas.

Authentic news has reached Vienna to the effect that numerous Cossack regiments are being massed in Russian Poland.

Heavy snow storms are reported throughout Hungary, and railway and telegraphic communication have been interrupted.

The continuance of the favorable symptoms shown by the crown prince has enabled Dr. MacKenzie to postpone his return to San Remo.

Mrs. N. O. Northcote, youngest daughter of Hamilton Fish and daughter-in-law of Sir Stafford Northcote (Earl of Iddesleigh), died in New York on the 22d inst.

In consequence of the frequency of disastrous fires among cargoes of American cotton, a committee of London and Liverpool underwriters has been formed to make an investigation.

Telegrams from Senegal announce that the famous marabout, Mahmoud Lamine, the chief opponent of French influence in the Soudan, was killed in a recent encounter with French troops.

The British government has decided to banish King Jaja of Oporbo, West Africa, to St. Helena. The king recently caused 150 of his subjects to be beheaded as a warning to others not to permit traitors to go into the interior.

Defensive operations are progressing in all parts of Hungary. The telegraph offices have been ordered not to transmit reports of the number of regiments ready to proceed to Galicia should Russia reinforce the troops now on the frontier.

Prince Krapotkine has delivered a lecture in which he argued in favor of suppressing prisons and of leaving crimes to be committed at will, his opinion being that the only safeguard of society was the curing of diseases of the brain, heart and stomach, from which, he said, all criminals suffered.

In the Belgian Chamber of Deputies the premier announced that 49 foreign governments had agreed to take part in a conference at Brussels in March with the object of bringing about the establishment of an office for the translation and exchange of legislative documents of all countries.

Advices from Sofia state that the government interpret the concentration of Russian troops in Volhynia as a warning to be prepared for a renewal of Russian aggression in Bulgaria. The prevalent opinion is that this time the Czar will try his hand at an invasion of the principality. Whatever the form in which the assault may be devered, the Bulgarians are resolved to be ready for it.

The Russian government has prohibited the exportation to Prussia of stone used for building forts.

Prince Ferdinand has summoned all the generals of his staff to attend war councils to be held in Sofia.

Turkey, fearing European complications, is increasing her forces in Macedonia on the Roumelian frontier.

The Great Eastern has been sold to a metal firm for $80,500. The vessel will be broken up as old metal.

The Marquis of Clanricarde has issued 100 fresh writs of ejectment against tenants on his Woodford (Ire.) estate.

The magistrate of the Bow Street Police Court has granted warrants for the arrest of General Millen and Mr. Melville, alleged dynamiters.

Advices from St. Petersburg state that, owing to an emeute among the students of the university there, the institution has been closed.

It is now stated that the Czar has decided to send an address to the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee, but will present him with no gift.

The Paris Temps says the Russian Government has informed the allied powers that the movements of troops in Poland have ceased.

The Bulgarian Chamber of Deputies has sanctioned the expenditure of $2,000,000 in the purchase of repeating rifles, and of $1,000,000 for forts.

Thomas Sexton, member of Parliament for the west division of Belfast, is seriously ill in Dublin. He is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Herbert Spencer is at Bournemouth in very poor health. The insomnia which recently afflicted him has returned, and he can find no remedy for it.

The heaviest storm experienced on the Haytian coast for 20 years struck there on the 6th inst., doing much damage to the shipping and causing loss of life.

Wallace Ross and George Bubear have signed articles to row for the championship of England and £1000 a side. The race will be contested on Feb. 13 over the Thames course.

Three steel steamers of 3000 tons each will be built at the Fairfield yard on the Clyde to run in the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's Japan and British Columbia service.

The inhabitants of the island of Cyprus will send a deputation to London to petition Lord Salisbury to grant the legislative council power to deal with the subject of taxation.

The Vienna New Free Press says that King Milan of Servia, replying to an address of congratulation presented to him by the Chamber of Deputies, said the present moment was fraught with danger to Europe.

United Ireland censures the language contained in the letter which Bishop O'Dwyer recently sent to the papers as that of the London Times, Chief Secretary Balfour, Mr. Goschen and Lord Hartington.

Father Matthew Ryan of the town of Hospital, County Limerick, one of the projectors of the plan of campaign, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment without hard labor for inciting the people to illegal action.

A despatch from Belgrade says that King Milan, in addressing the deputies who were present at a recent Servian celebration, said, "The horizon is much darker, and a fearful war seems to be impending. Servia must be prepared to defend her interests."

It is reported in the country on the eastern side of Lake Nyanza that Mr. Stanley, after many privations, reached Wadelai in the early part of September. The principal difficulty he encountered was between the Mabodi country and Wadelai.

That half-breed pretender, Duhleep Singh, has in one way or another done the British government out of more than $1,500,000, mostly in the form of loans, in addition to receiving a pension of $175,000 a year up to 1860 and $200,000 a year since.

It is semi-officially stated that no communications whatever have been exchanged by the Austrian and Russian governments concerning the present situation in Bulgaria, nor has Russia made any intimation regarding the movements of her troops on the frontier.

The smallpox has somewhat abated in Havana, but it is raging with increased virulence in the suburbs, particularly at Regla, a village situated on the other side of the bay. During the seven months ended Nov. 30 there were 1280 deaths from the disease in Havana.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Adoniram Judson occurs Aug. 9, 1888. In commemoration of this event it is proposed to erect a Judson memorial church in Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burmah, within sight of the prison pens of Ava and Oung-pen-la.

The Liverpool Post says the Queen has been greatly irritated by the remarks called forth in the newspapers of the tacit approval of pugilism shown by the Prince of Wales in his visit to Sullivan, and Her Majesty has expressed her annoyance in a letter sent to his royal highness.

All the absent cardinals have been summoned to return to Rome before Jan. 1, to take part in the Pope's jubilee celebration. Two hundred foreign bishops and many European Legitimist aristocrats have given notice of their intention to visit Rome after Christmas to attend the celebration.

The Berlin Post, discussing the military preparations, says that no onlooker can deny that Russia's preponderance in cavalry strength on the Galician frontier would enable her, the instant war should be declared, to flood Galicia most effectively and derange the Austrian mobilizing, inflicting incalculable moral and material damage.

Swinburne has published a lampoon on Gladstone under the title of "Citoyen Tartuffe." Pierre Joyeuse was born in Normandy, Marseilles, Dauphiny, Rouen or Toulouse, according to the birthplace of the people he seeks to deceive. He began political life as a clerical royalist, but changes with every phase of French politics until the restoration of the monarchy, when he disappears forever under a universal vomit of disgust.

Cardinal Lorenzo Ilarione Randi, who died in Rome, Wednesday, was born at Bagnacavallo, ancient Pontifical States, July 12, 1818, and was adopted by a wealthy lady, who left him all her fortune. His career has been simply administrative, and, though a good, charitable man, he has led a cloistered life in the Vatican, where he was a great collector of coins, letters and photographs. He served at one time as governor of Rome, and in 1875 was created a cardinal of the order of deacons by Pope Pius IX.

A semi-official denial has been given to the report that the Russian government has informed the powers that the movements of Russian troops in Poland had ceased. Such is claimed to be the case, however, and that no further displacement of Russian troops is anticipated during the winter. It is reported that Russian diplomats are seriously expecting that some action will be taken by the allied powers of Germany, Austria and Italy to induce Prince Ferdinand to withdraw from the throne of Bulgaria.

The steamers City of New York and City of Paris, being built for the Inman & International Company, will each be 525 feet long on the water line, or 560 feet over all, 63¼ feet beam and 42 feet moulded depth. Their gross tonnage will be 10,000 tons each. Each vessel will have two sets of engines, each set driving a separate screw. To prevent the vessels from rolling badly they will be provided with a rolling chamber. Both vessels have been specially arranged so that they can be available as armed cruisers.

The Duke of Norfolk, who went to Rome to convey to the Pope the congratulations of Queen Victoria on his jubilee, has left that city, curtailing his visit, so the Paris Gaulois asserts, because of the absolute refusal of the Pope to further interfere in the relations between the Irish clergy and the people. Mgr. Rampolla, the papal secretary, the paper says, informed the duke that the Pope had already used his influence with the clergy, but could not ask the priests to cease to be patriots without running the risk of causing the rebellion of a section of the clergy, and the loss of the hold of the church on the people.

WORK OF AN INSANE JAP.

He Calls the Crew from Below and Does Bloody Work.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—The Bolivian bark Remijio, which has arrived from Hakodato, reports that last Thursday night a Japanese, who had the watch on deck, suddenly became insane. All the crew were below, and at midnight he called them on deck, stationing himself at the door of the forecastle with a hatchet in his hand. The first who appeared, a Japanese, was saluted with a blow upon the head. Next was a negro, who was also struck and dangerously wounded. The insane Japanese then jumped overboard. It was found, also, that the cook of the vessel had been almost killed prior to the assault upon the crew, and his recovery is doubtful.

Bequests to Colleges.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Dec. 20.—Among the bequests in the will of the late Stephen M. Buckingham are the following: Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., $50,000; Vassar College, $8000 to found the Catharine Morgan Buckingham scholarship, daughters of Episcopal ministers to be preferred in sharing its benefits; Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, $20,000.

DANIEL MANNING'S DEATH.

Fatal End of His Illness at 1.32 p. m. Saturday.

His Career as Journalist, Financier and Secretary of the Treasury.

President Cleveland's Telegram of Condolence to the Afflicted Family.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 24.—Mr. Manning continued to fail throughout the night steadily but surely. He safely passed the trying hours of the early morning, when vitality is usually at its lowest ebb. He could not speak, but by the intelligent look in his eyes, it was evident he knew those about him. He had taken no nourishment for many hours. His life has depended solely upon his wonderful vitality. Up to the noon hour but little change had been noticeable. As the sun was crossing the meridian the long-looked-for change made its appearance. His pulse again became intermittent, and at 12.30 had almost entirely disappeared at the wrist.

The family was summoned. At the bedside were: Mrs. Manning, wife of the dying man; James H. Manning and Fred C. Manning, sons of the secretary, with their wives; Mrs. John A. Delehany and Miss Mary E. Manning, daughters of the secretary; Miss Marcia Manning, only sister of the dying man; John B. Manning, brother of the patient, and his wife; Messrs. William J. Fryer and Robert L. Fryer, brothers of Mrs. Daniel Manning, and Fred R. Moore, a bright young colored man, who has been most devoted to the secretary all through his illness, watching him carefully and anticipating his every wish. Mr. Moore is the same young man who watched Judge Folger in his last illness. Dr. Henry Hun, the physician who has attended Mr. Manning, also stood by the bedside.

There was no death-bed scene, in the sense that is commonly understood. The transition from the known to the unknown was so slow and even that it was as when a wearied laborer sinks to a healthful sleep. The appearance of the statesman helped to create the illusion. Those who have seen Mr. Manning when the fatal hand of disease had clutched him, noticed upon his countenance the traces of coming dissolution; but, strange to say, with the approach of death the healthful appearance of the face in a measure returned, and the serious, handsome appearance of his countenance, which his friends loved to gaze at, was almost restored.

It was just 1.34 o'clock when the last flutter of the pulse had spent itself, and the faint movement of the bosom had altogether ceased. While Secretary Manning was dying the choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Lancaster street, only a short distance from the house where he lay, was practising the grand Christmas music which celebrates the birth of one whose teachings were of the life beyond the tomb. The music of the great organ could be heard at the front of the house, and it is probable that with the quickening that death brings to the senses Mr. Manning could hear the melody which to his sorrowing relatives

Passed Unheeded.

Secretary Manning, during the last fortnight of his life, frequently expressed his willingness to die. That sentiment was the theme of some of his latest utterances. He faced death as he might have looked in the face of a friend. During the last few days he had been too weak to speak. His relatives fancied that he said various things, the last expression of which there is certainty was one of resignation to his fate and confidence in what the future had in store for him. It was the expressed desire of Mr. Manning that he should not be "gazed at," as he said, in the moment of death. Perhaps he thought that his life might go out with one of those death spasms which are so painful for the friends of the dying to see.

The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Previous to the public services, however, prayers for the family alone will be held at the house of his son, James H. Manning, managing editor of the Albany Argus. Probably Rev. Mr. Prawl will assist Rev. J. Livingstone Reese, the rector, at the church. All the Episcopal clergy from this portion of the diocese, including Bishop Doane and other prominent churchmen, are expected to take part. The full Episcopal service will be said, and the regular church choir will probably be augmented. Interment will be had temporarily in the receiving vault at the Albany Rural cemetery. The family plot is located in the newer section of the cemetery, on the north ridge. In the lot the remains of Mr. Manning's father and his first wife repose among those of 10 other relatives now buried there. President Cleveland and the members of his cabinet are expected at the funeral.

Upon being informed of Mr. Manning's death, Governor Hill said: "Mr. Manning's death is a loss to his State, the country and the Democratic party. Though he held but one political office during the many years of his active life, he was, nevertheless, always ready and content to take his place among those who bore the burden of planning and carrying out policies which he believed were for the benefit of his fellow-citizens. He naturally became a leader in political contests. Mr. Tilden especially recognized and trusted his character and capacity. Mr. Manning's administration as secretary of the treasury exceeded the high expectations of his friends. When failing health compelled him to lay down the honorable office for which he had been selected by Mr. Cleveland, this man, who was an active politician and sometimes perhaps even a partisan, was honored by the appreciative praise of the

Bitterest of His Opponents.

It is an agreeable reflection that after the heat of political contests is over the American people are quick to feel that upright party service is as well a patriotic public service. Mr. Manning was successful in business, and had the esteem of all his business associates. He was honest in all his relations with his fellowmen. He was zealous for the prosperity of Albany. His temperament was even and unexcitable, and he had that most necessary qualification of a great general, that in emergencies he never lost his head. He was a good listener, and his success in life can chiefly be ascribed to his willingness to receive suggestions combined with that discriminating judgment which enabled him to choose so well the wise course of action."

Judge Rufus W. Peckham of the Court of Appeals said, regarding Mr. Manning: "I think Mr. Manning was a man of very rare capacity. His whole success in life shows that fact clearly. His success as a politician was based on the acute knowledge he had of the judgment of men. In that respect I think I never saw his superior. He seemed to understand the character of the mind of every man with whom he came into contact and what argument to address to him in moving him in the direction desired." Attorney General Denis O'Brien gave expression to these sentiments: "I have known Daniel Manning intimately ever since 1878. From that time to 1884 he was unquestionably, next to Mr. Tilden, the ablest, most courageous, and withal the most unselfish leader and adviser that the Democratic party possessed in the State or the nation. He was devoted to the principles and the best traditions of his party. He believed, rightly, that these principles and traditions constituted the basis and superstructure upon which our free institutions rested, and upon which they depended for their perpetuity."

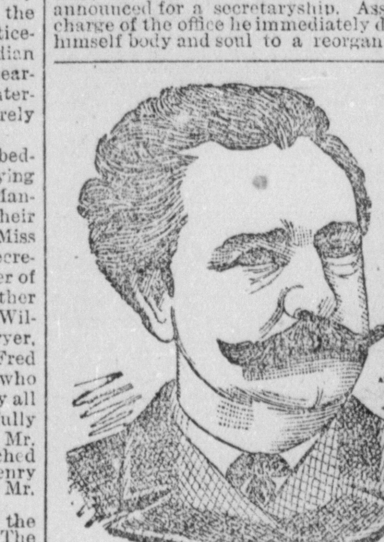
Attorney General-elect Charles F. Tabor said: "Mr. Manning was one of the greatest men in the country. He had an original mind. For capacity he was one of the first men of today."

State Treasurer Lawrence J. Fitzgerald said, with emotion: "No language or words are strong enough to convey my feelings regarding Daniel Manning. He had no superiors as a leader of his party, or as a financier. He was one of the greatest men the nation has ever produced."

Daniel Manning, banker, confidential friend and adviser of President Cleveland, ex-secretary of the treasury, was born of poor parents in Albany, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1831. He received his rudiments of education in the public schools of that day, but at the age of 11 years was taken away from his books to begin his long battle with the world. His first position was that of errand boy on the Albany Times, which was afterwards merged into the Argus. He remained with the Argus, showing such an aptitude for journalism that he was rapidly promoted from one responsible position to another, finally becoming president of the company, and some years before the nomination of Grover Cleveland for governor obtained a controlling interest in the paper and assumed charge of the policy of the paper, making it a strong Cleveland organ, which support brought him into intimate acquaintanceship with Governor Cleveland, which in turn budded into a lasting, sincere friendship.

Making a financial success of his paper he turned his attention to outside issues, and in the stock market was equally successful as in journalism. He interested himself greatly in railroads and became a director of the Susquehanna Railroad Company, and also president of the National Commercial Bank. At times he also held numerous minor positions under the Albany city government. He was a delegate to the Democratic conventions that nominated Tilden for both governor and president. When Governor Cleveland came out as a candidate for nomination before the Chicago convention, he assumed charge of his campaign and managed it in a manner that aroused universal acclamation. After the nomination he confidently announced himself to be the first New York Democrat who would live to see the man of his choice elected president of the United States.

Immediately after the election President Cleveland began to importune him to accept the treasury portfolio, but his health being bad he repeatedly declined, but finally consented to accept the responsibility entirely through personal friendship, and his name was one of the first announced for a secretaryship. Assuming charge of the office he immediately devoted himself body and soul to a reorganization



THE LATE HON. DANIEL MANNING.

of his department, making many needed changes and entirely dictated the financial policy of the administration.

For some years his health had been bad and rapidly gave way before he had assumed charge of the secretaryship, and owing to the confinement to his duties grew rapidly worse, finally culminating in the following fall by a dangerous attack of apoplexy, which overtook him while at his desk in the treasury building, and very nearly proved fatal. Such was the narrow escape that upon his recovery he resigned his position and returned to his home in Albany.

During the past 10 years he has been in more or less good health, but within the past 10 months began to fail again. First slowly, but during the past two weeks very rapidly, so that during the past week his death was looked for hourly, but his wonderful pluck and vitality kept him alive for quite a period.

Mr. Manning was greatly liked by all who knew him. He was a modest, unassuming Christian gentleman, possessing great foresight. He was devoted to his family, who were continually at his bedside during the entire time of his late illness.

WHAT CAUSED HIS DEATH.

Deplorable Sanitary Condition of the Treasury Department.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—Ex-Secretary Manning makes the second secretary of the treasury from New York who has died in recent years. Charles J. Folger, President Arthur's secretary of the treasury, was the other, and there is no doubt that both owe their deaths to the abominable sanitary condition of the department, over which they were called to preside. Before Mr. Manning came to Washington he was a vigorous, active man, who hardly knew what it was to be sick. Whether he had a presentiment of evil or only a disinclination to leave Albany, cannot, of course, be known; but it is remembered that, after it was certain that Mr. Cleveland had been elected, he wanted to retire from active political life and spend his days quietly in Albany. He yielded to the urgent solicitation of the President, however, and entered the cabinet.

The President recognized that Mr. Manning was a master of finance, and the work he accomplished while in the department, and his first report to Congress proved him to have been one of the foremost political economists of his time. The tremendous amount of work he did will never be known.

In the early days of the administration, when it was necessary to change the entire policy and plan of the treasury methods, he did the work of 40 men. Not only did he have to keep up with current work, but he had to learn every detail in connection with his great department and all this time he was practically studying the tariff problem so as to be able to show its consistencies and oppressiveness, while the silver question also demanded exhaustive study and research. Even in these days he was warned by his physician not to work so hard. Yielding to Mrs. Manning's entreaties he would leave the department at 4 o'clock, but it was only to go home and, with his secretaries, work harder and more continuous than when in the department.

Had the treasury building been in a proper condition the strain might not have wrecked the secretary; but, as he was forced to breathe vitiated air for hours at a time, the result was inevitable. His system became thoroughly permeated with the poison until at last he collapsed.

It is the irony of fate to remember that when Mr. Manning first came here and he and his graceful bride were looking for a house, the secretary was particularly anxious in regard to the plumbing. When finally he selected a house he would not rent it until the plumbing had been pronounced all right by a sanitary expert. That the Treasury Department should be such a sink of abomination never occurred to him. It was only after his first stroke that it was found that his room was right over an untrapped sewer pipe; that the flue of the open fireplace was so stopped up that no fire would burn, and that the room had to be heated by steam, which resulted in its being either as cold as an icehouse or as hot as a furnace. It is no exaggeration to say that there is not a mill in Fall River so badly ventilated or so badly heated and lighted as Uncle Sam's great, gloomy treasure house. It has been pointed out to Congress that the sanitary condition of the treasury is so bad that the health of everybody forced to work there is endangered. A good round appropriation was asked for to remedy the evil, but, so far, no provision has been made.

It will hardly be believed that there are some rooms in the building absolutely without ventilation except through the open door; they have not even a transom, and they lead into an outside passage, so that the air their occupants are forced to breathe is of the worst possible character.

Mr. Manning will be sincerely mourned here. The President regarded him as one of his most trusted counsellors, and the employes of the department know that in him they had a sincere friend. He was always mindful of their welfare, and treated them with consideration and respect.

The White House was the first to lower its flag this afternoon.

CABINET ESTIMATES.

How the ex-Secretary Was Regarded by His Official Associates.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The death of Mr. Manning fell with especial force upon the members of the cabinet, all of whom came to know him intimately through almost daily contact. Particularly was his demise a shock to Secretaries Fairchild and Whitney, for their friendships began prior to the formation of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet.

"There is very little to add," said Secretary Fairchild, "to the order I have already issued from the Treasury Department. Mr. Manning was very near and dear to me, and his loss is to me a very personal matter. He was a grand, good man in every sense. Our relations were of the warmest nature and I was attached to him by the warmest ties. Indeed, he had the faculty of making everybody love him. It is hardly necessary for me to speak now of his public career. I would rather think of him as a personal friend I have lost."

Mr. Fairchild stated that he would certainly go to the funeral.

Secretary Whitney, when informed of the sad event by your correspondent, sat down at a desk in his handsome residence in I street and penned the following:

Mr. Manning's death is much more than a personal loss to his friends. To the Democratic party it is a loss that cannot be regained. My personal relations have been most intimate with him since 1874. We followed the same great leader at that time, Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Manning became the central figure in the politics of our State after Mr. Tilden's withdrawal from active management. He was big-hearted, generous, persistent in purpose, confiding with friends and allies, and naturally all clustered around him. In 1884 he wielded 50 times the influence of any other man in the national convention, for, without exciting any antagonisms, he led the sentiment that triumphed. In public office he sacrificed himself. He was devoted to his work and to the public welfare. His death is a national misfortune.

Mr. Whitney will also attend the funeral.

"The death of Mr. Manning," said Secretary Bayard, "was a certain thing to me from the moment that he received the stroke of paralysis a year and a half ago. I knew then that the beginning of the end had come. Although he recovered and struggled to be himself again, it was a vain task. I had never known him before he entered the cabinet, but from that time, and especially during the time of his sickness, when we became very much endeared to him, I learned to love and respect him."

Mr. Bayard tonight sent the following telegram:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1887.
To Mrs. Margaretta Manning, Albany, N. Y.
You have the heartfelt sympathy of myself and my children in this hour of your great bereavement.
T. F. BAYARD.

"I first became acquainted with Mr. Manning," said Postmaster General Vilas, "about the time of the convention which nominated President Cleveland. During his residence in Washington I became much more closely intimate with him, and came to have a very warm tenderness for him. He had that big-heartedness which makes men love each other, especially when it is accompanied with great wisdom and sagacity in affairs. Mr. Manning was not prominent in national politics until his masterly management of the canvass for Mr. Cleveland in the convention, when his perfect temper, self-possession, coolness and simple government of his cause in the midst of noise and confusion, commended him to all who saw him. When, by the result of the campaign, the Democratic party was placed in power, there was an almost universal feeling that Mr. Manning was entitled to be regarded as one of the chief agents by which the deliverance of the country had been effected. He had the gratitude of the party as a general has the gratitude of his soldiers when they have been led to victory. Then, when he took the treasury, it was in a very critical condition. Gold was running out and the flood of silver was becoming threatening; but his management was so excellent that the tendency to disaster was not only prevented, but perfect business confidence was restored, so that he secured in the country the recognition and the prominence in financial ability and general wisdom in affairs of statesmanship which men had not all been inclined to give him credit for at the conclusion of the campaign. Up to the time when that fearful stroke fell upon him Mr. Manning beyond all question stood next to the President in the estimation of the country."

"My relations with the dead ex-secretary," said Attorney General Garland, "were always of the most cordial character. He was one of the most open and frank of men. He was direct in his dealings, but particularly he possessed, to use a plain term, a wonderful amount of sense coupled with extremely fine judgment. I never knew a public man to grow faster than he did after he came here. From the moment of his attack I had no hopes that he would ever recover and I regarded his loss from the cabinet as being a most serious one. I sincerely sympathize with his family."

HONORED AT WASHINGTON.

Words of Sympathy for the Bereaved From President Cleveland.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The President issued the following order this afternoon:

To all Departments:
The President directs that the flags on all the public buildings in the city of Washington be placed at half-mast as a mark of respect to the memory of Daniel Manning, late secretary of the treasury.
By direction of the President.
DANIEL F. LAMONT, Private Secretary.

He also sent the following telegram to Mrs. Manning:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 24.
To Mrs. Daniel Manning, Albany, N. Y.:
Though in this hour of unutterable grief your sorrow is too sacred to be shared and too deep to be reached by earthly comfort, may I express to you my sincere and tender sympathy, saddened by my own affliction at the loss of a true and trusted friend and a legal associate, who but lately stood at my side in the discharge, with patriotic zeal, of solemn public duty.
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Secretary Fairchild issued this afternoon the following order relating to the death of ex-Secretary Manning:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, Dec. 24.
Hon. Daniel Manning, late secretary of the treasury of the United States, died today at Albany. Mr. Manning was a true patriot and firm friend, and he rendered his country great service by wise management of this department. He was honored by all our people, and especially endeared to all who were associated with him, either in his public or private life.
As a mark of respect to his memory it is ordered that the Treasury Department building at this capital be draped in mourning for 10 days, that it be closed on the day of the funeral, and that on that day the national flag be displayed at half-mast on all the public buildings under the Treasury Department throughout the United States.
CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury.

It is expected that President Cleveland, Secretary Fairchild and other members of the cabinet will go to Albany to attend the funeral. The customary New Year's reception at the White House will be held as usual.

To Attend the Funeral.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The President, Colonel Lamont, Secretaries Bayard, Whitney, Fairchild, Endicott, Attorney-General Garland and Postmaster-General Vilas will leave here Monday night to be present at the funeral of ex-Secretary Manning.

TRADE WITH MEXICO.

European Countries Gradually Getting the Upper Hand.

CITY OF MEXICO, Dec. 23.—Inquiries are being received from the United States regarding the proposed new law placing a heavy duty on the exportation of ores. The matter has not yet been decided, but it is believed the measure will become a law. Recently a powerful English company bought and took possession of the San Felipe reduction works near the city of Chihuahua. This company is working hard to secure the adoption of the measure. English interests in the ore smelting operations here are believed to be behind the movement.

The indisposition of the United States Congress to establish reciprocal trade with this country, and the bitter tone of the majority report of the ways and means committee of the last Congress on the subject, makes the Mexican government believe that there is little use in trying to improve the direct trade relations with the American people. European interests are, in consequence, getting the upper hand.

The only existing treaties with the United States are the postal and extradition. France and Germany, on the other hand, have comprehensive treaties defining with particularity the rights of their citizens doing business here. If duty is placed on the exportation of ores it is thought here it will result in great damage to the smelting interest on the American border.

STRANGE LIFE HISTORY.

A Dying Wanderer Who Does Not Want to Hear from Home.

LEWISTON, Me., Dec. 20.—A. B. Neville, a Lewiston lawyer, on returning to his boarding-house last night, fell from a pair of stairs that were unprotected by rail. He struck on his head, fracturing his skull at the base of his brain. He will undoubtedly die.

Neville has a strange history. He was a man of fine education, brilliant qualities, polished and well bred. His father is now living at Leeds, Eng., and is a man eminent in English affairs, and has a most extensive and lucrative practice. Neville studied law, and was admitted to the English bar, and commenced to practise in his father's office. Some difficulty sprang up between them, just what is not known. Neville was given money and packed off to this country.

He studied law in Piscataquis county and was admitted to the bar, passing examination before Judge Virgin. For a while he practiced at Hallowell, whence he moved to South Carolina, where he married and has now a wife a family at Reedfield. He came here last May and has done copying and worked into a little business.

He will not allow any word to be sent to his family or father, refusing to give his address. The poor department have been obliged to assume care of him.

A Puzzler for Santa Claus.

[Texas Siftings.]

New boarder (who has got into wrong room)—Thish izh very ext'r'or-r-rd'nary, for if thish izh my room an' that izh my bed an' there I am in my bed, then who the devil izh carryin' 'roun' thish lamp, I want er know?"

CONGRESSIONAL DOINGS.

Considerable Work Laid Out for the Senators.

Importation of Belgian Coal Miners Brought Before the House.

An Ineffectual Protest Against Holiday Adjournment.

MONDAY, Dec. 19.—Among the papers presented to the Senate was a memorial of the constitutional convention of the Territory of Utah, asking admission into the Union as a State, with copies of the constitution.

Among the bills introduced and referred were the following:

By Mr. Hoar—Relating to the celebration of the centennial of the inauguration of the Constitution.

By Mr. Palmer—To extirpate contagious pleuro-pneumonia, foot and mouth diseases and rinderpest among cattle; and to facilitate the exportation of cattle and the exports of live stock.

By Mr. Frye—For the collection of more accurate statistics of exports, emigration and immigration.

Bills placed on the calendar: To amend the law relating to inspection of steam vessels; to amend the law concerning the commission of fish and fisheries; to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools.

Mr. Blair, from the committee on education, reported favorably the bill passed by the Senate during the last session, and known as the Blair educational bill. It provides for a total appropriation of $79,000,000, to be expended in eight years.

A petition presented by Mr. Hawley reads:

The undersigned American citizens who earn their living in whole or in part by their pen, and who are put at disadvantage in their own country by the publication of foreign books without payment to the author, so that American books are undersold in the American market, to the detriment of American literature, urge the passage by Congress of an international copyright law which will protect the rights of authors and will enable American writers to ask from foreign nations the justice we shall then no longer deny on our own part.

The petition is signed, among others, by Lyman Abbott, Louisa M. Alcott, T. B. Aldrich, Edward Atkinson, Henry Ward Beecher, Francis Hodgson Burnett, S. L. Clemens, George C. Eggleston, Edgar Fawcett, R. W. Gilder, Marion Harland, Bret Harte, T. W. Higginson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George Parsons Lathrop, James Parton, E. P. Roe, A. R. Spofford, Frank R. Stockton, Charles Dudley Warner, John G. Whittier, John Burroughs, Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Mary N. Murfree and Walt Whitman. A separate petition is signed by George Bancroft.

Mr. Pugh offered a resolution that the Senate will concur in no joint resolution for the final adjournment of the present session of Congress until after the passage of laws revising the tariff. The resolution was ordered to lie on the table and the Senate then adjourned.

In the House the speaker announced the committee on rules as follows: The speaker, Randall, Mills, Reed and Cannon.

Resolutions suggesting several changes in the rules were presented and referred to the committee on rules.

Mr. Dibble of South Carolina offered a resolution referring to the committee on appropriations the reports of the Court of Claims on the French spoliation claims, with instructions to the committee to report all claims which have been decided favorably to the claimants in the general deficiency bill.

Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio offered a resolution calling on the secretary of war for a statement of the plan and scope of the compilation of the official records of the war of the rebellion, specifying any change in arrangement of subject-matter to be published from that followed while the publication was in charge of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and also for copies of all orders and communications relating to permitting or refusing access to such portions of the war records as have been selected for publication.

The House adjourned after sitting only 10 minutes.

Tuesday.

Messages from the President were presented in the Senate, with communications from the secretary of state in reference to an invitation to this government to appoint a delegate or delegates to the International Exposition of Labor to be held in Barcelona, Spain, in April, 1888, and commending the secretary's suggestion to the favorable consideration of Congress; and in reference to an invitation from her Britannic majesty to this government to participate in the international exposition to be held in Melbourne in 1888 to celebrate the centenary of the foundation of New South Wales, the first Australian colony. The messages were referred to the committee on foreign relations.

Mr. Allison, from the committee on finance, reported a bill to regulate the importation of foreign merchandise and to secure uniformity in the classification thereof, and for other purposes.

Mr. Davis, from the committee on pensions, reported a bill to place the name of Mrs. Logan, widow of General J. A. Logan, on the pension roll at the rate of $2000 a year, and asked for its immediate consideration. Mr. Berry objected, and the bill was placed on the calendar.

Mr. Davis also reported a bill to increase the pension of Mrs. Blair, widow of General F. P. Blair, and it was also placed on the calendar.

The postal telegraph bill was referred to the post office committee.

Mr. Plumb offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the secretary of the interior to inform the Senate whether any persons are being ejected at the instance of his department, or otherwise within his knowledge, from the lands purchased from the Chippewa and Muncie Indians in Kansas, and if so, what state of law or facts justifies such action, and also whether the interests of those Indians would not be promoted by their removal from the State of Kansas to the Indian Territory.

The resolution offered by Mr. Call yesterday, to print in the Congressional Record the memorial of the constitutional convention of Utah was called up by that gentleman, who asked that it be now adopted.

At 2.30 p. m., after considerable discussion, in which Mr. Edmunds severely angered Mr. Call, that gentleman withdrew his resolution, as he had attained its object in reading the Utah memorial himself.

Mr. Blair then moved to take up his educational bill, and the motion was agreed to—ayes, 37; nays, 15. Without further action the Senate proceeded to executive business, and a quarter of an hour later adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Brumm of Pennsylvania offered a preamble and resolution, reciting that it is correctly reported that the coal operators in the Lehigh region are now importing, or are about to import, 2000 Belgian miners under contract to take the place of miners now on strike in that section, and requesting the President to see that the law against the importation of labor under contract is strictly enforced. Referred to the committee on labor.

Propositions to increase the membership of the committee on rules to seven and to provide for a committee on the American isthmus were respectively introduced by Messrs. Townsend and Baker of Illinois and referred to the committee on rules.

Wednesday.

In the Senate, Mr. Morgan, from the committee on foreign relations, reported a resolution directing the secretary of state to furnish copies of all correspondence with the Mexican government since January, 1886, respecting the Weil and La Abra claims; also to state what amount has been paid to Mexico under the convention for the adjustment of claims, the amount distributed, the amount undistributed, and the reasons for withholding the same, etc. Adopted.

The resolution offered yesterday by Mr. Butler for the appointment of a select committee of five to investigate the condition of the five civilized tribes of Indians was taken up and adopted.

The resolution offered by Mr. Beck on the 12th inst., directing the post office committee to inquire into the advisability of reducing the rate of letter postage to one cent, was taken up and referred to that committee.

Mr. Dawes called up the bill to amend the law concerning the commission of fish and fisheries, and moved that it be passed. It provides for the appointment by the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, of a person of scientific and practical acquaintance with fish and fisheries as commissioner at a salary of $5000, such person not to hold any other United States or State office. A motion by Mr. Reagan to reduce the salary to $3000 was rejected and the bill was passed.

Mr. Allison called up the holiday recess resolution and moved its adoption.

Mr. Plumb said he would vote against the resolution, because he thought that the proposed recess was against the public interest.

The adjournment resolution was finally concurred in—yeas 37, nays 19.

The Blair educational bill was taken up as unfinished business, and then the Senate proceeded to executive business, and in half an hour afterward adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Randall of Pennsylvania, from the committee on rules, submitted a partial report. The report recommends the adoption of the rules of the Forty-ninth Congress until further orders, with a few changes.

Mr. Randall briefly explained the proposed changes, which he stated were, with one exception, recommended by the unanimous vote of the committee on rules. That exception was the recommendation for the appointment of the special committee on the alcoholic traffic.

After considerable discussion, the House agreed to the partial report of the committee.

Mr. Tracey of New York presented a series of resolutions expressive of the regret with which the House heard of the death of N. T. Kane, late member-elect from the State of New York, which was unanimously adopted, and the House, as a mark of respect to the memory of deceased, adjourned.

Thursday.

In the Senate, Mr. Dolph introduced a bill to provide for the payment of claims for damages by Indian depredations. He said there were some 4500 such claims, aggregating some $14,000,000 or $15,000,000. It was a burning shame that for 30 years Congress had declined to take action on these claims. The bill was referred to the committee on Indian affairs.

The Senate then took up the joint resolution introduced by Mr. Dolph on the 12th instant, proposing a constitutional amendment on the subject of marriage and divorce, and prohibiting bigamy and polygamy. The proposed amendment is in the following words: Congress shall have power to legislate on the subject of marriage and divorce by general laws, applicable alike to all the States and Territories, and neither bigamy nor polygamy shall exist or be permitted within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction. Mr. Dolph addressed the Senate in support of the joint resolution.

At the close of his remarks the joint resolution was ordered to lie on the table, Mr. Cullom saying that he proposed to submit some remarks upon it after the reassembling of the Senate.

The presiding officer announced the appointment of the special committee to investigate the condition of the five civilized tribes of Indians, as follows: Messrs. Butler, Morgan, Dawes, Cameron and Teller.

Mr. Teller introduced a bill to provide for the compulsory education of the Indian children. Referred.

The Senate then proceeded to executive business, and at its conclusion adjourned until Wednesday, the 4th of January, 1888.

When the House met, the desk recently occupied by Mr. Moffatt of Michigan, who died in Providence hospital the same morning, was draped in emblems of mourning and decked with flowers. The chaplain in his prayer made a touching allusion to the departed representative.

After the introduction of several unimportant resolutions, Mr. Burrows of Michigan addressed the House, paying a high tribute to the memory of his late colleague, and submitted suitable resolutions, expressive of the regret with which the House heard of his death, and providing for the appointment of a joint commission of seven representatives and three senators to superintend the funeral and escort the remains of the deceased to the place of burial.

The House then, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, adjourned to meet on Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1888.

Notes of National Legislation.

The Blair educational bill, now on the calendar of the United States Senate, calls for the total expenditure of $79,000,000 distributed over a period of eight years. The original educational bill was introduced in the Senate Dec. 6, 1881, during the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress. Although favorably reported, it was not acted upon by the Senate during that Congress. The bill was again introduced early in the Forty-eighth Congress, again favorably reported, and after a protracted and memorable discussion was passed by the Senate on April 7, 1884, by a vote of 33 yeas to 11 nays, but failed of consideration by the House of Representatives during that Congress. On March 5, 1886, after a three weeks' debate, the Senate once more passed the bill by a vote of 36 yeas to 14 nays, but all efforts to secure its consideration by the House failed.

As a result of the adoption by the House of the new rule admitting private bills without the formality of presentation in open House, about 800 of these measures were thrown upon the clerk's desk within a short quarter of an hour on Wednesday. Many of the bills are said to be "old stagers."

The report of the commission to investigate the affairs of the Pacific railroads will not be sent to Congress by the President until after the recess.

The editor of the Lexington (Mo.) Register has been sending circulars to the editors of the weekly Republican papers in Missouri, Kansas and Illinois, asking for their presidential preferences. Of 69 replies so far received, 36 are for Lincoln, 13 for Sherman, 12 for Blaine, 2 for Harrison, 1 for Sheriden, 1 for Fiske, 1 for Gresham, and 3 for the field.

Governor Thayer of Nebraska has written Senators Manderson and Paddock, protesting against the confirmation of Mr. Lamar. He says Lamar was as much of a traitor at heart and in principle as Jeff Davis, and has never recanted. A man with such a record, he thinks, should never be placed upon the bench of the Supreme Court, to interpret the Constitution.

The President has sent the following nominations to the Senate: Stephen A. De Wolfe of Montana, to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of that Territory; Edward F. Bingham of Ohio, to be chief justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; Martin V. Montgomery of Michigan, to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; William J. Allen of Illinois, to be United States district judge for the southern district of Illinois; Newton McConnell of Tennessee, to be chief justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory of Montana. To be attorneys of the United States—Clarence H. Pitkin, for the district of Vermont; Owen A. Galvin, for the district of Massachusetts. To be a marshal of the United States—Samuel L. Blaisdell, for the district of Rhode Island.

A vote for United States senator to succeed Mr. Riddleberger has been taken in the Virginia General Assembly with the following result: Senate—Hon. John S. Barbour, 26; General William Mahone, 13. House—Barbour, 61; Mahone, 35.

Speaker Carlisle has decided upon the membership of the ways and means committee. The Democratic members will be Mills of Texas (chairman), Cox of New York, McMillan of Tennessee, Breckenridge of Kentucky, Breckenridge of Arkansas, Turner of Georgia, and Bynum of Indiana. The Republican members are Kelley of Pennsylvania, Brown of Indiana, Reed of Maine, McKinley of Ohio, and Fuller of Iowa. Fuller was one of the Republicans who voted in the last Congress for the consideration of the Morrison bill. As the committee now stands there is not a protectionist among the majority, while only one free trader has been assigned to the minority.

NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.

Eight Persons Fatally Injured in Toledo by the Deadly Gas.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 22.—At 2.35 this afternoon a terrible explosion occurred in the home of John Lundy of Findlay. Mr. and Mrs. Lundy and two children, aged nine and 13, were in the house at the time, and all are so badly injured that they will die.

Mr. Lundy was struck on the head with a stove lid and his skull was crushed. His body was horribly burned.

Mrs. Lundy has a frightful gash in the abdomen besides being burned about her face and hands.

The older child had one leg broken and suffered internal injuries, while the younger one was badly burned.

The whole side of the house was blown out. Bricks from the chimney were hurled 300 yards from the scene of the explosion. The cause of the explosion was the careless use of natural gas.

One of the children was out in the kitchen and, aroused by curiosity, began to play with the valve, and when he left the kitchen the gas was turned on. Soon after Mr. Lundy went into the kitchen to light the fire, when the terrible explosion followed.

The house was set on fire, but the flames were easily extinguished. The explosion was heard in all parts of the city and caused the greatest consternation.

Will Sue the Oil Company.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 23.—The city authorities have decided to sue the Vacuum Oil Company of this city for damages to sewers and other property, occasioned by the explosion of naphtha on Wednesday. Several of the lateral sewers are thought to be ruined. Hon. John Van Voorhis has been retained as counsel for the city, and Hon. George Raines for the company. It is thought that the litigation will involve over a half million dollars.

We Do Have Great Men Then?

[Texas Siftings.]

Wives of great men all remind us—they are not altogether happy with great men, by the weary look they wear.

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES.

Sixty Persons Said to Have Perished by Cold.

Corpses Found Freezing on the Prairies—Food and Coal Famine.

Another Account Says the Stories are Greatly Exaggerated.

WITCHITA, Kan., Dec. 22.—Additional details of the results of the recent blizzard were received today, which prove it to have been the worst ever known in the State. The number of deaths by freezing and starvation is now believed to be at least 60.

Few residents of the eastern part of the State really thought that so alarming a state of affairs existed, and they are now most liberally responding to the call for aid.

J. Packney, mayor of Ashland, Clark county, who reached this city this morning, says:

"When the blizzard struck the western settlers last Monday they were in many instances entirely out of fuel. Sunday was a mild and pleasant day, and no one seemed prepared for the fearful storm that followed. At about 10 o'clock on Monday morning snow began falling, which soon grew into a blizzard. The wind came from the north, and the snow soon became blinding. It was almost impossible for anyone to travel in the storm.

Two men, John Henry and John Cotter, en route to Texas, left Ashland an hour before the storm began. Their bodies were found the next day on the prairies, five miles west of the town, frozen stiff. The team which they had with them was found 20 miles south. The animals had drifted with the wind, and becoming exhausted.

Sank Into the Snow and Died.

As soon as the storm ceased rescuing parties left Ashland. A seed house was the first entered, and a pitiful sight met the gaze of the rescuers. The entire family of five, named Kansas, were found frozen stiff. Some were sitting bolt upright on stools, while the mother of the family laid dead in bed. No fuel could be found about the place. The rescuing party buried the bodies. Bruce C. Preddy, a real estate agent of Ashland, who had been out in the country looking at a claim, was found dead about half a mile from the limits of the town. He had started home before the storm overtook him, but lost his way and perished."

When Mayor Packney left his home yesterday no other bodies had been recovered, but the town had been turned into a hospital for those who had not been fatally frozen. A great number had limbs frozen, which, in several cases, necessitated amputation.

A gentleman from Greely county gives even a more startling account. Three men left Horace county, intending to go to claims a short distance away. They wandered around all night, and finally one of them—a Mr. Gibbs—sank exhausted in the snow. His companions could not induce him to continue the tramp in search of food and shelter, and were finally compelled to leave him. His body was found the next day. The other two men kept on, and finally reached a dug-out, where they gained shelter. Both had their arms, feet and ears frozen, and

Cannot Recover.

The same gentleman tells a distressing story of the death of an emigrant, together with his wife and child. They went to a ranche just before the blizzard became serious and asked to be taken in and sheltered. The ranchmen refused to receive them, and after wandering on for some distance the blizzard became so severe that the horses grew unmanageable and turned the wagon over, throwing out the mother and child. The babe soon succumbed, and then the mother died. The father covered the bodies with the wagon box and started out to find shelter for himself. His hallooing finally attracted the attention of some settlers, and the emigrant was taken in and warmed, but it was too late. Both his feet were frozen, and before a physician could be summoned he died.

A widow, living with her 16-year-old son and a younger daughter in Comanche county, is dead; but their names could not be learned. The son was sent out by his mother in search of fuel. After waiting some time for his return, the mother and daughter attempted to go to the house of their nearest neighbor. All three lost their way in the blinding snow and perished.

Three deaths are reported from Ford county, 12 from Meade and five from Stevens county. Mrs. Riley and her two children were frozen to death near Dighton, Lane county, while six deaths are reported from Greeley, nine from Wichita and three from Scott county. Many new counties are located 75 and 150 miles from telegraphic communication and details come in slowly.

The citizens of this city held a public meeting tonight to raise funds and make arrangements to secure provisions for the settlers. A train load of provisions will leave Witchita in time to reach the needy for Christmas. Other cities and towns in the State will also contribute corn, wheat, coal and clothing.

The blizzard was the worst that has ever raged over Kansas since it was first settled. The mortality of stock is very large. The weather moderated a little today.

NO DISTRESS TO RELIEVE.

Only Isolated Cases of Perishing by Cold—Another Side to the Story.

WICHITA, Kan., Dec. 24.—The first reports from the western and northwestern counties of Kansas of the coal famine and the lack of the necessities of life seem to have been greatly exaggerated, and from all that can be learned at this place there is no general distress. Whatever deaths have occurred from exposure were the results of individuals having been caught on the prairies by the late blizzard. Mr. Gribble of Ashland, Clark county, who is in this city, reports that there is considerable distress among the poorer class of farmers in his neighborhood, and his visit to this place is for the purpose of soliciting funds for their relief. A public meeting was held Thursday evening, when it was decided to organize a committee of relief. This committee telegraphed to the county seats of counties where destitution was reported to exist and this morning the answers are coming in.

The reply from Ashland says: "There are some people in this county in need of funds, but there is no widespread destitution or suffering." The answer from Leona, Wichita county, next to the Colorado line, says: "The alleged coal famine in this county is entirely unfounded. There is no more destitution here than in every community, and none that cannot be provided for locally. There has been no suffering reported from any point in the far west counties of Kansas resulting from the blizzard."

Replies from the southwest counties are to the same effect, and they all say that no general destitution prevails. The exaggerated accounts of whole families perishing from the cold and famine seem to have arisen from isolated cases of freezing to death of belated travellers, or families who were moving across the plains in their "prairie schooners" and were overtaken by the storm. In the light of these facts it is probable that relief committees organized on Thursday evening will disorganize, there being no distress to relieve.

And the Evil of Love.

[Journal of Education.]

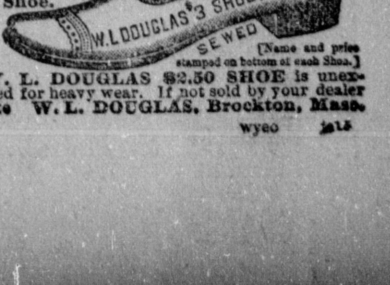
Hard work is a cure for almost every human ill excepting the evil of having to work hard.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe in the world, equals custom-made hand sewed shoes that cost from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN

The only $3 SEAMLESS Shoe in the world, without tacks or nails.

Finest Calf, perfect fit, and warranted. Congress, Button and Lace, all styles toe. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6. Boys all wear the W. L. DOUGLAS $2 Shoe.



[Name and price stamped on bottom of each Shoe.]

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. If not sold by your dealer write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

AROUND THE FARM.

THE DAIRY.

Winter Dairying—The Idea a Modern One—Numerous Arguments in Its Favor—To Make It Successful Keep and Feed Most Economically—Good, Pure Water a Requisite.

The idea of winter dairying, so far at least as this country is concerned, is a modern one. Our fathers would have confidently declared that there could be no profit in it, and there could have been none in the way they carried on dairying. The cows dropped their calves in spring, and during the flush pasture of May and June gave the larger proportion of the season's milk. When the droughts of summer came on, there being no provision of fresh, succulent food to supplement the parched and scanty pasture, they generally shrank fearfully in their milk. If there were fall rains they gained a little on the fresh growth of pasture, helped, perhaps, by liberal feeding of pumpkins. Soon after the frosts had rendered the pastures worthless they were dried off, excepting, perhaps, a farrow cow kept to give milk for family use through the winter. If a cow chanced to "come in" in the fall or early winter it was by accident and generally regretted.

We think the more general production of roots, the invention of silo and a discovery of the great value of bran, oats and oil-meal in making milk and butter have contributed largely to the change. Experiment taught dairymen that butter can be made from those articles of food nearly as advantageously as from grass. To be sure, when grass is at its best it probably will make better and cheaper butter than any other kind of food usually given cows, but in a majority of our seasons of late, pasture is at its best but a short period. If not cropped close, so as to be rather scanty in supply, it is constantly growing older and less digestible.

There are numerous arguments in favor of winter dairying. It gives the farmer himself employment at a season when, ordinarily, there is little productive labor in which he can engage to advantage. His crops are grown, harvested, threshed and very likely marketed. But few farmers now have wood to chop and haul to market, or saw-logs to cut and draw to the sawmill. The coarser grains and fodder can be converted into butter, bringing in more money than if sold in their crude form, leaving a large proportion of their manurial properties on the farm to maintain its fertility. The cows can be kept in clean, warm stables, exempt from the annoying, torturing attacks of flies, which do so much towards making their lives miserable in summer, also diminishing their yields. The milk, cream and butter can be kept at the most desirable temperatures without the expense of ice. Last, but not least, the market price of butter rules from 25 to 50 per cent. higher in winter than in summer.

But then, on the other hand, to make dairying successful in winter, the cows must be kept in the best and most economical way. The dairyman must study their nature and wants, and the best way of meeting them. They must not be left to shiver under open sheds, open entirely on one side, and in large cracks on the others. Neither must they be left to the uncertain protection of the straw stack; nor be obliged to travel through the snow a great distance to water, and then get down upon their knees and suck it up, ice cold, from holes cut through ice in swamps. But they must have clean, warm, well-ventilated stables. Must have their food prepared and fed in the most economical way. If that way is to cut all fodder, grind all the grain and steam it all together, why thus they must have it. And their food must be fed to them with the utmost regularity. They must not be fed at one hour one day, and at some other hour the next, and left fretting for their food. With such treatment they will be pretty certain to shrink in milk and butter.

As for their water, they must have plenty of good, pure water, either in their stalls or in the yard, and we are much inclined to the belief that it will pay to partially warm it. Water taken into the stomach is rapidly absorbed into the circulation, and must be raised by the animal heat to the temperature of the blood, about 98°. If the water is, say 36°, it must be raised by the animal heat 62°, and that animal heat is furnished by the combustion of the food eaten by the animal, largely by the fats necessary to make butter. The question is, whether some cheaper fuel may not be employed to warm the water, outside the animal, than the hay, stalks and grain consumed and digested by the cow. Some who have given the matter considerable thought and experiment think it can be warmed cheaper by steam produced by coal. Others have suggested that the wasted animal heat thrown off by cows in the stable might be concentrated on an overhead cistern and thus raise the temperature of the water several degrees. When fully convinced of the economy of warming the drink of cows there is little doubt that the ingenuity of man will devise some feasible and frugal way.

While we would advocate winter dairying we would not favor exclusive winter dairying. Farmers engaged extensively in dairying probably have their regular customers, whom it is expedient for them to supply the year round. In such cases it would be advisable to provide for the calving of part of the dairy in the spring and the other part in autumn. Then, by providing for soiling when pasture is short in summer and sufficient silage to furnish the cows some succulent food daily through the winter and spring, the farmer is well equipped for continual dairying.

THE COW.

Fat Cows and Milch Cows Should Not be Poor When They Calve—The Righteous Man Regardeth the Life of His Beast—And in Addition is Philanthropic.

I have kept about a dozen cows and raised a few cattle every year for 40 years, as my father did before me, and have always given them my personal attention, preferring to do the chores myself so as to be sure they were well done at the proper time, and that all the animals had enough to eat, and no food was wasted. I do not claim that my knowledge is superior to that of other farmers. It is probable that some sharp-eyed men, with fewer years and less experience, may have learned more than I, but I have observed that farmers who love their business, and whose minds are on it, like to read the experience of others, and are just as well pleased to find that the person who is endeavoring to instruct them does not know so much as they do themselves; just as the schoolboy is pleased when he "sticks the master" with a hard problem in arithmetic. The teacher may feel humiliated, but the boy is not at all troubled. When it is seen that I do not know the best way of doing things, it gives the reader a first-rate chance to talk back, which he is generally not slow in accepting. Some of the most valuable information in the agricultural journals is obtained by discussions brought on by the ignorance of some writer who supposed himself well informed.

Everybody knows that cows should not be poor when they calve; that a cow in thin flesh, or low condition, is not apt to do well; that even if she does not retain the afterbirth, which nearly spoils her for the season, she is not capable of doing her best at the pail, and that if she is run down at calving time she cannot be brought up to her full milking capacity in all summer. In the first place, being weak, she cannot stand half the grain which an ordinary cow on dry feed ought to have for profitable milking. Her stomach, partaking of her general debility, renders her appetite feeble even for good grass, and the consequence is that the small quantity she eats is nearly all needed to supply her bodily wants, and does not leave much material for making milk. Still, the cow, if a good one, naturally does her best, and supplies more of the lacteal fluid than she can well afford. The milk-secreting vessels appropriate a portion of the sustenance that ought to go to repair the muscular system. There is not much danger of having a cow too fat at calving time; the danger is usually the other way; but that a cow can be too fat to have a good calf, or furnish her usual quantity of milk afterwards, I personally know.

I had a cow of good size and fair milking capacity that was certainly too fat to do well. My other cows being nearly dry we needed all the milk that cow was capable of giving, and so I fed her all the meal she could stand without getting cloyed. She became quite fat, and when dried off four or five weeks before calving she looked at me so anxiously and wishfully that I had not the heart to take the feed away from her, and continued to feed her the same ration until she calved, when she was fat enough for Christmas beef. Contrary to expectations, her calf was small, scrawny and weak, but hungry as Pharaoh's lean kine, and seemed to be sucking all the time. Whenever the cow was tried no milk was found in her bag, which looked large enough to have half a pailful, when it was actually empty. It was soft and not swollen, or caked in the least. When the calf was taken away, at a week old, she gave only a small quantity, and was a long time in giving that. The bag seemed to be too full of tallow to furnish any storage for milk, and it had to come directly from the milk veins about as fast as she manufactured it. A person could strip and strip all day if he had the patience of the calf. The quantity increased a little as the season advanced, but she did not recover her full flow until she had another calf and was thinner in flesh.

I do not think such cases often happen, as I never had any other. An Orange county dairyman of long experience told me that he could never get his cows too fat before calving, that the fatter they were the better their yield for the season. A butcher whose word can be relied upon told me he bought a very fat Shorthorn cow to kill for beef, but discovering that she was far advanced in pregnancy kept her until after she calved and that the calf was a fine one. The cow was killed when the calf was about 10 days old, and dressed 64 pounds per 100 of live weight, which was the fattest animal he ever dressed. He did not know how much milk she gave, but I am of the opinion that she did not give a very large quantity. I once took a large sow to fatten on shares, and about the time she was fattened she had a small litter of diminutive, ill-looking pigs, and not half enough milk to supply their bodily wants. From the first they constantly left the nest and followed her about the pen seeking for an opportunity to appease their hunger, and all starved to death but one. It is said that the Dutch in North Holland and Friesland never allow a cow to see her calf if they can help it. They endeavor to be on hand when she calves and take it away as soon as it is dropped, in order that the mother may not mourn so much and may forget it sooner. It may be they have some other reason not mentioned. Perhaps they want the first milking to make pudding for themselves!

According to my experience it does not make much difference whether the calf is taken away from the cow the first day or the sixth day of its life; the motherly instinct is so strong that she will mourn a little in any event. I had a calf born dead and removed immediately out of the mother's sight, but she bawled just as much as if the calf had been alive, and she had enjoyed its company for a week. When I discover a cow is about to calve, I put her in a box stall where she has room enough to move about, and keep her there with the calf four or five days, carrying water to her. As a young calf seldom takes all a cow gives, I milk her bag empty twice a day, and this attention generally prevents the "caking" or inflammation of the bag; it also allows the calf to get acquainted with me and become tame and friendly, so that when it is shut up by itself and I go to feed it for the first time it recognizes me as a friend, and is not half frightened to death when I get into the pen and put my fingers into its mouth. I could never see any good reason why a cow should not be allowed the pleasure of having her calf with her for a few days, especially when it is no inconvenience or expense to the owner to thus gratify her. "The righteous man regardeth the life of his beast," and, in the addition to being righteous, he is philanthropic, and will also regard the feelings and comfort of his domestic animals. My cows, after having been shut up four or five days with their calves, seem pleased to get back to their stalls again, and if they are given enough to eat and drink, and made comfortable with a clean stable and a good bed, seem quite contented, and lament the separation from the calf very little.—[Ohio Farmer.

THE FEED.

Feeding Coarse Fodder—How it Should be Fed—It is a Mistake to Feed All of One Kind of Feed.

The ordinary farmer will look upon this heading as foolishness. Don't he know how to feed coarse fodder to his animals? Of course he does! He begins as soon as the disappearance of the nutritious grasses of his pastures forces starvation upon his animals, and feeds out his straw, corn stalks and whatever refuse he may have gathered together as long as they last. He wants to get rid of the poorest first and save his best feed for winter and spring. What need has he of instructions about how to feed coarse fodder to his cows or other stock? His cows shrink their messes. This he considers the natural confequence of the presence or approach of cold weather. He has no thought about the effects of the sudden and wide change from grass, generally a well-balanced food, to dry, coarse fodder, nearly all carbonaceous, or largely so, and lacking in the albuminoids necessary to the production of milk. Perhaps he has kept them gnawing the frosted pastures and the weeds in the corners of the fences until they are already half famished. Their gaunt, shivering forms and sorry, anxious looking eyes tell the story to the intelligent looker-on, and they rush for the little dry heaps of heat-producing foods, which their owner doles out to them, with a greediness that makes him feel that they have good appetites and relish their new diet. And so they do. But the intelligent and experienced farmer sees this as an indication of half famished bodies, and not of normal appetites. They will eat almost anything with a relish. But will it satisfy their inordinate cravings and nourish and build up their wasted and wasting bodies? It is not all that goes into the stomach that furnishes nutriment. Only that which is adapted to the needs of the system is digested and utilized. The rest is rejected and goes to manure. The excess of carbonaceous material fills the stomach, and the distension in a measure quiets its gnawings. But it does not satisfy the cravings of the hungry system, nor add muscle and strength to its perishing and weakened fibre. The small amount of strippings in the milk pail testifies to the truthfulness of this. The stomach grinds the food, but the hungry absorbent vessels find little in it that they can appropriate. How should coarse fodder be fed? The answer is simple enough: With more concentrated and more nitrogenous foods, the two, properly combined, will make the balanced ration, which will avoid waste of either kind of material. The combination will be both digested and assimilated, and the ends of true economy gained. The system of the cow will be nourished, vigor will come to the muscles, the eye will become bright, but quiet and peaceful, and the milk pail will show a larger flow of milk. Less food will be required, but the results will be in the right direction and highly satisfactory. It is a mistake to feed all of one kind of food at any season of the year. An insufficiency of the carbonaceous material—which coarse fodder supplies—during the winter and spring, is just as injurious as an excess of it at any season of the year. The best time to feed coarse, carbonaceous foods plentifully is during the coldest weather, and then it needs a supplement of the finer foods furnishing the albuminoids. The finer and better fodders are quite as much needed in the fall and fore part of winter as at any other time, and especially as the cows leave the grasses and are still giving milk in the fall, they need food of equal nutritiousness and adapted to the elaboration of milk. Feed coarse fodder lightly in fall, and in conjunction with good hay or grass, or with other nitrogenous food. Increase the proportion of coarse, carbonaceous foods as the weather grows colder, and diminish it as the weather grows warmer. Coarse fodder is very valuable for the purpose of furnishing carbonaceous material, and for mechanical distension of the stomach when concentrated foods are fed with it. For this reason it should be distributed all through the cold season, to be fed as needed. Fed otherwise, in excess, it goes to waste, while the cow suffers for want of carbonaceous—milk and muscle producing—nutriment. Albuminoids fed in excess are also wasted largely. These nitrogenous foods are to a limited extent used to supply the place of the carbonaceous. But they are expensive and unsatisfactory substitutes. It is a great waste to feed them in the place of the carbonaceous food. These two classes of nutritive materials combine in mathematical proportions, according to conditions, and the average is about one of nitrogenous material to five of carbonaceous. This is for a mild or medium temperature. The proportion of carbonaceous food should vary from this, increasing or diminishing, within moderate range, as the temperature of the atmosphere in which the cows live goes down or up—more when it goes down and less when it goes up. A good way is to feed the two classes of food alternately, noting which is eaten with most avidity or is consumed the more completely. If the appetites of the cows seem to demand more carbonaceous food, give it to them; if less, feed a smaller ration. Do the same with the finer and more concentrated nitrogenous foods. This is practical and within the comprehension and reach of every intelligent feeder. A reference to the feed tables will show the feeding ratio of the different cattle foods, and no farmer can be well informed who has not often consulted them. As the ratio is more or less than five parts of carbon to one of nitrogen, so are the foods classified as carbonaceous or nitrogenous. It is not many years since that this balancing of the ration was understood. It is not strange, therefore, that many farmers are not familiar with it. But if they longer remain ignorant they will have no valid excuse for their ignorance. They alone will be to blame.—[T. D. Curtis in St. Louis Farmer.

THE CATTLE.

A Prize Essay on the Winter Care of Cattle, by Thomas Macmattare of Constance, Ont.

This is a subject which earnestly demands the study and attention of every stock farmer; and, living in a country possessed of the climate of Ontario, where we have to contend against such severe winters, it is doubly important that every farmer should understand and practice the most comfortable and economical way of feeding cattle. The first requisite in the winter care of stock is to have good stabling, where the cattle can be tied. I would recommend bank barns, with stone stabling underneath (where you can have all the fodder stored in the building above); but they must be kept clean, thoroughly ventilated, and require to be white-washed with lime every summer, and when cattle are housed during the summer season, they should be whitewashed both in the spring and fall. It is, then, of the utmost necessity that cattle should be housed at nights before it is too late in the season; whenever we begin to have a succession of night frosts, I consider every farmer is losing money by leaving his stock out; and as it approaches winter it only does the cattle harm to allow them to rove round the fields, even in the middle of the day, grazing on frozen grass, as by this treatment they will lose flesh. It is a settled principle in stock raising that an animal should be kept growing steadily from the time it is dropped till it comes to maturity, and it is specially important that at this season of the year we ought to bear this principle in mind, and feed liberally until the animal is accustomed to its changed condition, remembering that for every pound of flesh the animal loses it requires the price of two pounds to replace it.

When your cattle are stalled, don't follow the general practice, in perhaps throwing them anything that is handy for the first two or three days or a week, until the feed and buildings are got in proper order; but have everything in proper order when you begin, as every farmer ought to know about when he should commence, and understand something of the general method he intends to pursue in wintering his stock. Next comes the course of feeding, the essentials of which are straw, hay, grain, roots and water. While threshing the grain, the chaff should be separated from the straw as well as possible, in order, to have the chaffy straw for feeding whole, and the long straw to cut up with hay. I would feed grain and a few roots once a day all winter; and in the fall and spring roots are an essential food in aiding to change the animal from the grass to dry feed, and back to the grass again in spring. Feed the stock three times a day; but bear in mind, don't feed three times between 8 or 9 o'clock in the forenoon and 4 or 5 in the afternoon, as every feeder ought to be in the stables not later than 6 in the morning, to be able to finish at the darkening at night. My daily method would be roots and straw in the morning; turn out for water at noon; clean out stables, and feed cut straw and hay mixed, with a little meal sprinkled over it (say about 1¾ pounds mixture peas, oats, barley and bran); also a little salt, as I consider salt a good appetizer, as it causes the animals to both feed and drink better; let them in whenever they want to come, which time will of course be regulated by the state of the weather; and feed hay for the night ration. My reason for feeding roots in the morning is to give the animals an appetite for their straw. I would feed straw in the morning, because I want the refuse for bedding at noon; feed the cut feed and meal at noon, that the animals may come in readily, and be fed easily; and feed hay at night, as they will fill themselves and have plenty of time for ruminating and digesting it before morning. In the feeding process, with perhaps the exception of the straw, feed just what they will lick up clean, and observe regularity in feeding. As spring approaches, and the time has come for turning the cattle to pasture again, turn them out by degrees, and as I said before, feed liberally on roots, as the great care is to prevent scouring too much in making the change. There is another great requisite in the treatment of stock, namely, to be kind and gentle with the animals, as the actions of the profitable stock feeder are characterized by the pat of the hand in the stable, and in giving them the padded path in the yard.—[Farmer's Advocate.

THE SOIL.

The Amounts of Plant Food Extracted from the Soil by Crops of Mixed Hay and German Millet as Estimated by the New Jersey Experiment Station.

The following analyses gives the percentages of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, both in mixed hay and dried millet. These have been calculated into absolute weights per ton of hay, with the following results. For comparison, the number of pounds of each of these three elements of plant food to be found in a ton of clover or lucern has also been added:

BRAND.	Nitrogen in one ton of hay......	Phosphoric acid in one ton of hay.	Potash in one ton of hay......
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Hay from Hungarian grass..............	19.8	6.6	26.2
Timothy hay and clover............	15.0	6.6	34.8
Clover, average of two cuts...........	43.8	7.6	59.6
Lucern, average of three cuts..........	54.6	8.0	42.0

With a single exception, millet requires less expensive plant food than either of the other products mentioned in this table. This exception is found in the case of nitrogen in mixed hay.

When these results are calculated upon the crop returns per acre, the results are still more favorable for the millet, as the following table shows:

BRAND.	Nitrogen taken from an acre by a crop of......	Phosphoric acid taken from an acre by a crop of......	Potash taken from an acre by a crop of......
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
Hay from Hungarian grass.....................	51.5	17.1	68.1
Timothy hay and clover.	54.0	23.7	125.3
Clover....................	190.0	36.1	266.5
Lucern...................	261.6	39.6	203.5

A crop of mixed clover and timothy takes from an acre of ground more nitrogen, more phosphoric acid and more potash by 50 per cent. than a crop of millet. A crop of clover extracts four times as much nitrogen and potash, and twice as much phosphoric acid from an acre as a crop of millet. Lucern, in some respects, uses even more plant-food than clover. A more definite opinion of the relative amounts of expensive plant-food removed from the soil by the above-mentioned crops can be gained by computing the cost of returning to the soil equivalent amounts of equally available plant-food, used in the form of commercial fertilizers. The estimates are as follows:

BRAND.	Nitrate of Soda. lbs.	Value.	Acid Phosphate. lbs.	Value.	Muriate of Potash. lbs.	Value.	Totals
Hungarian grass and hay......	320	$8.00	130	$0.98	175	$3.50	$12.48
Timothy hay and clover....	335	8.38	180	1.38	250	5.00	14.73
Clover hay......	1,190	29.75	300	2.25	530	10.60	42.60
Lucern hay......	1,625	40.63	300	2.25	410	8.20	51.08

The lightest demands are made by Hungarian grass, for the cost of returning all of the expensive food removed by it from an acre of soil is $12.48 only; still the Hungarian grass is considered an exhaustive crop. The heaviest demands are made by clover and lucern. A good clover crop, for instance, takes $42.60 worth of expensive plant-food from an acre, and $51 are needed to replace that extracted by an acre of lucern, yet both of these crops leave the surface soil noticeably enriched by their growth. The question, therefore, depends upon the location in the ground from which each crop extracts its food. Clover and lucern are well known deep feeders; timothy roots have also been followed two or three feet below the surface, but millet, on the other hand, is said to feed entirely in the first three or four inches of soil. Admitting the truth of these statements, the difference between these crops consists solely in the fact that one class drains the sub-soil, and its effects are noticed only after years of cultivation; the millet drains the surface soil, and its effects are at once apparent. All are valuable servants to the farmer when their habits of growth are understood.

THE MICE.

Thousands of Trees Girdled by Mice Could be Saved by Timely Care.

The following extracts from a paper by S. R. Leland, read before the Maine State Pomological Society, at its annual session, will be interesting and valuable to orchardists everywhere:

My orchard is situated on a ridge running north and south, and extends down to wet land to the west, and through the easterly part of it is a narrow swale that drains a muck swamp lying in the northeast corner of the orchard. These wet lands are just where mice delight to live. When I commenced setting trees the land was newly cleared, in grass, covered with decaying stumps, lots of stones, uneven, with knolls and hollows, and, seemingly, a more inviting home for mice could not exist. I commenced my orchard in the spring of 1869, by setting 100 trees. In the spring of 1870 I set more, and in the last week in October of the same years I set 85 trees, of which I lost nearly all. In 1871 and 1872, I enlarged my orchard to 350 trees. Up to this time I had done nothing to protect my trees from the mice, except an application of ashes once a year, as I will expain later on. The year 1872 was what is known in this section as "sorrel year." My land, having been newly cleared, bore an immense crop of sorrel, with so little grass with it that I didnt esteem it worth storing for fodder, so I mowed it and raked it around my trees, which gave them a bountiful mulching.

After doing that I became frightened for fear the sorrel might contain too much acid for the good of the trees, so wrote to the venerable S. L. Goodale, at that time secretary of the Board of Agriculture for his opinion. He answered that I need have no fear on account of the acid in the sorrel, but it would make a good harbor for mice next winter, and I had better rake it away in the fall. Either from want of faith in Mr. Goodale's judgment or lack of time I failed to rake the sorrel away from my trees. The following winter there were more apple trees killed by mice in this vicinity than any other winter since I commenced setting my orchard. A neighbor had 35 trees in the spring of 1872, the sorrel year, near my orchard, and in the fall, to protect them from mice, had hauled out well rotted manure and heaped it around the trunks of his trees from 12 to 18 inches high. After there had been some thawing weather next spring, and a funnel-shaped hole had thawed around the trunks of the trees, he came into my store one day and said that the mice had girdled every one of his trees, and inquired about mine. I hastened to my orchard and went over it. The snow had thawed around the body of most of the trees so I could see them to the ground, or nearly so, and I found no work of mice.

After the snow was gone I visited every tree, and found, perhaps, half a dozen that had been barked a little, but not a single tree materially injured. But the sorrel! Imagine a nest of straw on which a number of pigs have lain for a long time, and you have a good idea of the condition of that sorrel—thoroughly cut and fined up, and almost innumerable nests made in it by mice. I have every reason to believe, and do believe, that the sorrel seed saved a large proportion of my 350 beautiful young trees from destruction.

After looking the situation over leisurely and thoroughly I seated myself on a boulder to reason, and came to the following conclusions:

First—That mice never eat the bark of an apple tree from preference, but as a last resort to sustain life.

Second—If there is a grain or seed of any kind within their reach to sustain life they will never molest an apple tree.

Third—That I had got to winter more or less mice each winter, and I could do it cheaper on grain than on apple trees. I have seen no reasons yet for changing the conclusions arrived at while seated on the boulder, and have acted accordingly.

Knowing mice prefer oats to any other grain, I have supplied my mice each fall with the amount my judgment told me would be sufficient to winter them, and that is the principal protection I have given my orchard. My method is to carry oats into the orchard late in the fall, take a bailed basketful on one arm, and drop handfuls in the hollows and along the edge of the wet land alluded to above, and where snow drifts on. A little observation in spring has shown me where the most mice winter, and there I leave the most feed. I have used tarred sheathing paper around trees to a limited extent, but if mice are driven to the necessity of living on the bark, they will gnaw the tree above the paper. A little observation during the summer and fall will determine whether there are few mice or many, and I provide for them accordingly. When the mice are thick over winter I seldom see a pile of oats in the spring not eaten. When there are but few they are not eaten so clean.

Now for the result of my method of protecting trees from mice. I have now about 700 trees. I commenced setting 17 years ago, and have set some every spring since. I have probably lost in the time 100 trees (losing 85 fall-planted at one time), so I have set out 800 trees. In addition to this, I have sowed two nurseries in the time, and within the limits of my orchard. The trees in the oldest one are all disposed of, and nearly all in the other. All the trees I have lost by mice in the orchard and nurseries in 17 years can be numbered on the fingers and thumbs of my two hands. I think no one will doubt the efficiency of my method of protection, but the question of expense may be raised, and in anticipation of such an advent, I will answer in advance. It is not as expensive as paper or birch bark. The extra time required in putting on the bark or paper in the fall, and removing them in the spring, will more than balance the cost of oats above that of the bark or paper. Thousands of trees girdled by mice are given up as spoiled, that could be saved by timely care. Visit the orchard often in early spring, and if trees are found gnawed, immediately apply mortar made of clay and horse manure, and wind with woollen cloth. Trees with the bark removed to the wood, treated in this way, before they have been exposed to the wind and sun long enough to sear the wood, nine times in ten, will form a new bark and come out all right.

THE COLT.

To Learn the Colt Not to be Afraid of Objects He Must be Accustomed to Them.

A cowboy returning from the plains brought his team of horses simply because they were well broken. It became convenient to drive them out of the back door of his barn, a perpendicular distance of 3½ feet down to the ground. They placed their forefeet on the edge of the floor and carefully drew their hind feet up to the sides of and on a line with the forefeet to balance themselves and then dropped their front feet down gently and followed with the others. Horses not broken to it would either refuse to descend or make one mad plunge. He can drive this team up so close to a fence or building that their shoulders will almost touch, for they turn their heads aside. He can turn them in a circumference the diameter of which is the distance from the shoulders to the tail. He can hitch to the end of the tongue, the horses facing the wagon, and push as large a load in the barn as they can draw the other way, and they will back as big a load as they can draw, apparently. Having to descend into a ravine to haul some logs and come out again or go two miles around, he did not hesitate a moment. The bank is about 75 feet and so steep that I could only climb out by grasping shrubs and tree roots. When confronted with the abyss and told they must go down they sat on their haunches, and using their feet forward for brakes, gently slid to the bottom, and, on returning, they went up like a flash by zigzagging. Their being so thoroughly broken increases the value of the team at least $100. These habits and scores of other similar ones can be learned by most colts. They should be taught to stop when any part of the harness or vehicle gives out; to hold the vehicle against the heels when the holdbacks break going down hill; not to be afraid of umbrellas, lap robes, rail cars, threshing engines, stumps, stones and loose paper by the roadside; to start, stop, back, haw and gee when told, and many other things which readily suggest themselves. To learn these the horse must be accustomed to them.

IN GENERAL.

How to Make Vinegar—The Potato Supply—What Farmers Should Know.

As ordinarily made, the juice of the apple, or cider, is put into barrels and then placed in the sun or where the temperature is high and the contents allowed to ferment and "work" into vinegar. Whiskey, molasses or old vinegar barrels are the best to use, as what little is left of the contents of the barrels will assist in the formation of the vinegar. New oak barrels should not be used, as the tannin in the oak will injuriously affect the vinegar. If the barrels are to be placed out of doors in the sun and air, it is quite essential that they be thoroughly painted, hoops and all, to prevent shrinking, and keep borers, etc., from working through the wood, and thus cause serious loss. As the oxygen of the air plays a very important part in the process of fermentation, it is necessary that means of action be provided for this; hence the bunghole is left open, though covered with a piece of mosquito netting, or similar material, to keep out the insects. In vinegar factories vats are provided and the liquid is sometimes passed from one to another, and to still more bring every portion into contact with the air it is made to run through beech wood shavings. These shavings also collect many of the impurities. Shavings from other wood are sometimes used, but are generally objectionable as they impart unpleasant tastes to the vinegar. We have heard of corn cobs being used as a substitute for the shavings, with good results. The practice is too prevalent of working up the poorest apples into vinegar. The better the apples and the less water is used the better will be the product. Many formulæ exist for making vinegar, by the use of chemicals, but the best article is made out of the pure juice of fruit. Manipulation may vary, but we have given the essential points.

The Supply of Potatoes.

In some sections of the country, for one cause and another, the crop of potatoes was light, and some ventured the prediction that there would be a great scarcity of that important crop. But it must not be thought that there will be a potato famine in this country, because our foreign neighbors, ever on the watch to profit by our misfortunes, will see to it that we are fairly supplied. Even now there will be nearly as great danger of an over supply from importation as from scarcity in consequence of a light crop. It is very probable that the price of potatoes will not very much exceed the present rate unless it be late in the season at the time or after planting.

It is reported that the crop of potatoes at Prince Edward Island is unusually large, and also full in other portions of the British Province, from whence large quantities are being shipped to Boston. Extremely large shipments are being made into New York city from Germany and Scotland. The imported potatoes are not so desirable in quality as our native grown, but at the same time will satisfy any demand that comes from a scarcity of home production. It is somewhat questionable whether farmers having a surplus will do better by carrying through the winter, unless it be to dispose of for seed.

What Farmers Should Know.

When cold weather comes it is necessary to give special attention to the cream from which butter is to be made. At this season of the year farmers and dairymen frequently have trouble with their cream in some way. It does not churn well, perhaps, or does not taste as it should, is strong or bitter. Scalding milk will often make a decided change in it. This may be done by setting a tin vessel containing the milk in a kettle of water, which has been placed over a fire and heated until it boils. The milk should be removed when it has reached 45°, and set away while hot for the cream to rise. Care should be taken that the cream does not absorb any odors, as these will be carried into the butter and affect the taste of it.

The great secret for preventing decay in fruit through autumn and winter is to preserve a uniformly low temperature. If changing and fluctuating, they quickly rot. Currents of air are bad, because they make changes in temperature. We find that apples keep longer in winter by merely wrapping each specimen in tissue paper and thus excluding air. Hence the advantage of packing in any soft, powdered substance, as dry sawdust, bran, ground plaster or bedding in moss. On a large scale this cannot be done, and large fruit rooms must therefore be kept cool without changes of air. Much may be accomplished by ventilating windows, admitting cold air in the night, and excluding warm air in the daytime by closing them. These remarks apply more particularly to apples and pears, and also to grapes. They would also apply to small and perishable fruits, if it were an object to keep them, but the common practice is to consume them while fresh.

Until an effort is made to obtain lists of fruit of the most desirable varieties, one hardly realizes how opinions differ. At a meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural Society the request was made that members hand in a list of the 12 best varieties of apples, all things considered, for cultivation in that State. There were 11 responses in which were named 43 different varieties. From the lists handed in, selecting the 12 varieties having the most votes, and they are: Jonathan, 11; Ben Davis, 11; Wine Gap, 10; Maiden Blush, 10; Early Harvest, 9; Willow Twig, 9; Red June, 6; Rambo, 6; G. G. Pippin, 6; Rome Beauty, 6; Huntsman, 5; Janeton, 4. There were three varieties having three and two votes each, and 25 once named.

In the case of those who are the owners of a single cow for family convenience, economy in feeding is usually practiced, and potato parings, scraps from the table, skim-milk and slops form a part of the diet. It is in such cases very noticeable that with a fair cow to start with, the results are of the most satisfactory kind. Good service may almost invariably be looked for. Excepting as a food for hogs, skim milk has not been experimented with as a food to any great extent. Professor Stewart makes mention of it as a food for young colts, and as a muscle production fixes its value at one-half that of oats. He makes the nutritive rate of skim milk to be 1.9, and estimates its value to be 25 cents per 100 pounds for mixing with cut feed, and is quite particular to have it fed in that way.

Oats, barley, rye, beans, pease, wheat bran, Indian corn, buckwheat, shorts and middlings, and oil meal, are all suitable feed for fattening sheep. Sheep are fond of a variety, and will gain faster when allowed to have it. They are fond of succulent food, and it will be noticed that they will range over the fields in search of it in the winter. They do not thrive when kept on dry food alone, and for this reason oil meal should be given to them in small quantities. One and a half pounds per week to each sheep will have a healthful effect on the digestive organs. Corn is too heating when fed alone, but is a valuable food when given in connection with one-half a pound of oil meal per day.

Leather scraps are rich in nitrogen, but in the process of tanning the leather it is preserved and decomposition prevented. The nitrogen, though present, would be costly, as the farmer could not derive any immediate benefit therefrom. If the nitrogen, however, be present in the fertilizer in the shape of sulphate of ammonia, it would be soluble and available, and the results from its use would be satisfactory.

Ammonia may be present in the manure heap, says an exchange, and yet be of very little value to the farmer. Its benefit is not in proportion to its quantity in the manure heap, but according to its condition and form. In its volatile condition it is very light and volatile, and escapes into the atmosphere, where it is diffused over space. But it is the product of vegetable decomposition, and is not always present, though nitrogen, from which it is derived, in connection with hydrogen, is contained in all vegetable matter.

Nitrogen may exist in a cornstalk, but in a form that renders it useless. So, when a farmer buys a bag of fertilizer guaranteed to contain a certain proportion of nitrogen, analysis may prove the statement correct, but the nitrogen may be as useless as so much stone.

To preserve a moderate fermentation in a manure pile, without so much heat as to injure the manure, requires attention to the addition of moisture and keeping the heap sufficiently compact to prevent overheating. Alternate layers of loam may be introduced with good effect.

Mr. Burnett thinks that refrigeration in summer is as important as heating in winter, and that no man can make good butter all the year round if he does not have a cold room for his cream in summer, or a supply of ice, or a spring, or whatever arrangement he may have for cooling the temperature of his cream. He cannot make decent butter the year round without he has one of these. It is the most important point that has been decided in the last 10 years, and it is a point which must be borne in mind by Eastern farmers if they would compete in the markets with their rivals in butter making.

Objection has been made that paper sacks do not protect grapes from birds, and that cloth bags are necessary, in answer to which it is stated that cloth is too expensive to pay cost, and that good manilla paper, such as flour sacks are made of, answers the purpose. Paper sacks, dipped in paraffine, become waterproof. The man who wishes to prepare an acre or more in a short time, for cabbages or any other crop requiring high fertility, is advised nearly as follows: Manure well and plant potatoes; dig these in good time and sow rye; spread manure on the rye in winter evenly; in the spring plough under the rye and manure, with the help of two men to bury them; apply ashes and superphosphate, harrow thoroughly, and the land will be ready for cabbages, early corn or squashes. Repeat this course as nearly as practicable, ploughing deeper each time.

The College farm produced for the year as follows:

	350 acres.	250 acres.
Thoroughbred cattle, 15 head.................	$4.50	$6.00
Thoroughbred lambs, 50 head..................	1.10	1.50
Wool from 70 head.....	30	40
Pure-bred swine, 12 head..................	45	55
Fattening cattle, 12 head..................	1.75	2.50
Milk from 12 cows......	1.40	1.90
Manure from 75 cattle, 14 horses, 80 sheep and 5 swine.........	4.25	6.00
Gross revenue per acre for winter...........	$13.75	$18.85

Railroad companies make hemlock and other soft woods more durable by filling their pores with some antiseptic mineral preparation. In this way they save a great deal of expense, besides the labor of taking up old ties and setting new ones. Near Chicago, a few years ago, hemlock ties preserved by kyanizine were examined, that had been laid 15 to 20 years under heavy traffic, and were still in good condition. The method is equally good for farmers who have posts or other underground woodwork to lay, and by this process can employ cheap woods, as well as those whose natural durability makes them more expensive.

A great deal has been written about ice houses and filling them, by persons who have built elaborate structures, and who have been but partly successful, which has confused novices by mixing together essential with non-essential details. If you have plenty of sawdust you need have no difficulty. We have never seen ice keep better than in a board shanty, with single board walls built originally for a small, cheap cow stable. The three essential requisites were observed, namely: First, good drainage at the bottom, without admitting air from without. Second, a compact wall of sawdust a foot thick on each side of the solid cube of ice, built of solid blocks. Third, free ventilation over the sawdust which covered the top. The success was so perfect that when winter came for refilling, a ton of old ice, not used, had to be thrown out. We have yearly filled ice houses, for the past 30 years or more, on this simple plan, and never had the least trouble. The bottom was loose plank, covered with 10 inches of sawdust; the 10 inches or a foot of sawdust on each side was filled in carefully as fast as the solid structures of ice went up, and the wind from without was allowed to blow freely over the 10 inches or a foot of sawdust on the top. If the work is done badly or carelessly, or some essential omitted, failure may result, but not otherwise.

We get the following notes from the Experimental Station and Agricultural College Farm of Ontario, Can.:

It is found that by cutting the hay for feeding horses, sheep and other stock, 12 per cent. is saved. The animals do not waste it, and eat more of the rougher parts.

By using their own grinding mill and cutter for feed, the cost is but 55 cents per ton on 1½ cents per head of cattle daily, including interest on cost of engine, fuel-wear and tear, oil, engineer and other labor, including the mixing of food.

ODDITIES OF LIFE.

Philadelphia eats 44 tons of pie every day in the year.

Lord Tennyson receives an income of from $20,000 to $25,000 a year from the sale of his books.

A woman living in Watkinsville, Ga., has become the mother of five children within the last eleven months.

Marriageable young girls in Kansas make it a point to take up a land claim as the first step toward securing a husband.

Twenty thousand poor children are to be supplied with Christmas presents by London Truth. Last year the limit was 14,000.

Mrs. Mary Ann Bilton recently died at Woodland Park, Ill., and on the same day her sister, Mrs. Eliza O. Wheeler, died in Toronto, Can.

A lady in Saline county, Missouri, came within 16 votes of beating the most popular man in the county for the office of register of deeds.

Worth in proper names as in Tamworth, Kenilworth, etc., signifies that the place stands on a tongue of land.—[Journal of Education.

The mystery as to how Mr. O'Brien got his new pair of trousers in jail is explained. A friend visited his cell with two pairs on and gave him one.

A young architect of Brooklyn is suing his mother for $800 for drawing up plans for a house she recently built. The mother puts in a counter claim for board.

A man to be prominent in the wild West must be a man of resources. An Atkinson man recently acted as pallbearer at a funeral and usher at a wedding on the same day.

The great tower of iron, 1000 feet high, which was to have been the feature of the next world's fair at Paris, is to be abandoned. It was found impossible to induce workmen to build it.

A Louisiana lady of aristocratic rearing, who was once famous for her wealth and the number of her slaves, now earns a few cents a day by picking cotton on the plantation that was her own before the war.

A Georgia newspaper tells of a slender, delicate and sweet young woman who went to a "sugar boiling" the other day. She remained 24 hours, during which she ate 14 stalks of sugar cane and drank 57 glasses of cane juice.

The city clerk of Ashland, Wis., shot a deer and wished to send it to friends at a distance, but the express company refused to receive it. He thereupon placed the deer in a cheap pine coffin, marked it "John Deer, deceased, aged one," and shipped it as a corpse.

A butter dealer recently sold a quantity of bad butter at a residence in Indianapolis. When he next returned he was invited in. He entered and was seized by the inmates, stripped of all his clothing and buttered from head to foot with his rancid wares.

A physician recommends that all the wood used in the interior construction of houses and all the plain surfaces of plaster should be thoroughly oiled or varnished so that the power of absorption of foul air and gases may be destroyed.

A smokestack has been found which is said to be higher than the one at the Allentown, Penn., thread mill, mention of which was made in this column. It towers above the Merrimac Manufacturing Company in Lowell, Mass., and is 282 feet 9 inches high and 28 feet in diameter.

Sam A. Rose of Ashland, Wis., commenced suit a few days ago for divorce. His attorney went to Chicago to serve the papers on Mrs. Rose, and was surprised to learn that she secured a divorce over a year ago without the knowledge of her husband and had again married.

The Natchez Democrat says that a pair of shoes were built for a man who lives in Catahoula parish, La., which, if they were to be numbered, would be eighteen. It required the best part of a calf skin for each one, and just twice as much of other material as is necessary to make a pair of ordinary shoes.

A nude man dashed into a street car full of ladies in Cincinnati a few days ago and scared them all into fits before a policeman came along and gathered him up in a waterproof cloak. He had been quarrelling with his wife, and suddenly had stripped off his clothes and dashed out of the house. He went to an asylum.

In the crop of one of a lot of Western turkeys recently received in Hartford was this note, duly signed and with the writer's address: "I am a young man about 35 years old, and never kept company with a girl. Would like to correspond with some young lady, if this chances to fall into the hands of such."

A Philadelphia grocer who had three hams stolen from his store wrote and pasted up a paper which read as follows: "I know who stole the three hams from the front of my store. They are worthless to any one but myself. If returned in 24 hours, no arrest." When the clerk opened the store the next morning the hams hung outside. They were made of sawdust and only for show.

A young mother at Pensacola, Fla., who is fond of gossiping with the neighbors and has not wealth enough to employ a girl to look after her babe, has contrived a novel scheme for keeping baby in its proper sphere during her absence. When she goes out she places the little fellow in a wash-tub and gives him his playthings, with which he plays, unable to get out, until his mother returns.

A new occupation recommended for semi-invalids by a Philadelphia writer is the making of artificial flies for fishing purposes. The tools required are a small pair of sharp scissors, a pair of spring plyers, a long pin and a small piece of cobbler's wax. The materials are breast and tail feathers of fowls and game, with silver and gold tinsels, a little fine sewing silk of all colors, some Berlin wool, stained gut and hooks of various sizes.

Janitor Baker of the Wilmington bank is 96 years old, has held the place 66 years, and is worth $20,000. His wife is living, at the age of 92, and all of their 21 children are living except one. Three of them are ministers, and one, Rev. Alexander Baker, now steward on a Southern steamboat, is 70 years old, and says that he has travelled over 45,000 miles, including journeys in England, Germany, France, Scotland, and two years in Africa as missionary.

The ladies of White Cloud, Kan., have formed an anti-Chewing Gum Society and signed the following pledge, and as a consequence the young men of that place are in a desperate strait: "I, the undersigned, do solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from the use of chewing gum and slang; and also abstain from and use my influence against the use of tobacco and intoxicating liquors. I further promise that I will not keep regular company with any one who I know uses tobacco, strong drink, or profane language."

If the gentlemen who tarred and feathered us last Saturday night will kindly return our clothes they will confer a lasting favor. We are still wearing the feathers, and while, owing to the thoroughness of our fellow-citizens' work, they are quite comfortable for house wear, still the gentlemen who have come out with a fall feather suit are so few that our appearance on the street in the costume would be sure to cause remarks.—[Grub Stake (Tex.) Prospector

A lady in Deer Isle recently crocheted an infant's sack for the sewing circle to sell by the stereotyped bag-of-beans system, or some such way, and for her work received a chance in the game and drew the sack. She then offered it to the circle again on the same terms, they to pay for the yarn and give her one chance, and she drew it again. She thinks of trying it again. As the proceeds go towards a chandelier for the church, she thinks it will soon bring sufficient funds to purchase it.—[Lewiston Journal.

There are some very remarkable things about dreams. In the first place, they are twice as real as reality. Did you ever fall down stairs in dream? If you have, you must have observed that it is a much more terrible experience than falling down stairs when you are awake—except that you don't have the bruises to nurse afterward. But the mental experience of falling down stairs in a dream is something awful. There is nothing like judicious abuse of the stomach for the man who enjoys real exciting dreams with some plot to them.—[Burlington Free Press.

"The Mud Store" is a term applied to a retail shoe store in a Western town. The enterprising proprietor of the place hit upon the scheme of buying a large stock of cheap goods, loading them in a loose pile in a team, besmearing part of the lot with mud, and then having them exhibited all over the town as damaged goods that must be sold at any price. The idea was profitable for a time, and people swarmed to the store to get something for almost nothing, as they thought. After a time buyers found that they were the victims of a humbug. The "Mud Store" suddenly closed up, to the relief of honest dealers.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.

A Buffalo milkman wears a nickel five-cent piece as a watch charm, and gives this reason: "Over a year ago I took this nickel, which was then beautifully gold plated, as a $5 gold piece, in payment of a bill. As soon as I detected the fraud I took it back to the woman who passed it on me, but she refused to make it good. So I fastened it to my watch chain and kept on supplying her with milk. But now every day I make her quart one-fourth water, and once a week I credit her with one-fourth the amount of her milk bill. When the sum total standing to her credit is $4.95 she shall have pure milk once more, and not until then. She knows the milk is watered, but whenever she shows an inclination to complain I handle the nickel and say that my milk is as 'pure as gold.' That settles it."

Blackfish used to be caught in great quantities in the harbor of Charlestown, S. C., but since the earthquake very few are found there.

"Who is this man Cali Loan?" inquired an intelligent juror in the Harper bank case at Cincinnati, after he had heard the phrase repeated several times.

The editor of the Halifax Herald says that the Halifax Gazette, now known as the Royal Gazette, is the oldest paper now published on the continent of America.

An Elgin, Ill., man preserves a clipping from a Virginia newspaper of only 30 years ago, in which an account is given of the sentence of a woman to two years' imprisonment for teaching a slave to read.

A citizen of Toronto, Can., was arrested and fined the other day for displaying a union jack in front of his place of business with a placard attached notifying passers-by that they could find bargains in clothing within.

Robert G. Richardson of Bottsford, Vt., is an uneasy soul. He has just sold his farm and moved, which makes the thirtieth time that he has done the same thing during the last 35 years.

The trustees of the East river bridge have been offered $25,000 a year by a business man, for the privilege of making the bridge a billboard for his advertising placards.

The Adrian, Mich., Press says one of the questions asked by the members of the Farmers' Club up in Franklin lately was: "How does a chipmunk dig his hole without throwing out dirt?"

Ida Keen, a blind girl at the State Institute for the Blind, runs a typewriter very cleverly, which, for a blind person, is more difficult than to play the piano.

The largest amount of land held in the United States by an alien corporation is that owned by the Holland Company in New Mexico. It embraces 4,500,000 acres.

A woman living in Hannibal, Mo., weighs 420 pounds. She is unable to walk simply because of her great weight, and is wheeled about in a cart by an attendant.

A Michigan man thinks that by draining certain Tennessee bog lands he can make a fortune by raising celery. He has just bought 1000 acres, near Chattanooga, for this purpose.

"If we had penny postage I should growl because I couldn't send two letters for a cent," says a New York banker, and there's no doubt that thousands of others would do the same.

At Reading, Penn., the other evening, the chief of police and a patrolman mistook a member of the police force for a tramp, and were about to march him to the station when they discovered their mistake.

Samuel Spencer, who has just been made president of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad at a salary of $25,000 a year, was a roadman earning a scant salary only a few years ago. He is not yet 40 years old.

Harper's Bazar says this is a fact: "How old are you, Mary?" asked Mrs. Blank of her housemaid. "Well, mum, I'm just 26; but when I put my money in the bank I told the man I was a good deal older, so's I'd get more interest on it."

Parties by the name of Bear, Fox, Wolf and Lion got on the train at Millerton to go South last week and began a conversation about their names, when they found on the same train a Mrs. Auck and Mr. and Miss Coon.—[Pine Plains Register.

Rev. Henry B. Townsend, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Phillipsburg, N. J., has resigned because members of his congregation got up a fair where guessing at the number of beans in a bottle was one of the means of gathering in dimes.

All the steel marking and cancelling stamps used by the various post offices throughout the country are made in the little machine shop of Colonel Benjamin Chambers at Heathsville, Va. Heathsville itself was one of the first towns established by the settlers in Virginia.

A witness against a Philadelphia saloon keeper who was on trial for violating the Sunday law wore a false beard. A lawyer detected it and pulled the beard off his face. When questioned as to his reasons for appearing in disguise he said he wanted to prevent saloon keepers who might be present from recognizing him thereafter.

In the stomach of a cow killed in La Crosse, Wis., were found one silver piece, two wood screws each an inch in length, six carpet tacks, 23 shingle nails, two large knitting needles and one street railway spike three inches long. One of the needles had pierced the cow's lungs, and caused the formation of a big tumor.

At Reading, Penn., a curious libel suit was tried last week. A grocer, who had tried in vain to collect a small bill from a customer, hung a placard in his store, giving the name and stating that he owed the proprietor $4.82. Affixed to this were the words "poor pay" in large letters. The customer, considering himself slandered, brought suit for damages.

While Ida Gephart was being married at Mount Pleasant, N. Y., her mother, with a scream, fell to the floor of the church unconscious. Then Ida flopped into the arms of the groom. The minister wasn't to be deterred by a little thing like that, and kept on with the service until it was finished. Then Ida's mother was picked up and restored to consciousness, and Ida herself came around all right.

An Auburn gentleman went away for a day, leaving instructions with his wife to feed his horse at noon. Beside a barrel of cracked corn was a barrel of sawdust. Mrs. —— went into the stable at noon and very carefully dipped out a heaping four-quart measure of the sawdust and placed it before the mare. At night the husband returned and found the horse had left his dinner untouched.—[Lewiston Journal.

John Sheetz of Reading, Penn., brought suit before the aldermen to recover 10 cents from a man named Wentzel. The case grew out of a dispute about the value of an apple butter jar, which Sheetz declared to be worth 10 cents, while in Wentzel's opinion it was worth only eight. The aldermen gave judgment in favor of Sheetz for 10 cents and heavy costs.

Paw Paw, Mich., has a genius who has got up an invention that he calls an anti-railroad collisioner. This invention consists of a train of cars with a railroad track attached, passing over it and down at either end near enough to connect with the main track, so that on meeting a train it passes directly over in perfect safety; or, if one comes up in the rear, it passes over the same way.

A countryman who visited a New York theatre and went out between the acts, became greatly troubled on his return because he couldn't find his wife. He had lost his seat checks and didn't know what to do. Finally a sympathetic usher took pity on him and went through the house asking each lady he came to if she had lost a husband, until he discovered the rural gentleman's bride.

The township of Star, Antrim county, Michigan, in complying with the new law which commands each town to provide itself with an election seal, ordered carved upon the end of a stick the word "Star," believing that to be good enough for common, every-day sort o' folks. The artist who did the carving was not familiar with types, however, and that accounts for the fact that local-option returns from Star are sealed with "Rats."

A Peoria (Ill.) girl, who went to a ball one evening wearing a pair of new shoes, soon found herself in such agony that she went to the dressing-room, between dances, and took them off. She had hardly removed the shoes before her feet puffed up to such an astonishing size as to make it impossible to put the shoes on again. No others being obtainable, she was forced to pass the remainder of the evening without dancing, and eventually to go home in her stocking feet.

A near-sighted man had never worn or looked through a pair of glasses until a short time ago. One day a pedler called, and, among other things, he offered eye-glasses for sale. He persuaded the man to try on a pair. After the farmer had adjusted the glasses he looked at objects in the room with astonishment. Finally his eyes rested upon his wife. He took a long look at her, and then exclaimed: "Jane, Jane, I never would have married you if I had known you was so homely."

Foreign letters often come addressed in queer fashion. A newspaper was sent to Paris to announce the death of a gentleman at New York. The death notice gave the customary address for the funeral, adding, "Interment at Greenwood." To the bewilderment of the postman and the consternation of the family, letters of condolence were received addressed to "Mrs. Matilda Blank, So-and-so street, Interment-at-Greenwood." The melancholy addendum had been taken for a sort of suburban annex, such as Yonkers-on-Hudson.



THE WASTED KISS.
[Fliegende Blaetter.]
"Fraulein, permit me to kiss your hand!"

LEVY'S ONLY RIVAL.

He Finds that the Graphophone Can Produce the Notes of His Cornet.

[Washington Post.]

Levy, the famous cornetist, has found a rival. It is a little machine in the Post building called the graphophone. By its side Mr. Levy stood yesterday afternoon with his cornet in his hand. Upon its brass cylinder was placed a little tube of paper covered thinly with wax. Then the recording diaphragm was placed in position, the needle fell in its place upon the surface of the wax, the operator moved the treadle with his foot and the cylinder began to revolve.

Levy placed his cornet to his lips, and the familiar notes of "Robin Adair" filled the room. A moment later and the plaintive Scotch melody had given way to the merry tune of "Yankee Doodle," while the air quivered with the variations which Levy alone can produce. As these died away the cornetist played "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Killarney."

The recorder was removed and the reproducer substituted. Again the cylinder revolved and the little needle began to follow the influential track that had been carved upon the wax. A little fainter than the original playing, but preserving all the sweetness and the clearness of the cornet's notes, the graphophone began to repeat the tune of "Robin Adair." Then it rattled merrily the variations of "Yankee Doodle," while the notes of the "Last Rose of Summer" and "Killarney" were perfectly reproduced. More songs were played, and no matter how many twists and turns the cornetist gave to his notes, he found that the graphophone recorded them all with marvellous minuteness and distinctness. Mr. Levy had played into the phonograph, but, as he remarked, that machine gave a metallic and harsh reproduction, failing entirely to preserve the delicate phrasing and the clear, bell-like tone which characterized his playing.

After the music there was some conversation. "It's the most wonderful and astonishing thing I ever saw in my life," said Mr. Levy, and "It's the most wonderful and astonishing thing I ever saw in my life," echoed the graphophone, as it impudently repeated, also a little cough to which Mr. Levy had given utterance. Finally the cornetist turned to depart.

"Good by," said Mr. Levy.

"Good by," replied the graphophone.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE MISADVENTURES

—OF—

JOHN NICHOLSON.

A Christmas Story.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,
AUTHOR OF "TREASURE ISLAND," ETC., ETC.

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SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

John Nicholson, rather stupid, and inclined to a cheerful and cursory reading of the face of life, is the son of a theologically minded Scotchman. The chosen companion of his youth is Alan Houston, a trifle wild, whom, though heir to a good estate, the elder Nicholson holds no fit companion for the son of one so devoted to the "Disruption principles." Nevertheless, John continues the intimacy with Alan, despite the father's forbidding. This intimacy has unfortunate consequences for John—pawning a watch under an assumed name, and visiting Colette's, a convivial resort, where he not only loses £400 that the elder Nicholson had enjoined upon him to deposit in bank, but is menaced with an arraignment in court as one of a band of lawless "shebeeners." In agony of mind John confesses part of what has happened to the father, who is horrified in truth; and, being left alone, in a fit of desperation seizes upon a little money, leaves a note of farewell to the elder of his name, and sets out for California.

It is long before he comes back to Scotland. He is rich, but does not know that, through an unfortunate combination of circumstances, he is supposed to be a defaulter. He is sternly forbade the house by his father, and finds even his old friend Alan cold.

CHAPTER VIII.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE UTILITY OF PASS-KEYS.

Where he ran at first, John never very clearly knew; nor yet how long a time elapsed ere he found himself in the by-road near the lodge of Ravelston, propped against the wall, his lungs heaving like bellows, his legs leaden-heavy, his mind possessed by one sole desire—to lie down and be unseen. He remembered the thick coverts around the quarry-hole pond, an untrodden corner of the world where he might surely find concealment till the night should fall. Thither he passed down the lane, and when he came there, behold! he had forgotten the frost, and the pond was alive with young people skating, and the pond-side coverts were thick with lookers-on. He looked on a while himself. There was one tall, graceful maiden, skating hand in hand with a youth, on whom she bestowed her bright eyes perhaps too patently; and it was strange with what anger John beheld her. He could have broken forth in curses; he could have stood there, like a mortified tramp, and shaken his fist and vented his gall upon her by the hour—or so he thought—and the next moment his heart bled for the girl. "Poor creature, it's little she knows!" he sighed. "Let her enjoy herself while she can!" But was it possible, when Flora used to smile at him on the Braid ponds, she could have looked so fulsome to a sick-hearted by-stander?

The thought of one quarry, in his frozen wits, suggested another, and he plodded off towards Craig Leith. A wind had sprung up out of the northwest; it was cruel keen, it dried him like a fire and racked his finger-joints. It brought clouds, too; pale, swift, hurrying clouds, that blotted heaven and shed gloom upon the earth. He scrambled up among the hazled rubbish heaps that surround the cauldron of the quarry, and lay flat upon the stones. The wind searched close along the earth, the stones were cutting and icy, the bare hazels wailed about him; and soon the air of the afternoon began to be vocal with those strange and dismal harpings that herald snow. Pain and misery turned in John's limbs to a harrowing impatience and blind desire of change; now he would roll in his harsh lair, and when the flints abraided him, was almost pleased; now he would crawl to the edge of the huge pit and look dizzily down. He saw the spiral of the descending roadway, the steep crags, the clinging bushes, the peppering of snow wreaths, and far down in the bottom the diminished crane. Here, no doubt, was a way to end it. But it somehow did not take his fancy.

And suddenly he was aware that he was hungry; aye, even through the tortures of the cold—even through the frosts of despair, a gross, desperate longing after food, no matter what, no matter how, began to wake and spur him. Suppose he pawned his watch? But no; on Christmas day—this was Christmas day!—the pawnshop would be closed. Suppose he went to the public house close by at Blackhall and offered the watch, which was worth £10, in payment for a meal of bread and cheese? The incongruity was too remarkable; the good folks would either put him to the door or only let him in to send for the police. He turned his pockets out one after another; some San Francisco tram-car checks, one cigar, no lights, the pass-key to his father's house, a pocket handkerchief, with just a touch of scent; no money could be raised on any of these. There was nothing for it but to starve; and, after all, what mattered it? That, also, was a door of exit.

He crept close among the bushes, the wind playing round him like a lash; his clothes seemed thin as paper, his joints burned, his skin curdled on his bones. He had a vision of a high-lying cattle-drive in California, and the bed of a dried stream with one muddy pool, by which the vaqueros had encamped; splendid sun over all, the big bonfire blazing, the strips of cow browning and smoking on a skewer of wood; how warm it was, how savory the steam of scorching meat! And then again he remembered his manifold calamities, and burrowed and wallowed in the sense of his disgrace and shame. And next he was entering Frank's restaurant in Montgomery street, San Francisco; he had ordered a pan stew and venison chops, of which he was immoderately fond, and, as he sat waiting, Munroe, the good attendant, brought him a whiskey punch; he saw the strawberries float on the delectable cup, he heard the ice chink about the straws. And then he woke again to his detested fate, and found himself sitting, humped together, in a windy combe of quarry refuse—darkness thick about him, thin flakes of snow flying here and there like rags of paper, and the strong shuddering of his body clashing his teeth like a hiccough.

We have seen John in nothing but the stormiest conditions; we have seen him reckless, desperate, tried beyond his moderate powers; of his daily self—cheerful, regular, not unthrifty, we have seen nothing; and it may thus be a surprise to the reader, to learn that he was studiously careful of his health. This favorite preoccupation now awoke. If he were to sit there and die of cold, there would be mighty little gained; better the police cell and the chances of a jury trial, than the miserable certainty of death at a dyke side before the next winter's dawn, or death a little later in the gas-lit wards of an infirmary.

He rose on aching legs, and stumbled here and there among the rubbish heaps, still circumvented by the yawning crater of the quarry; or perhaps he only thought so, for the darkness was already dense, the snow was growing thicker, and he moved like a blind man, and with a blind man's terrors. At last he climed a fence, thinking to drop into the road, and found himself staggering, instead; among the iron furrows of a ploughland, endless, it seemed, as a whole county. And next he was in a wood, beating among young trees, and then he was aware of a house with many lighted windows, Christmas carriages waiting at the doors, and Christmas drivers (for Christmas has a double edge) becoming swiftly hooded with snow. From this glimpse of human cheerfulness he fled like Cain; wandered in the night, unpiloted, careless of whither he went; fell and lay, and then rose again and wandered farther, and at last, like a transformation scene, behold him in the lighted jaws of the city, staring at a lamp which had already donned the tilted nightcap of the snow. It came thickly now, a "feeding storm," and while he yet stood blinking at the lamp his feet were buried. He remembered something like it in the past, a street lamp crowned and caked upon the windward side with snow, the wind uttering its mournful hoot, himself looking on, even as now; but the cold had struck too sharply on his wits, and memory failed him as to the date and sequel of the reminiscence.

His next conscious moment was on the Dean bridge; but whether he was John Nicholson of a bank in California street, or some former John, a clerk in his father's office, he had now clean forgotten. Another blank, and he was thrusting his pass-key into the doorlock of his father's house.

Hours must have passed. Whether crouched on the cold stones or wandering in the fields among the snow, was more than he could tell; but hours had passed. The finger of the hall clock was close on 12; a narrow peep of gas in the hall lamp shed shadows, and the door of the back room—his father's room—was open and emitted a warm light. At so late an hour, all this was strange; the lights should have been out, the door locked, the good folk safe in bed. He marvelled at the irregularity, leaning on the hall table; and marvelled to find himself there; and thawed and grew once more hungry in the warmer air of the house.

The clock uttered its premonitory catch; in five minutes Christmas Day would be among the days of the past—Christmas! What a Christmas! Well, there was no use waiting; he had come into that house, he scarce knew how; if they were to thrust him forth again, it had best be done at once, and he moved to the door of the back room and entered.

Oh, well, then he was insane, as he had long believed.

There, in his father's room, at midnight, the fire was roaring and the gas blazing; the papers, the sacred papers—to lay a hand on which was criminal—had all been taken off and piled along the floor; a cloth was spread, and a supper laid, upon the business table; and in his father's chair a woman, habited like a nun, sat eating. As he appeared in the doorway, the nun rose, gave a low cry, and stood staring. She was a large woman, strong, calm, a little masculine, her features marked with courage and good sense, and John blinked back at her, a faint resemblance dodged about his memory, as when a tune haunts us, and yet will not be recalled.

"Why, it's John!" cried the nun.

"I daresay I'm mad," said John, unconsciously following King Lear; "but upon my word, I do believe you're Flora."

"Of course I am," replied she.

And yet it is not Flora at all, thought John; Flora was slender and timid, and of changing color and dewy-eyed; and had Flora such an Edinburgh accent? But he said none of these things, which was perhaps as well. What he said was: "Then why are you a nun?"

"Such nonsense!" said Flora. "I'm a sick nurse, and I am here nursing your sister, with whom, between you and me, there is precious little the matter. But that is not the question. The point is, how did you come here, and are you not ashamed to show yourself?"

"Flora," said John sepulchrally, "I haven't eaten anything for three days. Or, at least, I don't know what day it is; but I guess I'm starving."

"You unhappy man!" she cried. "Here, sit down and eat my supper, and I'll just run up stairs and see my patient—not but what I doubt she's fast asleep, for Maria is a malade imaginaire."

With this specimen of the French, not of Stratford-atte-Bowe, but of a finishing establishment in Moray place, she left John alone in his father's sanctum. He fell at once upon the food, and it is to be supposed that Flora had found her patient wakeful, and been detained with some details of nursing, for he had time to make a full end of all there was to eat, and not only to empty the teapot, but to fill it again from a kettle that was fitfully singing on his father's fire. Then he sat torpid and pleased and bewildered; his misfortunes were then half forgotten; his mind considering, not without regret, this sentimental return to his old love.

He was thus engaged, when that bustling woman noiselessly re-entered.

"Have you eaten?" said she. "Then tell me all about it."

It was a long and (as the reader knows), a pitiful story; but Flora heard it with compressed lips. She was lost in none of those questionings of human destiny that have, from time to time, arrested the flight of my own pen, for women, such as she, are no philosophers, and behold the concrete only. And women, such as she, are very hard on the imperfect man.

"Very well," said she, when he had done; "then down upon your knees at once, and beg God's forgiveness."

And the great baby plumped upon his knees, and did as he was bid; and none the worse for that! But while he was heartily enough requesting forgiveness on general principles, the rational side of him distinguished, and wondered if, perhaps, the apology were not due upon the other part. And, when he rose again from that becoming exercise, he first eyed the face of his old love doubtfully, and then, taking heart, uttered his protest.

"I must say, Flora," said he, "in all this business, I can see very little fault of mine."

"If you had written home," replied the lady, "there would have been none of it. If you had even gone to Murrayfield reasonably sober, you would never have slept there, and the worst would not have happened. Besides, the whole thing began years ago. You got into trouble, and when your father, honest man, was disappointed, you took the pet, or got afraid, and ran away from punishment. Well, you've had your own way of it, John, and I don't suppose you like it."

"I sometimes fancy I'm not much better than a fool," sighed John.

"My dear John," said she, "not much!"

He looked at her, and his eye fell. A certain anger rose within him; here was a Flora he disowned; she was hard; she was of a set color; a settled, mature, undecorative manner; plain of speech, plain of habit—he had come near saying plain of face. And this changeling called herself by the same name as the many-colored, clinging maid of yore; she of the frequent laughter, and the many sighs and the kind, stolen glances. And to make all worse, she took the upper hand with him, which (as John well knew) was not the true relation of the sexes. He steeled his heart against this sick nurse.

"And how do you come here?" he asked.

She told him how she had nursed her father in his long illness, and when he died and she was left alone, had taken to nurse others, partly from habit, partly to be of some service in the world; partly, it might be, for amusement. "There's no accounting for taste," said she. And she told him how she went largely to the houses of old friends, as the need arose; and how she was thus doubly welcome, as an old friend first, and then as an experienced nurse, to whom doctors would confide the gravest cases.

"And, indeed, it's a mere farce my being here for poor Maria," she continued; "but your father takes her ailments to heart, and I cannot always be refusing him. We are great friends, your father and I; he was very kind to me long ago—ten years ago."

A strange stir came in John's heart. All this while had he been thinking only of himself? All this while, why had he not written to Flora? In penitential tenderness he took her hand, to his awe and trouble, it remained in his, compliant. A voice told him this was Flora, after all—told him so quietly, yet with a thrill of singing.

"And you never married?" said he.

"No, John; I never married," she replied.

The hall clock striking two recalled them to a sense of time.

"And now," she said, "you have been fed and warmed, and I have heard your story, and now its high time to call your brother."

"Oh!" cried John, chopfallen, "do you think that absolutely necessary?"

"I can't keep you here; I am a stranger," said she. "Do you want to run away again? I thought you had enough of that."

He bowed his head under the reproof. She despised him, he reflected, as he sat once more alone; a monstrous thing for a woman to despise a man; and the strangest of all, she seemed to like him. Would his brother despise him, too? And would his brother like him?

And presently the brother appeared, under Flora's escort; and, standing afar off beside the doorway, eyed the hero of this tale.

"So this is you?" he said, at length.

"Yes, Alick, it's me—it's John," replied the elder brother, feebly.

"And how did you get in here?" replied the younger.

"O, I had my pass-key," says John.

"The deuce you had!" said Alexander. "Ah, you lived in a better world! There are no pass-keys going now."

"Well, father was always averse to them," sighed John.

And the conversation then broke down, and the brothers looked askance at one another in silence.

"Well, and what the devil are we to do?" said Alexander. "I suppose if the authorities got wind of you, you would be taken up?"

"It depends on whether they've found the body or not," returned John. "And then there's that cabman, to be sure!"

"Oh, bother the body!" said Alexander. "I mean about the other thing. That's serious."

"Is that what my father spoke about?" asked John. "I don't even know what it is."

"About your robbing your bank in California, of course," replied Alexander.

It was plain, from Flora's face, that this was the first she had heard of it; it was plainer still from John's that he was innocent.

"I!" he exclaimed. "I rob my bank! My God! Flora, this is too much; even you must allow that."

"Meaning you didn't?" asked Alexander.

"I never robbed a soul in all my days," cried John: "except my father, if you call that robbery; and I brought him back the money in this room, and he wouldn't even take it!"

"Look here, John," said his brother, "let us have no misunderstanding upon this. Macewen said to my father; he told him a bank you had worked for in San Francisco was wiring over the habitable globe to have you collared—that it was supposed you had nailed thousands; and it was dead certain you had nailed three hundred. So Macewen said, and I wish you would be careful how you answer. I may tell you also that your father paid the three hundred on the spot."

"Three hundred?" repeated John. "Three hundred pounds, you mean? That's fifteen hundred dollars. Why, then, it's Kirkman!" he broke out. "Thank heaven! I can explain all that. I gave them to Kirkman to pay it for me the night before I left—fifteen hundred dollars, and a letter to the manager. What do they suppose I would steal fifteen hundred dollars for? I'm rich; I struck it rich in stocks. It's the silliest stuff I ever heard of. All that's needful is to cable to the manager; Kirkman has the fifteen hundred—find Kirkman. He was a fellow-clerk of mine, and a hard case; but, to do him justice, I didn't think he was as hard as this."

"And what do you say to that, Alick?" asked Flora.

"I say the cablegram shall go tonight?" cried Alexander, with energy. "Answer prepaid, too. If this can be cleared away—and upon my word I do believe it can—we shall be able to hold up our heads again. Here, you John, you stick down the address of your bank manager. You, Flora, can pack John into my bed, for which I have no further use tonight. As for me, I am off to the post office, and thence to the High Street about the dead body. The police ought to know, you see, and they ought to know through John; and I can tell them some rigmarole about my brother being a man of a highly nervous organization, and the rest of it. And then; I'll tell you what, John—did you notice the name upon the cab?"

John gave the name of the driver, which, as I have not been able to commend the vehicle, I here suppress.

"Well," resumed Alexander, "I'll call round at their place before I come back and pay your shot for you. In that way, before breakfast time, you'll be as good as new."

John murmured inarticulate thanks. To see his brother thus energetic in his service moved him beyond expression: if he could not utter what he felt, he showed it legibly in his face; and Alexander read it there, and liked it the better in that dumb delivery.

"But there's one thing," said the latter, "cablegrams are dear; and I dare say you remember enough of the governor to guess the state of my finances."

"The trouble is," said John, "that all my stamps are in that beastly house."

"All your what?" asked Alexander.

"Stamps—money," explained John. "It's an American expression; I'm afraid I contracted one or two."

"I have some," said Flora. "I have a pound note up stairs."

"My dear Flora," returned Alexander, "a pound note won't see us very far; and, besides, this is my father's business, and I shall be very much surprised if it isn't my father who pays for it."

"I would not apply to him yet; I do not think that can be wise," objected Flora.

"You have a very imperfect idea of my resources, and none at all of my effrontery," replied Alexander. "Please observe."

He put John from his way, choose a stout knife among the supper things, and with surprising quickness broke into his father's drawer.

"There's nothing easier when you come to try," he observed, pocketing the money.

"I wish you had not done that," said Flora. "You will never hear the last of it."

"Oh, I don't know," returned the young man; "the governor is human after all. And now, John, let me see your famous pass-key. Get into bed, and don't move for any one till I come back. They won't mind you not answering when they knock; I generally don't myself."

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MR. NICHOLSON ACCEPTS THE PRINCIPLE OF AN ALLOWANCE.

In spite of the horrors of the day and the tea-drinking of the night, John slept the sleep of infancy. He was awakened by the maid, as it might have been ten years ago, tapping at the door. The winter sunrise was painting the east, and as the window was to the back of the house, it shone into the room with many strange colors of refracted light. Without, the houses were all cleanly roofed with snow, the garden walls were coped with it a foot in height, the greens lay glittering. Yet strange as snow had grown to John during his years upon the bay of San Francisco, it was what he saw within that most affected him. For it was to his own room that Alexander had been promoted. There was the old paper, with the device of flowers, in which a cunning fancy might yet detect the face of Skinny Jim, of the academy, John's former dominie; there was the old chest of drawers; there were the chairs—one, two, three—three as before. Only the carpet was new, and the litter of Alexander's clothes and books and drawing materials, and a pencil drawing on the wall, which (in John's eye) appeared a marvel of proficiency.

He was thus lying and looking, and dreaming, hanging, as it were, between two epochs of his life, when Alexander came to the door and made his presence known in a loud whisper. John let him in, and jumped back into the warm bed.

"Well, John," said Alexander, "the cablegram is sent in your name, and 20 words of answer paid. I have been to the cab office and paid your cab, even saw the old gentleman himself, and properly apologized. He was mighty placable, and indicated his belief you had been drinking. Then I knocked up old Macewen out of bed, and explained affairs to him as he sat and shivered in a dressing-gown. And before that I had been to the High street, where they have heard nothing of your dead body, so that I incline to the idea that you dreamed it."

"Catch me!" said John.

"Well, the police never do know anything," assented Alexander; "and at any rate, they have despatched a man to inquire and recover your trousers and your money, so that really your bill is now fairly clean; and I see but one lion in your path—the governor."

"I'll be turned out again, you'll see," said John, dismally.

"I don't imagine so," returned the other; "not if you do what Flora and I have arranged; and your business now is to dress, and lose no time about it. Is your watch right? Well, you have a quarter of an hour. By five minutes before the half hour you must be at table in your old seat, under uncle Duthie's picture. Flora will be there to keep you countenance; and we shall see what we shall see."

"Wouldn't it be wiser for me to stay in bed?" said John.

"If you mean to manage your own concerns you can do precisely what you like," replied Alexander; "but if you are not in your place five minutes before the half-hour I wash my hands of you, for one."

And thereupon he departed. He had spoken warmly, but the truth is, his heart was somewhat troubled. And as he hung over the banisters, watching for his father to appear, he had hard ado to keep himself braced for the encounter that must follow.

"If he takes it well, I shall be lucky," he reflected. "If he takes it ill, why it'll be a herring across John's tracks, and perhaps all for the best. He's a confounded muff, this brother of mine, but he seems a decent soul."

At that stage a door opened below with a certain emphasis, and Mr. Nicholson was seen solemnly to descend the stairs and pass into his own apartment. Alexander followed, quaking inwardly, but with a steady face. He knocked, was bidden to enter, and found his father standing in front of the forced drawer, to which he pointed as he spoke.

"This is a most extraordinary thing," said he; "I have been robbed!"

"I was afraid you would notice it," observed his son; "it made such a beastly hash of the table."

"You were afraid I would notice it?" replied Mr. Nicholson. "And, pray, what may that mean?"

"That I was the thief, sir," returned Alexander. "I took all the money lest the servants should get hold of it, and here is the change and a note of my expenditure. You were gone to bed, you see, and I did not feel at liberty to knock you up; but I think when you have heard the circumstances you will do me justice. The fact is, I have reason to believe that there has been some dreadful error about my brother John, the sooner it could be cleared up the better for all parties; it was a piece of business, sir, and so I took it, and decided, on my own responsibility, to send a telegram to San Francisco. Thanks to my quickness we may hear tonight. There appears to be no doubt, sir, that John has been abominably used."

"When did this take place?" asked the father.

"Last night, sir, after you were asleep," was the reply.

"It's most extraordinary," said Mr. Nicholson. "Do you mean to say you have been out all night?"

"All night, as you say, sir. I have been to the telegraph and the police office, and Mr. Macewen's. O, I had my hands full," said Alexander.

"Very irregular," said the father. "You think of no one but yourself."

"I do not see that I have much to gain in bringing back my elder brother," returned Alexander, shrewdly.

The answer pleased the old man; he smiled.

"Well, well, I will go into this after breakfast," he said.

"I am sorry about the table," said the son.

"The table is a small matter; I think nothing of that," said the father.

"It's another example," continued the son, "of the awkwardness of a man having no money of his own. If I had a proper allowance, like other fellows of my age, this would have been quite unnecessary."

"A proper allowance!" repeated his father, in tones of blighted sarcasm, for the expression was not new to him. "I have never grudged you money for any proper purpose."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Alexander, "but then you see you aren't always on the spot to have the thing explained to you. Last night for instance ——"

"You could have wakened me last night," interrupted his father.

"Was it not some similar affair that first got John into a mess?" asked the son, skillfully evading the point.

But the father was not less adroit. "And pray, sir, how did you come to go out of the house?" he asked.

"I forgot to lock the door, it seems," replied Alexander.

"I have had cause to complain of that too often," said Mr. Nicholson, "But still I do not understand. Did you keep the servants up?"

"I propose to go into all that at length after breakfast," returned Alexander. "There is the half hour going; we must not keep Miss Mackenzie waiting."

And greatly daring, he opened the door.

Even Alexander, who, it must have been perceived, was on terms of comparative freedom with his parent; even Alexander had never before dared to cut short an interview in this high-handed fashion. But the truth is the very mass of his son's delinquencies daunted the old gentleman. He was like the man with the cart of apples—this was beyond him! That Alexander should have spoiled his table, taken his money, stayed out all night, and then coolly acknowledged all, was something undreamed of in the Nicholsonian philosophy and transcended comment. The return of the change, which the old gentleman still carried in his hand, had been a feature of imposing impudence; it had dealt him a staggering blow. Then there was the reference to John's original flight—a subject which he always kept resolutely curtained in his own mind; for he was a man who loved to have made no mistakes, and when he feared he might have made one kept the papers sealed. In view of all these surprises and reminders, and of his son's composed and masterful demeanor, there began to creep on Mr. Nicholson a sickly misgiving. He seemed beyond his depth; if he did or said anything, he might come to regret it. The young man, besides, as he had pointed out himself, was playing a generous part. And if wrong had been done—and done to one who was, after, and in spite of all, a Nicholson—it should certainly be righted.

All things considered, monstrous as it was to be cut short in his inquiries, the old gentleman submitted, pocketed the change, and followed his son into the dining-room. During these few steps he once more mentally revolted, and once more, and this time finally; laid down his arms: a still, small voice in his bosom having informed him authentically of a piece of news; that he was afraid of Alexander. The strange thing was that he was pleased to be afraid of him. He was proud of his son; he might be proud of him; the boy had character and grit, and knew what he was doing.

These were his reflections as he turned the corner of the dining-room door. Miss Mackenzie was in the place of honor, conjuring with a teapot and a cosy; and, behold! there was another person present, a large, portly, whiskered man, of a very comfortable and respectable air, who now rose from his seat and came forward, holding out his hand.

"Good morning, father, said he.

Of the contention of feeling that ran high in Mr. Nicholson's starched bosom, no outward sign was visible; nor did he delay long to make a choice of conduct. Yet in that interval he had reviewed a great field of possibilities, both past and future; whether it was possible he had not been perfectly wise in his treatment of John; whether it was possible that John was innocent; whether, if he turned John out a second time, as his outraged authority suggested, it was possible to avoid a scandal; and whether, if he went to that extremity, it was possible that Alexander might rebel.

"Hum!" said Mr. Nicholson, and put his hand, limp and dead, into John's.

And then, in an embarrassed silence, all took their places, and even the paper—from which it was the old gentleman's habit to suck mortification daily, as he marked the decline of our institutions—even the paper lay furled by his side.

But presently Flora came to the rescue. She slid into the silence with a technicality, asking if John still took his old inordinate amount of sugar. Thence it was but a step to the burning question of the day, and in tones a little shaken she commented on the interval since she had last made tea for the prodigal, and congratulated him on his return. And then addressing Mr. Nicholson, she congratulated him also in a manner that defied his ill-humor, and from that launched into the tale of John's misadventures, not without some suitable suppressions.

Gradually Alexander joined; between them, whether he would or no, they forced a word or two from John, and these fell so tremulously, and spoke so eloquently of a mind oppressed with dread, that Mr. Nicholson relented. At length even he contributed a question, and before the meal was at an end all four were talking even freely.

Prayers followed, with the servants gaping at this new-comer whom no one had admitted; and after prayers there came that moment on the clock which was the signal for Mr. Nicholson's departure.

"John," said he, "of course you will stay here. Be careful not to excite Maria, if Miss Mackenzie thinks desirable that you should see her. Alexander, I wish to speak to you alone." And then, when they were both in the back room: "You need not come to the office today," said he; "you can stay and amuse your brother, and I think it would be respectful to call on Uncle Greig. And, by the by" (this spoken with a certain—dare we say?—bashfulness), "I agree to concede the principle of an allowance, and I will consult with Dr. Durie, who is quite a man of the world and has sons of his own, as to the amount. And, my fine fellow, you may consider yourself in luck!" he added, with a smile.

"Thank you," said Alexander.

Before noon a detective had restored to John his money, and brought news, sad enough in truth, but perhaps the least sad possible. Alan had been found in his own house in Regent's Terrace, under care of the terrified butler. He was quite mad, and instead of going to prison, had gone to Morningside Asylum. The murdered man, it appeared, was an evicted tenant who had for nearly a year pursued his late landlord with threats and insults; and beyond this the cause and details of the tragedy were lost.

When Mr. Nicholson returned from dinner they were able to put a despatch into his hands—"John V. Nicholson, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh.—Kirkman has disappeared; police looking for him. All understood. Keep mind quite easy.—AUSTIN." Having had this explained to him, the old gentleman took down the cellar key and departed for two bottles of 1820 port. Uncle Greig dined there that day, and Cousin Robina, and, by an odd chance, Mr. Macewen; and the presence of these strangers relieved what might have been otherwise a somewhat strained relation. Ere they departed, the family was welded once more into a fair semblance of unity.

In the end of April John led Flora—or, as more descriptive, Flora led John—to the altar, if altar that may be called, which was indeed the drawing-room mantelpiece in Mr. Nicholson's house, with Rev. Dr. Durie posted on the hearthrug in the guise of Hymen's priest.

The last I saw of them, on a recent visit to the North, was at a dinner party in the house of my old friend Gallatly Macbride; and after we had, in classical phrase, "rejoined the ladies," I had an opportunity to overhear Flora conversing with another married woman on the much-canvassed matter of a husband's tobacco.

"Oh, yes!" said she; "I only allow Mr. Nicholson four cigars a day. Three he smokes at fixed times—after a meal, you know, my dear; and the fourth he can take when he likes with any friend."

"Bravo!" thought I to myself; "this is the wife of my friend John!"

[THE END.]

THE SULTAN'S SADNESS.

[Chicago News.]

"'Death to them both!' the sultan said,
And ere the evening both were dead.

"Somewhere under the shifting tide
She sleeps—and he by the bowstring died.

"But the sultan lets the winecup pass
Tonight as he lies in the languid grass

"With the guests who sip and whisper together
To the lute's low music, wondering whether

"He mourns the woman, his heart's delight,
Who cannot come at his call tonight."

—E. J. McP. in Chicago Tribune.

ENVOY.

Well, may he be missed the light-skirt thing
Of whom our poet is pleased to sing.

Menfolks are curious creatures, at best—
And the Turk (we are told) beats all the rest.

So it's very likely the sultan missed
The waist he'd clipped and the lips he'd kissed.

But he couldn't have touched the wine, poor man,
For that's forbidden in Al Koran.

Bruin Too Lucky to Die.

[Lewiston Gazette.]

The town of New Vineyard was in the wildest excitement last week. Somebody saw a bear, and gathering a crowd they started after him. They had a force varying in number from 10 to 28 men. The plan of the hunt was for one man to follow the track blowing a fish horn, while the others took cross cuts to head the bear off. Although the bear had lost one of its feet and travelled on three legs, he proved to be quite a chap for a foot race. Several men got quite near him at different times, but he was not seriously injured. Once or twice during the hunt he passed within a short distance of farmhouses on the road. Once he brought up face to face with a young man who was out partridge hunting, and the fellow emptied both charges of bird shot into him and then both ran for dear life. An old hunter in the party said the bear would get tired after a seven days' chase and stop to fight, so the hunt was continued the full week, but bruin crossed the Carrabassett river instead of fighting. One man who was spoiling for a shot at him got around in very nice range, only to find that two men were between him and the bear.

A Bangor Man's Absent-Mindedness.

[Bangor Whig and Courier.]

One of our citizens who had injured his finger and caught cold in it was advised by a physician to poultice it. Accordingly before leaving his home for his store he prepared a poultice and applied it carefully to the diseased member and then went about his business as usual. Soon, however, the finger began to pain him in an unusually severe manner, and he could not account for it until he made a close examination of his hand, took hold of the member that pained him, when he found that the poultice was on the wrong finger. His friends will probably feast on unlimited cigars for this feat of absent-mindedness.

BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

The Demonstration Lecture Yesterday.

Good Attendance in Spite of Weather—Delicious Dishes Prepared.

Beef Stew with Dumplings—Apple Cake and Sauce—Halibut, New Style.

Although the weather was most inclement yesterday morning, and although everybody is so busy thinking, planning and working for the Christmas season, yet there was a good attendance of the faithful devotees of the culinary art at the Boston Cooking School lecture.

They were treated to the following excellent dishes:

Beef Stew with Dumplings.

Cut the meat into small pieces, dredge well with salt, pepper and flour, and brown in hot fat. Put into the stewpan. Cut two onions, one small turnip and half carrot into dice and brown; add to the meat. Cover with boiling water and cook until the meat is tender. Remove bones and skim off the fat; add six or eight small potatoes which have been pared and parboiled. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook until nearly done, then add dumplings. Cook 10 minutes.

The piece of meat used for this was the "aitch" bone, which is often used for a roast; it is a piece coming from the top of the round and costs about 10 cents. Ask for a small "aitch" bone, and this will make stew enough for 15 people; so a part of it may be used as a roast and the rest for a stew. A shinbone may be used instead.

Take off enough of the fat to brown the meat and vegetables and let it be trying out while you are preparing the meat. If there is no fat use a little pork fat or dripping.

Cut the meat into dice about an inch large each way. Flour them well, for the flour browns well in the spider and makes a rich gravy. Brown the vegetables in the same way, and when added to the meat in the stew pan let all simmer gently until tender.

The potatoes are parboiled to remove that acrid flavor which is so noticeable in the water in which potatoes have been boiled. The flavor of the potato is very much improved by the process being made far more delicate.

Finish the stew as directed in the rule.

The whole time should be about three hours for this stew.

Dumplings.

One pint flour, half teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Mix thoroughly. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Shape and cook 10 minutes in the stew.

Add salt and baking powder to the flour and sift all so as to mix them thoroughly; enough milk to make a dough which you can handle. It will take about a cupful. They can be dropped from the spoon or shaped a little with the hands.

The stew should be boiling rapidly when the dumplings are added, and the stew should continue to boil rapidly while they are in. Do not have so much water or broth in the stew that the dumplings cannot rest on the meat or on the potatoes. If they do not they will be heavy. And do not put in so many dumplings that they will crowd each other, for that will make them heavy also.

Baked Halibut.

Dip the dark skin into boiling water and scrape clean. Put into a pan and pour milk over until one-half inch deep. Bake one hour, basting often. Remove skin and bone and pour sauce around.

Take a square piece, not far from the tail, because this is the best-looking shape for serving. Put a little boiling water in a pan and place the fish in it dark skinned side down. Let it stand for 10 or 15 minutes, then scrape off the scales. This takes away from the halibut the strong, oily taste which it has, and though seldom done in preparing a dish of boiled halibut, it may be recommended for that also. Wash the fish, put on a fish sheet and place in the pan. (The fish sheet is a thin, plain sheet of iron, with a ring at each end. When the fish is cooked the sheet is lifted by the rings, and by slipping the knife between the fish and the sheet the former is served easily, without being broken into pieces.

The milk is for basting the fish, and takes the place of salt pork.

Bake and serve as directed in rule.

Egg Sauce.

Melt one-fourth cup butter, add two tablespoonsful flour, and pour on slowly one pint hot water. Season with one-half teaspoonful salt and one-half saltspoonful pepper. Then add one-fourth cup more of butter and two hard boiled eggs, chopped or sliced.

This sauce does not seem very stiff at first, but thickens as it stands. Pour it around the fish and add the eggs cut in slices. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

Parsnip Chips.

Cut parsnips into thin slices with a potato cutter; soak in cold salted water; dry between towels and fry in hot fat; drain and salt.

Miss Maynard used a small board in which was a slit across, in which was set a thin knife at an angle with the board. The scraped parsnip was pressed on the board and drawn rapidly across the knife. Very thin slices were taken off and dropped into the pan of cold salted water below. The longer the chips can stand in the cold water the crisper they will be.

The fat should not be so hot as for frying croquettes. Stir them in the basket with a fork until they are crisp.

Egg Omelet.

Break four eggs into a bowl, beat with a spoon until a spoonful can be taken up, or as little as possible. Some cook books say, "Give it 10 beats." Add four tablespoonfuls of milk, half a teaspoon of salt, and half a saltspoon of pepper. Put a tablespoonful of butter in an omelet pan, when it is hot pour in the egg. When this is cooked or "set" on the bottom, lift up or draw back with the fork and let the uncooked portion run down to the bottom. Do not cook hard. Turn and serve.

Cheese, tomato, herbs, etc., may be made in this way by adding these things just before the omelet is turned over. In the case of tomato, put some into the omelet and then pour some of the sauce around it. For the cheese omelet sprinkle thickly with grated Parmesan cheese before turning over. For an omelet "au fins herbes" use bush thyme, mint, parsley, etc., minced.

Turkish Rice.

One cup washed rice, 1 cup strained tomato and 1 cup stock; when the tomato and stock are boiling add the rice; stir lightly until the liquor is all absorbed. Then add one-half cup chopped meat, 1 teaspoonful salt and 1 saltspoonful pepper. Steam in double boiler; when nearly done add 2 tablespoonfuls butter.

This can be made without meat, and also without stock, only in the latter case use twice the quantity of tomato. Remember always to turn out the tomatoes as soon as the can is opened, as otherwise there is danger of the acid in the tomato acting on the tin and producing a poisonous composition. People are probably more often poisoned through not heeding this rule than by any poison in the canned goods themselves.

Pick over the rice and wash in water between the hands like cloth till the water is no longer starchy or cloudy.

Take half a can of tomato and put it on to cook, so as to get all the juices from it; rub through a puree sieve and use a cupful of the resulting broth. Add the stock, and season highly with salt, pepper and onion juice. (To extract onion juice, cut a little slice off one side an onion, and press the onion very hard on a rough grater with a twisting motion. The juice will fall in drops.) Put stock and tomato in the stewpan, and when hot add the rice and let it cook as directed in the rule. Stir with a fork, never with a spoon, else it will become pasty.

When the liquids are all absorbed by the rice put into the double boiler with the meat and seasoning and steam, adding butter as directed. Mutton is good with the rice, but the scraps of any other kind of meat may be used if mutton is not at hand.

This is a very palatable way of serving rice and will be welcomed by all good housewives who know how valuable rice is as an article of diet.

Apple Cake.

Beat 2 eggs, add 1 cup sugar, beat well; add ½ cup milk alternately with 2 cups flour and 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder. Then add 1 tablespoonful butter, melted. Pour into 2 buttered Washington pie plates. Cover thickly with sliced apple, sprinkled with sugar. Bake ½ hour, or till the apple is done.

If you are making this cake and do not wish two loaves it can be baked in one deep loaf, or one may be left plain and baked and frosted.

Measure the flour and add to it the baking powder. Beat the eggs, add the sugar, and beat again; add milk and flour alternately; the butter is put in last, because it is fancied that doing so makes the cake more crisp.

Let the cake be rather thin in the tins, and put the apple on top as thickly as you can. If the slices will stand up so much the better. (The apples are pared, cut in eighths, and these eighths again divided into two or three sections.) Add about two tablespoonfuls of sugar and bake. Serve hot with an

Egg Pudding Sauce.

Beat whites of three eggs to a stiff froth; then beat in slowly one cup powdered sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla, or four tablespoonfuls wine; then stir in beaten yolks of three eggs.

Beat the whites very fast and hard with the egg beater till they are a stiff froth. Beat the powdered sugar in slowly and with a spoon.

This is a delicious dish!

Next Week.

The lesson next week Wednesday morning, the 28th December, at 10 o'clock, will include creamed salt fish, broiled smelts, broiled sardines, scalloped sweet potatoes, corn bread, apple sauce, apple pudding, brown sauce, and "kohl rabi."

Miss Daniels, a graduate of the school and a daughter of Mrs. Daniels, who has such a reputation as a cook, goes to Cincinnati in a few days to take a lucrative position there as teacher of the culinary art. There is a constant demand for properly qualified teachers of cooking, and requisitions are made on the cooking school for their graduates faster than they can be turned out. Young women who are to earn their own living and have any taste or aptitude in this direction ought to be seizing these opportunities. They are the ones who should take them, but if they do not some enterprising young men will.

BIG ENOUGH TO VOTE.

Mammoth Maggie Hazelton Transported to a Dime Museum—A Triumph of Engineering.

Big, fat Maggie Hazelton, a twenty-six-year-old maiden, who is said to be the heaviest girl in the world, arrived in Philadelphia last Saturday on the 4.30 p. m. train from Trenton to enter a dime museum. Maggie was born in Trenton, N. J., and since she was 14 years old has never been out of that city. She was never on exhibition before, and her family was opposed to her engagement. Maggie thought she should do something toward supporting herself, and her family finally consented. A special car had been chartered in that city, but it was found that Maggie was too big to pass through the door. Fully 2000 people accompanied Maggie to the depot to see her off, and every one had some way to suggest to get her into the car. The museum agent glanced at his watch, and found that he had but a few minutes to spare. He held a consultation with Station Agent Oliver and Baggage Master Jenkins, and a smile spread over his face. After whispering a few words to Maggie's mother and sister, who accompanied her, he rushed to the telegraph office. In a few minutes one of the new Eastlake cars was backed up to the platform. Maggie looked at the platform and said, with a laugh:

"I can't get in there; get a baggage car."

A car belonging to the Adams Express Company was quickly attached, and a stage composed of boxes and trucks was built to make an easy ascent. A carpenter sawed a three-inch plank in two and made a seat for the gigantic woman. All this time the crowd cheered and guyed the railroad men. Maggie watched the preparations with interest, and laughed at the nervous way in which the officials worked. When the staging was completed she walked through the side door into the baggage car and sat on the rough seat.

"Don't you think I might squeeze through the end door if I went through sideways?" she asked the agent.

"I wish you could," he replied. "Won't you please try?"

After several attempts she managed to get through the side door and into the passenger car. Two whole seats were taken up by her and she complained of being cramped. When the train arrived at Broad street station in this city there was a big crowd to receive her. After considerable difficulty she was assisted from the platform and walked to the baggage elevator. She was taken to the Market-street entrance where a large furniture van was waiting to receive her. She was assisted to her chair in the van, and taken to her boarding-house opposite the museum.

Maggie weighs 967 pounds and is 5 feet 4¾ inches in height. Her waist measures 98 inches in circumference, her bust 116 inches and her arm 38 inches. She sits in a chair made especially for her, and is accompanied by her mother and sister. In spite of her immense size Maggie is said to have a very small appetite.

AMERICAN DIAMONDS.

Where They Come From and What They Are Worth.

[Harper's Magazine.]

Diamonds have occasionally been found at a number of localities in the United States, but the crystals are of infrequent occurrence, and never in sufficient quantities to warrant any extended mining for them. The total number found is not more than 200. The largest authenticated diamond crystal was found opposite Richmond, at Manchester, Chesterfield county, Va., by a laborer engaged in grading the streets. Its original weight was 23¾ carats, but it had a large flaw in one side and had been injured by the finder putting it into an iron furnace in order to prove its genuineness. After cutting it weighed 11¾ carats. It passed into the hands of Captain Samuel Dewey, and was by him named the "Oninoor," or Sea of Light. John Morrissey once loaned $6000 on it, but, owing to its poor color and other imperfections, it probably is not worth more than 10 per cent. of that amount today. A number of diamonds weighing one carat each hav been found in North Carolina at various times from 1846 up to the present time. They are usually found in the gold washings, associated with gold and other rare minerals. This debris is usually the result of the old gneissold and perhaps the decomposed peridotite rocks. A diamond weighing 4⅓ carats was found on the Alfred Bright farm in Dysartville, McDowell county, N. C., in the summer of 1886 by the twelve-year-old Willie Christie, who was sitting at a spring and saw "a pretty trick" about two feet from where he was sitting. He picked it up, took it home, and laid it on a shelf. Only after two weeks did he think of taking it to any one for identification. It was then sent to New York for valuation. It is quite perfect, but has a faint yellowish-gray tint. These facts were authenticated by the writer on the spot. A number of small stones have also been found in or near the elastic sandstone belt in Georgia, most of them in the gold washings of Hall county. Here about 40 diamonds have been found, many of which were of fine quality. These diamonds are usually met with in the refuse of sluice-boxes and "long toms" used in mining operations. California has furnished them in many localities. Professor F. Woehler of Gottingen, Germany, discovered microscopic diamonds in the platinum sands of the Trinity river and in all the northern counties of the State drained by the Trinity river; also in Coosa bay, Oregon, and in Smith river, Del Norte county. Instances have occurred where fragments of broken diamonds have appeared among the debris cleaned from the stamping batteries which reduce gold ore. At Cherokee Flat, since 1853, from 50 to 60 diamonds have been found, the largest one weighing two and one-half carats, some of them rose-colored, some yellow and some white. The highest price that has ever been paid for a California diamond in the rough is $500.

A LAST REQUEST.

Oh, riddle me through with a gatling gun,
Or shoot me out of a mortar;
Oh, paralyze me with a powerful pun,
Or fry me in oil until I am done,
Or flay me alive and quarter;

Aye, grind me to atoms of dust, if you will,
But save me from that which is sorer—
Oh, chose any means that quickly will kill,
From a railroad stove to a dynamite mill,
But don't make me room with a snorer.

EMILE PICKHARDT.

A Messenger from the Spirit World.

[Newburyport Herald.]

It is related that in a town not a thousand miles from Newburyport dwells an old gentleman who is deeply devoted to the doctrines of modern spiritualism, and is constantly on the qui vive for communications from other spheres. In the same household resides a young lady who is more sceptical. Recently the master of the house was awakened by the unmistakable sounds of light footsteps. Going out into the hall he leaned over the stair railing, and to his astonished gaze, in the dim light, there appeared on the floor below a form robed in gauzy white, which was gliding toward the stairway with noiseless footfall. Recovering from his emotion as quickly as possible, he called out in a faltering voice: "Have you anything to communicate?" The reply came, sharp and decisive: "Yes, you old blockhead, get back into your room so that I can get into mine." He got.

Clever Performance of an Angora.

[Waltham Tribune.]

A lady on Robbins street is the proud possessor of a buff Angora kitten, whose beauty and intelligence are rarely equalled in the feline race. The lady conceived the idea of calling the kitten through the medium of the front door bell, and in his early kittenhood he was taught to come at the sound of the bell. In moments of leisure Buff's education was undertaken, and after calling him as mentioned, he would each day be put through a series of tricks among which are rolling, shaking hands, walking on two feet, jumping, etc. Now his education being complete he seems to consider it a part of his duty on hearing the door bell ring, and seeing a caller ushered in, to gravely go through his performance to the delight and surprise of the visitor.

Be Good and You Won't be Happy.

[Texas Siftings.]

All that one has to do to maintain perfect health is to carry a buckeye and a potato in the pocket, wear a lung pad, a couple of porous plasters and a magnetic belt, go to bed at 9 o'clock every night and get up at 6 in the morning, taking a cold water bath and walking seven miles every day before breakfast. Abstain from the use of tobacco, tea, coffee, all manner of intoxicants and rich food of every description. By obeying the above simple rules your life may be made one continual round of giddy health.

JOHN GOLDING'S MIRROR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

There are some people who seem to have a genius for finding fault. To this class belonged John Golding. Not that he was in general an ill-tempered man, but there were some days when everything appeared to go wrong with him. Business troubles, whenever they molested him, were sure to be visited upon his wife.

She, poor woman, was hard-working and uncomplaining. Her husband's fretfulness grieved her, and often brought on a fit of weeping, but never induced retaliation. So that the habit grew upon John Golding, until he had become, what he would have been very much surprised to be charged with, a source of unhappiness to his wife, and his presence was no longer looked forward to as home with joy, but with something of an opposite feeling. Had he known this, he would doubtless have felt much aggrieved, but his eyes were not open to his own prevailing fault.

Let me give an illustration of his mischievous propensity.

One day he came home fretted and impatient. He had just received tidings of a recent loss, which though not large or important, was yet vexatious as all losses are. This was perhaps more so than usual, because he could easily trace it to his own carelessness.

When he entered his yard he found that the gate had been left open. Under the influence of different feelings he would have quietly closed it and not suffered it to remain in his thoughts. But when one is already vexed it requires little to add to the vexation.

Accordingly he slammed it to with vehemence, and entered the house determined to call somebody to account for the dereliction. The first person he met was his wife, and to her he at once broke out:

"How does it happen that the front gate is left open, I should like to know? It looks perfectly shiftless."

"I don't know, I'm sure, John," answered his wife. "I dare say it may have been some boy in the street."

"More likely it is some one in the house," said her husband, determined to visit the blame upon his wife.

"I don't think any one has been out of the house this forenoon—that is, out of the front gate, since you went in the morning."

Mr. Golding was now compelled to attribute the act to the boys in the street, or else charge himself with it, which, of course, he had no mind to do. His ingenious mind devised another tack upon which he might assail his wife.

"Well," said he, "if it was the boys in the street, they wouldn't be allowed to meddle with the front gate if I was at home—I hope I should have energy enough to see to that much."

"Perhaps, John," said his wife, mildly, "if you had dinner to get and the house to take care of you wouldn't find time to be looking out of the window."

"My business is as complicated as yours, I should imagine," said Mr. Golding, with some contempt, "but I find no trouble in attending to all the details."

Just at that moment there came to his remembrance the fact that if he had been as attentive as he boasted he would not have experienced the loss which had that morning befallen him. Accordingly he thought it best to change the subject.

"Why isn't dinner ready?" he inquired. "Seems to me it is always behind hand."

"It's all ready to bring up, John," said his wife.

"Well, let me have it as soon as possible. My time is of too great value to be wasted in waiting for dinner."

Mrs. Golding went out and busied herself in assisting the servant to lay the dinner on the table.

"What, roast beef again today?" demanded John Golding, surveying the principal dish with an ominous frown. "I should think you supposed there was no other kind of meat but beef. Beef two days in succession is a little too much for me."

"But you know, John, we had roast mutton yesterday," said Mrs. Golding, mildly.

"Well, then, it was the day before that we had beef. It makes little difference. It is altogether too soon to have it again. I wish you would be a little more considerate, Mary."

This was said with an injured air, as if Mrs. Golding had really been acting in a very reprehensible manner, and stood in need of a rebuke. But without a word of reproach, although she was grieved at the fault-finding spirit of her husband, she said by way of explanation:

"The fact is, John, the butcher had no other kind of meat, except sausages, and those you never eat. So I was forced to do the best I could."

This remark gave Mr. Golding an opportunity of indulging in an invective against the butcher for conducting his business with so culpable a lack of attention to variety.

"Why is there no squash on the table?" inquired he peevishly, after a short respite. "You know I always like squash."

"You forgot to send any up from market," said his wife.

"Well, how can you expect I will think of everything?" demandnd Mr. Golding, sharply, treating his wife's excuse as a complaint against himself.

"I don't blame you for it, John," said his wife, mildly. "I know you must have a great deal to think of. But, then, you know it is not my fault."

"If you had only reminded me of the squash this morning I should have thought of it," said Mr. Golding, reproachfully.

His wife might have answered that there was no reason for her supposing he would forget that particular article, more especially as she knew that he was more than ordinarily fond of it. Many wives would have been induced to say thus much in extenuation, but as has already been said Mrs. Golding was very mild, and it was not in her disposition to "carry the war into the enemy's country."

She accordingly was discreet enough to say nothing. But not thus easily was her husband to be silenced.

"I see," he grumbled, "that the potatoes are boiled as usual, when you know how particular I am to have them baked. It really seems as if I had only to wish a thing to make sure that it would not be forthcoming."

"How can you say so, John?" said poor Mrs. Golding, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Well, isn't it so?" repeated her husband, hardening himself, in spite of his half-conviction that he was getting very unreasonable. "Haven't I time and time again told you that I considered baked potatoes infinitely preferable to boiled? Can you deny that? As it is, what with the beef that I've got sick of, and the squash that is missing, and the potatoes that are cooked just the way I don't like them, I am not likely to make a very good dinner."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Golding, with a spice of spirit, "it would have been better to make sure that there were no baked potatoes before finding fault with me. If you will lift that cover, you will find them."

Mr. Golding lifted the cover, but his ingenuity at fault-finding was by no means exhausted.

"I dare say," he grumbled, "that they are cold. If there's anything that requires to be warm, it is a baked potato."

So saying he took one of the potatoes in his hand, which so far from being cold, proved a little too hot for him to hold comfortably in his hand.

But it is needless to pursue the conversation further. It is but a single illustration of what happened far too often.

One day when her husband had been unusually unreasonable and fault-finding, Mrs. Golding, unable to resist the impulse, burst into tears, which further exasperated her husband, who left the house in a pet.

Before his wife had fully recovered from her tears, a friendly neighbor entered, who at once noticed that something was the matter. Mrs. Golding, though at first reluctant, was finally induced to reveal to her sympathizing visitor the cause of her grief. Had the latter been a mischief-maker, this might have proved unfortunate, but such was not the case. She was a woman of wisdom and experience, and possessed no small knowledge of human nature.

"I think," she said, after a pause, "that if you will implicitly follow my directions I can put you in a way of curing your husband of his disposition to find fault."

"Do you really think you can?" asked Mrs. Golding, eagerly. "How shall I go to work?"

"In the first place," said Mrs. Bertram, "I'm quite confident that the habit has grown upon him gradually and almost imperceptibly."

"It has indeed. When we first married he scarcely ever found fault with me."

"He is not now probably aware of the extent to which it governs him, and would be very much surprised to be told that he was behaving unkindly to you. But this does not alter the fact. What he needs is a mirror in which he can see himself."

"And how shall he be provided with such a mirror?"

"You must do it. For a day or two you must assume his own habit of fault-finding. He will be surprised and disturbed, and when he asks for an explanation you must tell him your object."

This proposition was rather a startling one to mild Mrs. Golding, but after a time she came to see that it might be productive of good, and after some further advice and instruction from Mrs. Bertram, she felt in a measure prepared to carry it out.

When Mr. Golding came home it so chanced that his wife was in the front entry.

"Upon my word, Mr. Golding," she said, with as much sharpness as her voice was capable of conveying, "it seems to me you think nothing of tracking mud in the house. I should like to know how you expect me to keep the house clean when you are doing all in your power to dirty it."

John Golding was completely taken aback by such an outburst from his usually mild and submissive wife—so much so that he hardly knew what to say.

"I didn't think, Mary," he said, with unwonted mildness.

"Well, I hope you'll try to next time. What made you so late this evening? Supper's been on the table for the last 15 minutes. I do wish you would make an effort to be here in time."

Mrs. Golding found her role an easier one than she had anticipated. Although she had not been in the habit of employing the language of fault-finding, she had been so accustomed to hearing it from her husband's lips that it was not so hard to catch as she had anticipated.

"I did not know I was so much in the habit of being late," said Mr. Golding, wondering what had come over his wife.

"I dare say not," said she. "People are not apt to be aware of their own shortcomings. Did you stop at the store and get that sewing-silk I asked for?"

"I declare, Mary, I forgot all about it."

"Just as I expected. I really wish you had a better memory. All is, you can't have your vest mended till it comes."

"Well, I will get it tomorrow. But it seems to me, Mary, you might speak in a little pleasanter tone. Of course I didn't forget it on purpose."

"You'd better come to tea if you don't want it cold," said his wife, preserving as sober a face as she could, though she could scarcely help laughing to herself at the little plot in which she was playing so unaccustomed a part.

They sat down to the tea table, when Mrs. Golding said sharply to her eldest daughter:

"Ellen, don't you know better than to come to the table without an apron. Go up immediately and put one on."

Ellen, who was not in the secret, started in surprise at this unwonted tone from her mother. From her father she would not have been astonished to receive such a peremptory command.

Mr. Golding looked at his wife in wonder. He had never seen her displaying such a mood.

Throughout the meal she exhibited the same fault-finding propensity. A small hole in the tablecloth led her to censure her husband for not buying a supply of new ones, as she had casually recommended some time since. The children, too, came in for a large share of blame. Everything seemed to go wrong, and Mrs. Golding seemed to have fallen heir to her husband's ingenuity in fault-finding.

"What can have come over you, Mary?" asked her husband in blank amazement. "You seem disposed to find fault with everything and everybody."

"Could you think of anybody else who ever does the same thing?" inquired his wife significantly.

A new light flashed upon John Golding's mind.

"Do you mean that you are giving an imitation of me?" he asked.

"I have tried to," said Mrs. Golding, smiling, "but it's hard work."

"Do I really ever appear like that?" he asked, mortified.

"I'm sure, John, you don't intend to, but I'm afraid you make us all very uncomfortable sometimes."

"Then I'll turn over a new leaf, Mary, and what's more, I thank you for the lesson."

From that time forth, John Golding strove to get his peevishness and fault-finding under control, and found his own happiness as well as his wife's greatly increased thereby.

A LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

Dear Santa Claus: I write
'Cause I'm so afraid you might
Forget about my brother Jack and me;
We're so little, and you know
You've so many ways to go,
You might miss such teenty-weenty tots as we.

Jack, he wants a Noah's ark,
And a real dog with a bark;
And, if you please, he would *so* like a drum,
A toboggan and some skates,
And some oranges and dates,
And just a little bit of chewing-gum.

Then he needs an overcoat,
And O he'd like a boat,
Some candy and a pair of rubber boots,
And he'd be so very good,
"Dear Santa," if you would
Bring a rabbit and a little gun that shoots!

As for me, please, Santa dear,
Tho' perhaps you'll think it queer,
There's but one thing that I'm really dying for.
O Santa, can't you guess?
A dolly—that's it—yes,
'Twould make me the happiest girl that e'er you saw.

She must have a pretty face,
And a dress that's trimmed with lace,
And a string to pull and make her say "Ma-ma',"
And on the other side
(I know for I have tried),
Another string to make her say "Pa-pa!"

Please get me one that cries,
Opens and shuts her eyes;
And do try and find a dolly that can walk!
You wind 'em up, you know,
And then round about they go,
For, of course, a doll can walk if she can talk.

And then Dolly'll want a bed
And a mattress and a spread
And a table and some chairs and dishes, too;
For, without them, don't you see,
Poor, dear Dolly, she might be
Half-starved and sleepy, and I'd not know what to do?

Dear Santa, that is all,
And don't forget to call!
Both our stockings you'll find hanging where the clock's
Ticking the hours away
That will bring us Christmas day
And my dolly to your grateful Goldilocks.

M. N. B.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION

A Mother and Daughter on Fans and New Dresses.

[New York World.]

I was amused at a conversation overheard Saturday at the entrance of Le Boctillier's big store between a pretty daughter and imposing mother. They were looking in the handsome windows and mademoiselle said:

"Let's get out of this drizzle a minute."

"Annie," said madame, "if you go in there you'll buy something, you know you will; you've overdrawn your allowance now, and your father does not want you to acquire business habits about your money. I wouldn't throw myself in the way of temptation if I were you."

And the old lady made a move as if she were going on.

"Mamma, you are just as big a girl as I am; you want to come through and see all the pretty things. You know Laura told us about the lovely new tailor-made suits here, so come on, and I promise you I'll not spend a penny."

They went in and so did I. They went Oh-ing and Ah-ing about in the usual feminine style until they came to a department of imported fancy goods, fans, card cases, scent bottles and such elegant trinkets. Their eyes fell on a pink fan trimmed with duchesse point lace; then they turned and looked at each other; "Just my shade," said one; "such an uncommon match," said the other.

"Of course a white fan isn't just the thing with that dress," softly remarked the daughter. "And it is a perfect costume all but that," regretfully announced the mother. "Let us see that pink fan," demanded both together of the salesman. "The only one of its kind in stock," declared that astute reader of feminine hearts. The two looked in each other's eyes desperately and breathed "Just think of it" simultaneously. "I'll tell you what it is, Annie," said Annie's mother. "I can't see you lose that fan, and I'll lend you the money to get it, and we'll not say anything about it to your father."

So much for feminine resolution and maternal discipline in the face of overwhelming temptation.

A Fair Law to Dodge.

[Waterbury American.]

It is worth while for those who are sending away holiday presents my mail to remember the law which has made so much trouble about allowing no printing or writing other than the address and the name of the sender on the outside of third and fourth-class matter. One lady the other day was going to be charged full letter postage on a heavy package, because, forsooth, she had written in a corner, for the benefit of the postal clerks themselves, "No writing inside." She merely drew a pencil mark through the words and it went all right. So if you want to advertise your business or put any extra words whatever on the outside of the package, just write or print them on and then draw a pencil mark through them. It does not obliterate and yet keeps inside the letter of the law. It is perfectly fair to dodge such a law as this.

One Boy Who Was Not Inquisitive.

[Texas Siftings.]

A gentleman once saw a boy peeling the bark from one of his choice trees with a hatchet. The gentleman tried to catch the boy, but the latter was too quick for him, so the farmer changed his tactics.

"Come here, my little son," he said, in a soft, flute-like voice with counterfeited friendliness, "come here to me a minute. I want to tell you something."

"Not yet," replied the recipient; "little boys like me don't need to know everything."

For the Present.

[Judge.]

Mr. Bonnvaur—"I can't be mistaken. Isn't this Mrs. Coolbroth of Chicago?"

Mrs. J.-K.-C.-W.-L.—"It was when I was introduced to you, sir; but the Coolbroth came in after the second divorce proceedings, and there have been two since. I am now Mrs. Jenkins-Killingly-Coolbroth-Wilkins-Laker."

How Can She Flourish with a T. W.?

[New York Sun.]

A granddaughter of Charles Dickens does a flourishing business with a typewriter.

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THE NEXT CENSUS.

Before the last report of the census for 1880 is printed, and while the clerks at Washington are still busy with its figures, it is time to get ready for the work of 1890. Hon. S. S. Cox tells the New York Herald that he proposes to introduce a bill in the present session of Congress providing for the taking of the next census. Regarding the cost of the work Mr. Cox says he proposes to limit its expense to a maximum of $6,000,000. For the tenth census the total cost, including printing, was $5,785,254.72, divided as follows: Enumerators, $2,095,563.32; special agents, $625,067.29; printing reports, $678,624.61; superintendent's office, $2,385,999.50. One-half the expense named for special agents can probably be saved in the eleventh census. Deducting this saving and the cost of printing leaves the total cost of the tenth census, $4,794,096, or about 9½ cents per capita of the population of 1880.

The population for 1890 is variously estimated, but on the basis of the increase from 1870 to 1880, the highest estimate of 64,000,000 is a very close figure. At nine and a half cents per capita the cost would be $6,080,000, exclusive of printing. This was the cost also of the ninth census, in 1870.

Considering the mine of valuable information in the census reports, the expense of nine and a half cents per capita is a very moderate estimate, and we should all be willing to pay our share for the sake of knowing what a big and growing nation the United States of America is.

WHERE REFORM SHOULD BEGIN.

There is no protection for New England industries in the taxation of articles in a crude condition which enter into the processes of domestic manufacturing. Nor is there any considerable protection in the taxation of articles wholly or partially manufactured, if they are imported for use as materials in subsequent manufactures or in the arts. We have a prodigious development of productive enterprises, nearly every one of which, if it is to succeed, must have cheap and abundant materials to work with.

The tendency of the present overgrown tariff is to make the supplies needed by our manufacturers, whether consisting of crude materials or of partly, or even wholly, manufactured articles, scarce and dear instead of abundant and cheap.

The value of the imports entered for consumption during the year which ended June 30, 1887, amounted to $683,418,981, $233,093,659 worth being free of duty, and $450,325,322 worth dutiable. The revenue collected on the dutiable goods amounted to $212,225,163. The tax thus imposed was at the rate of $47.10 on every $100 worth of the dutiable merchandise.

In the above total of $450,325,322 worth of imported dutiable merchandise, $59,542,660 worth consisted of crude articles imported for use in domestic industries, and $67,505,441 worth of articles which, though wholly or partly manufactured, were still imported for use as materials in some branch of American manufactures or mechanic arts. On these two classes of articles, which were indispensable to the prosperity of the American industries making use of them—for otherwise they would not have been imported—the government collected taxes amounting to $39,961,396.

This tax of $39,961,396 on materials required by our manufacturers was, in effect, a tax in the first place on their respective industries, and in the second place on the people who bought the goods which they produced. Tariff reform may well begin by putting an end to the absurdity of "protecting" American manufactures in this back-handed way.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE.

The formation of the Republican National League is an event of marked significance. It indicates that high protectionist interests of the country have already taken the alarm, and realizing that their main hope of preventing a tariff reform that shall be of any practical moment lies in the success of the Republicans in the next election, have already begun the work of organizing "inside the party," to the end that victory may be made sure in the campaign of 1888. Although the constitution adopted in the New York conference contains an explicit refusal to indorse, as a league, particular candidacies, or to endeavor to influence the action of political conventions, it is probable that in such bodies the hand of the league will be felt in a very vigorous way in the high protectionist interest.

It would not be an unwise proceeding if tariff reformers, taking a leaf out of the book of their opponents, should themselves organize a league, national in its character, to carry on the work of popular agitation against the extremes of our present tariff. The fact of the existence of a monstrous surplus in the treasury is reason enough for the popular demand that taxation shall be reduced, and common sense would indicate that the reduction should take effect by the simplification of the tariff, eliminating its absurdities, lowering the duties where manifestly too high, and by a liberal enlargement of the free list.

As the case stands at present our industries are fettered by heavy duties on the imported raw materials that enter into the various processes of manufacture, and our manufacturers are disabled from entering into effective competition for the best markets of the world by reason of the burdens laid upon them by our irrational and exaggerated tariff. Our tariff reformers will act wisely if they shall show, by early and practical action, that they have given due heed to the lesson afforded by the proceedings of the New York conference.

UNCLE SAM SHOULD BE ASHAMED.

The clerks employed in the Boston Post Office are complaining of overwork and underpay.

Their complaint seems to be well founded. The pay ranges from $850 to $1050 a year. For most of the clerks it is nearer the former than the latter figure. The average is only $13 or $14 a week, and many get less. The clerks have to work very hard. The nominal working day is eight and a half hours, but there is a great deal of "overtime" work, and no pay for doing it. Sometimes the clerks have to work 20 hours out of 24. Unable to go to their homes for meals, they must buy dinner or supper at restaurants and pay for it out of their own scanty salaries.

This is not the way faithful public servants should be treated, and if the complaints are not overdrawn Uncle Sam ought to be ashamed of himself. This country is big enough and rich enough to employ all the men needed to do the work in a reasonable number of hours each day, and to pay them comfortable salaries. In doing otherwise the government sets a bad example to other employers.

No blame attaches to Postmaster CORSE nor to the administration. The fault seems to lie with congressmen who are over-anxious to make a record for economy, and are therefore indisposed to vote the necessary appropriations.

Wouldn't it be a good idea to use up a little of that big treasury surplus paying decent wages to the postal clerks and relieving them from too hard work?

SHAVING AND MORALS.

The potent, grave and reverend segniors who make up that august body, the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, have just decided an interesting question, not of law merely, but of morals also, as appears by the recorded opinion of Mr. Justice FIELD.

SAMUEL GRAVES was unable to shave himself. The primary cause of his disability was old age, the secondary cause a lame shoulder. Being unable by reason of his infirmities to leave his own house, yet unwilling to raise a beard, he procured the services of GEORGE STONE, a barber, and had a comfortable Sunday shave. Whether the shave was a close one is not recorded, but it seems clear that Mr. GRAVES himself was very close. At any rate he did not pay the barber. After the old gentleman's death his administrator, ISAIAH GRAVES, refused to pay Mr. STONE's modest bill, on the ground that the services were rendered on the Lord's day. He asked Judge HAMMOND in the Superior Court to rule that STONE could not recover, because the shaving was done on Sunday and was not a work of necessity. The judge declined so to rule.

The case was then taken to the Supreme Judicial Court on exceptions. That body has solemnly decided that "If GRAVES wished to be shaved on the Lord's day in his own house, we cannot say, as a matter of law, that it was not morally fit and proper that the plaintiff should shave him." The "if" is well put in; for had GRAVES not wished it the shaving would have involved illegal assault, battery and cut cuticle.

This decision in the barber's favor might be of greater practical value were it more unqualified. It is expressly conditioned on the fact that Mr. GRAVES was an old man, with a lame shoulder, and that the shaving was done in a private house and not in a public shop. But why should it be so conditioned? If an old man may legally be shaved on Sunday, why not a young man? If a lame shoulder may clear the law, why not a sore toe or a boil on the back of the neck? And why should the American citizen with a boil be endowed with legal privileges that are denied to the American citizen who possesses no boil? Again, why should that thing be legal on the premises of GRAVES, the farmer, which is illegal on the premises of STONE, the barber?

And what had the court to do with the question of morals? It is the main question which the judges seem to have wrestled with. "We cannot say," they declare, "that it was not MORALLY fit and proper that the plaintiff should shave him." It will be seen that the court carefully guards against committing itself unreservedly in favor of the morality of Sunday shaving, and only in the special case of this old man leniently omits to decide the contrary. Is it not a fair inference that under ordinary circumstances, in the case of robust men, it is an immoral thing to shave on Sunday? If so, it would be interesting to know if any of the Supreme Judicial judges do raze their beards on the Lord's day.

The law on this subject should be made clearer. It may be necessary for the people of this Commonwealth to incorporate into their Bill of Rights a declaration of their inalienable right to get shaved every day in the week, provided they can find 15 cents about their clothes.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

The public debt of Paraguay is $1000 for each man, woman and child in the republic. And there are about 1000 men, women and children for each $1 of property.

The State of Texas, once semi-tropical, is now all frozen up, and the ice line extends far below the Rio Grande into Mexico. New England, which used to have heavy frosts and snows before Thanksgiving, now has mild weather till Christmas. Are the North and South swapping climates?

The wordy battle between DENIS KEARNEY and W. CHIN FOO continues in the New York papers. But it is becoming evident that CHIN FOO has more "chin" than DENIS.

JEM CARNEY took $3000 of American money away with him. A British slugger can do better in America now-a-days than a British lord.

The Iowa farmers who sell their rye and barley to distillers, to be made into whiskey and beer, are being criticised by their prohibitory brethren. Consistency costs money in this world.

Senator INGALLS of Kansas now enjoys a proud distinction which once belonged to ROSCOE CONKLING—that of being the most bitingly sarcastic member of the Senate. But we hardly think he will try the experiment—Conklingian experiment—of resigning.

Max Adeler, the celebrated humorist, has blossomed out as an advocate of high protection, and waxes warm and eloquent over the duty on mixed wools. Max, they say, is funnier than ever.

The tail of the committee on naval affairs will be a lively one, but it should not be permitted to wag the committee. WILLIAM E. CHANDLER is the appendage.

MAURICE BERNHARDT, SARAH's accidental son, is to marry the Princess CLOTILDE JABLONOWSKY, in whom is the blood of the BONAPARTES. MAURICE may not be a self-made man exactly, but there are few young gentlemen of his age who can boast of being $100,000 in debt all by their own exertions.

According to treasury reports, there are 162,000,000 silver dollars in circulation—three apiece for everybody. If only evenly distributed the "adobe dollars" would be well received.

General HANCOCK, at a certain critical period, remarked that "the tariff is a local issue." This chunk of wisdom was received with loud guffaws by the Republicans. Now the Republican papers are just beginning to admit that HANCOCK was right. He used the words in a large sense, and was defeated because the narrow-minded gave them a narrow interpretation.

A bill has been reported in the Senate providing for a pension of $2000 for the widow of General LOGAN. But why should Mrs. LOGAN have that which was refused to Mrs. HANCOCK?

The rumor that Archbishop WILLIAMS is to be made a cardinal is revived. This elevation of Boston's prelate would please all the Catholics of New England, and many who are not Catholics. There could be no better cardinal if the Pope is disposed to bestow another red hat on an American.

DENIS KEARNEY and WONG CHIN FOO are having a funny war of words in the New York papers. Our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Foo, declines to "go," though DENIS says he must, and thus far has carried his point. Why not try the Marquis of Queensberry's method and settle the dispute? The gate money would pay the return fare of a large number of Chinamen.

Boston has one more reason to be proud of her peerless son, JOHN L. SULLIVAN. No other American ever got the Prince of WALES into such an awful row with his royal mamma.

Miss SHOW, MODJESKA's leading lady, has written to the newspapers protesting against the wearing of tights by actresses, not on grounds of delicacy, but on the ground that the tights are injurious to health. Oh, pshaw! Do not ballet girls notoriously live to an advanced age?

The late MARMADUKE B. SAMPSON, city editor of the London Times, left only $620,000 between his family and starvation. And yet we hear of no concerted movement among American city editors for a tariff to protect them against the pauper city editors of England.

New Haven Register: It is understood that several Republican senators, moved by feelings of personal friendship to LAMAR, are disinclined to vote against him if it can in any way be avoided. The said senators can easily avoid doing violence to their inclinations by assuming and maintaining a becoming rigidity of backbone.

Mercury only 6° above zero in Texas. Invalid Southerners had better come on and spend the winter in the milder climate of New England.

New York World: For the present, and with such light as we possess, we are moved to side with that splendid exemplar of American humor and horse sense, CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, when he asseverates that the early Puritans held to the belief that harmony when emitted through the nasal appendage was regarded as more godly than ordinary open-mouth vocalization.

An American syndicate has obtained from the Mexican government permission to hold 65,000,000 acres of land in Mexico forever free from taxation. This is a cheekier thing than American land-grabbers have ever attempted in their own country.

New York Sun: One Christmas goose was cooked as long ago as the Tuesday after the first Monday in November—the mugwump bird.

What a good many of us find in our Christmas stockings—holes.

Lowell Citizen: The bored of trade—the clerks behind the counters.

Senator VOORHEES classes cigarettes as "luxuries." Guess he never smoked one.

Somerville Journal: What this country needs is a society to protect the innocent seals from slaughter. At least that is what the average impecunious husband thinks.

JOHN SHERMAN informs the public that he is still in the presidential race. It is well that he mentions it, for the public had quite, quite forgotten.

Manchester Mirror: An enterprising pork packer of Cincinnati, who tried the faith cure on a lot of hams, says it's no good.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

From the gray dawning twilight of earlier years
A beautiful vision before me appears:
On a babe and a manger star-rays are descending;
O'er the plains of Judea bright angels are bending;
Rich Magi their treasures at Jesus' feet pour,
And glad wondering shepherds their Saviour adore.

Hark! I hear the sweet strains of the angelic choir,
Whose beauty, too pure for the passionate fire
That enthralls us in beautiful forms of the earth,
Can awaken no thrills of desire, but only gives birth
To peace from all passion and strife—in whose songs
There is rest from the discords of life, and life's
wrongs.

All the Orient skies are aglow with the light
Whose radiance streams from the path of their flight.
Rarest strains of sweet harmony float on the wind.
Heaven's hosts are encircling us! Were we not blind
We too might discern them, like Jacob of old
When the ladder of life at his feet was unrolled.

But my vision is only the patriarch's dream—
A glimpse of the brightness which o'er us shall
stream
If we, in the sweetness of faith, with our God,
Walk from manger to cross by the pathway He trod.
Hominorum Salvator, Redeemer divine,
Thy life and Thy love in our hearts we enshrine.

JOHN S. BROWNING.

AFFECTION'S DEAREST JOYS.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me, For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—The Globe's Wonderfully Sympathetic and Touching Gifts to Its Women Readers.

WIDE AWAKE AND FAST ASLEEP.



WIDE AWAKE.

The child, like a flower bud, opens to the rising sun. Even the color and the perfume of the flower are present to excite the thought and feeling of the mother bending over and embracing it, to full comprehension of the beauty and holiness of offspring. The artist, with maternal sympathy in reproducing his subject, has happily caught the moment when the mother, tiptoeing with suppressed breath into the room, creeps timidly forward to discover whether her darling is awake. By some subtle intelligence, the child has felt her stealthy approach, and is awake, and cunningly hides in covert, to surprise her with its heaven-lighted face and a kiss.



FAST ASLEEP.

It is the most beautiful of all pictures; for what can be more sublime, or stimulative of pure love, sympathy and worship, than the hovering of the little child in its sleep along the border-land of the angels. We stand spellbound at the vision of that the face of the sleeping babe reveals. Is it not of heaven, and will not heaven transport it away from us forever among the well-doers and the blessed? We press forward in our fear, and would catch it, lest it slip away into its beautiful land. The artist has caught the right expression, and made it soulful and eloquent.

Both "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," with the Magazine, Sunshine for Little Children, are given with THE WEEKLY GLOBE for one year for $1.30; six months 80 cents.

BROWN EYES AND BLUE EYES.



BROWN EYES.

The mother watches every expression and movement of the babe to discover its first dawning intelligence, and with no less solicitude numbers each smile and each turn of the hand and the foot in its growth during its first year. Her heart beats with pleasure or pain with the little heart she is pressing to it. In "Brown Eyes," the artist has drawn the babe at a moment when it is most cunningly indicative of its rapid progress to recognition and love of its friends.



BLUE EYES.

A happy surprise in the experience of the young mother is when the child first unmistakably recognizes her call, and, brimming over with happiness, turns and bends forward as if to leap into its mother's arms. This is a glorious reward of maternity, and a proud moment in a mother's life. All this the artist, with rare insight and deft hand, has brought out in this exquisite drawing, to the admiration and praise of every woman who views his work.

Both "Brown Eyes" and "Blue Eyes," with the Magazine, Sunshine for Little Children, are given with the WEEKLY GLOBE, one year for $1.30; six months, 80 cents.

Nothing better in pictures was ever given to newspaper readers than the above. You can have both of the water colors. "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," or both "Brown Eyes" and "Blue Eyes," with the magazine and WEEKLY GLOBE for $1.30 per year, 80 cents for six months.

DRIVEN OUT OF SPAIN.

The Expulsion of the Jews by King Ferdinand.

Story of Don Isaac Abrabanel, the King's Minister of Finance.

Lecture by Rabbi Schindler at the Temple Adath Israel.

At the Temple Adath Israel last week, Rabbi Solomon Schindler delivered the twelfth lecture in his course on eminent names in the Jewish history. He said, in part:

The history of mankind is by no means a book the pages of which have been kept scrupulously clean. All the great events in the life of the colossus called mankind have been accompanied by more or less misery and suffering of individuals; all great innovations have been ushered into the world not without the most excruciating labor pains, or to quote the words of Marat, the great revolutionist of the last century, "Revolutions are never perfumed with rose oil." It seems almost as if historians had found nothing worth recording in the life of the human race other than the miseries through which it has passed and the blunders which it has made. Surprising as this fact may appear it is quite natural that it is so. We forget easily the good days through which we have passed, and as a rule we love to dwell complacently upon the misfortunes which have beset our way. We are quick to observe wickedness, but very slow to recognize virtue. A crime committed somewhere is not only minutely recorded in the news columns of a daily paper, but the facts are eagerly read and still more eagerly discussed by the public, while comparatively less attention is paid to the good that is constantly practiced by the many. Virtue loves secrecy, though it need not fear publicity, and the one criminal action of which we occasionally hear is a hundredfold counterbalanced by the honorable deeds of which we are not informed at all.

I beg of you, my friends, to keep these introductory remarks well in your minds, that you may follow the better the drift of the argument which I shall bring forth in regard to that page in the history of the human race over which, so to say, a whole inkstand has been emptied, which presents to us one large blot, and which is so irredeemably spoiled that not even an effort is made to palliate the crimes recorded thereupon, or to excuse the incriminated persons.

The horrors of the inquisition and of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain, which occurred in the year 1492, two days previous to the departure of Christopher Columbus on his adventurous but world-famed voyage, are facts which we could hardly believe were not the authentic proofs of their reality in our hands. During the last two centuries the Jews in Spain had been tossed about like a ball between the two contestants—the advancing northern Christians and the receding southern Moors. A great many of them had allied themselves to the conquerors, and had embraced Christianity, but so lax had they been in their allegiance to the church, and so much were they still attached to their former co-religionists that they were not only suspected by the dignitaries of the church on account of their rationalism, but feared on account of

Their Sceptical Tendencies.

The inquisitory tribunal felt, therefore, that Christianity could never take root in Spanish soil unless the Maranos, the pseudo-Christians, were cut loose from the Jews, through whose influence they were still kept from a thorough amalgamation with the conquerors. Hence the desire to expel them, to obtain by brute force what could not be reached by arguments.

King Ferdinand, who was always pinched for money, thought that he would improve the state of his finances by the sequestration of the wealth which the Jews were said to have accumulated during centuries of toil and labor. That his policy was a mistaken one, that he was ignorant of the very first financial law that money is of value only as an agent of exchange between commodities, is so well known that I need not reflect upon it. On March 30, 1492, he issued the famous, or, rather, infamous, edict, that after the 31st of July no Jew should be seen upon Spanish soil. It is a lengthy document, and it has been preserved so that we can scrutinize it to the letter, but what do we find? Were the Jews to be driven from the country on account of any immoral or criminal action on their part? Had they been rude, riotous or ungovernable? Not a word is said about that: not the slightest allusion is made to any improper or unlawful conduct on their part. Were they accused, as they were frequently in other countries, of being usurers or money-grabbers? Not with a word does King Ferdinand refer to avarice or ill-gotten wealth. He brings only one accusation against them, and upon this he dwells at considerable length. Their only crime was that they opposed the Catholic faith; that they induced others to do the same; that they held fast to the laws of Moses, and that they seduced others to join them in their religious practices.

In the second paragraph of the edict he allows them to depart in peace during the three months given to them, and apparently permits them to take their wealth with them. A clause, however, upsets his good will and shows the real inwardness of his plan. He prohibits them to export gold, silver, jewels and all such articles the export of which was interdicted before. Thus they were not allowed to take anything with them. In the third paragraph he finds it necessary to threaten with the severest punishment all those of his subjects who should aid, protect or assist any of the emigrants after the time appointed for their departure had elapsed. Two days of grace were afterwards added to the three months, so that the Jews left Spain on Aug. 2, 1492, while Columbus set sail on Aug. 4 of the same year.

The anecdote has been frequently rehearsed that Isaac Abrabanel had made to the king the tempting offer of 600,000 crowns if he would revoke his cruel edict; that Ferdinand had hesitated, but that

Torquemada Had Appeared

at the critical moment before the king with the crucifix in his hand. "Judas," he exclaimed, "sold his master for 30 pieces of silver; do you sell him for more?" The king was thus hardened, and the decree was not repealed. The misery by which the departure of the Jews was accompanied has also been narrated repeatedly, with all the exaggerations which generally cluster around such stories. The fact remains for us that the Jews had been innocent, that their suffering was intense, and that Ferdinand, instead of gaining, had lost by the transaction.

But there are several points which we ought not to overlook, and which, though they do not palliate the crime, reduce it to a truer measurement. With the exception of some ruffians, the people of Spain do not seem to have been in sympathy with the king's decrees. Although the Jews lingered to the last day, they were not molested by them. If it is true, as most historians agree, that 300,000 persons were exiled, how is it that they did not rise in riot? They could have mustered quite an army, they could have drawn assistance from the Moors, who still bewailed the loss of Granada, and as there was a chivalrous spirit among them, how is it that the whole affair ran off so peacefully that the outrage committed against such large numbers did not make a greater stir than if a flock of sheep were driven from one field into another? Three hundred thousand persons are no small concern. Were there, indeed, enough large ships in all the Spanish seaports at that time to convey even 60,000 people to the other countries? It seems to me that the dimension of the expulsion has been cut out of whole cloth. It must have been neither so large as it is made out to have been, and let us believe not so cruel as the description of the sufferers make it to have been.

This shall by no means weaken the great crime committed by King Ferdinand; it is immaterial whether the sufferers were few, or whether they were many, the motives and intentions of the edict are infamous. Whether the expulsion of the Jews from Spain was instantaneous or gradual, it broke the spirit not only of the exiles but of all the Jews wherever they lived. Reason, furthermore, was suppressed for some time, and the night of ignorance began to rest heavily all over Europe.

I have yet to give you the biography of Isaac Abrabanel, of the man who, a second Jeremiah, lived through all the miseries which the expulsion of the Jews from Spain brought upon them. Don Isaac Abrabanel was born in Lisbon in the year 1437. His family prided itself upon being

Descended in a Direct Line

from King David, a claim against which nobody raised a voice at that time. His grandfather, Samuel Abrabanel, had accepted the Christian faith during a time of persecution, but he had returned to Judaism as soon as circumstances permitted him to do so. The whole family was talented; his father, Judah Abrabanel, had already been the financial agent of a Portuguese prince. King Alphonso V. intrusted Isaac with the management of his finances, and through his position Abrabanel became intimately connected with the nobility of the country.

Unfortunately King Alphonso died, and his son Joao II. inherited the throne of his father, though not the confidence which the latter had placed in Isaac Abrabanel. Desirous of ridding himself of his nobles, whose independence was a thorn in his side, he caused the Duke de Braganza to be arrested, to be tried for high treason, and to be decapitated. Abrabanel, who had been on the most intimate terms with the deceased, was also suspected; he was invited to attend the court, but being warned in time he escaped the snare by immediate flight. He removed to Toledo in Spain, and though he had lost the bulk of his fortune, he was received with great honors by the Jews of the place and admitted into partnership by Abraham Senjor.

During a few years Abrabanel enjoyed the happiness of a peaceful life, writing commentaries to the books of Joshua, Judges and Samuel, but in 1484 he was called to the court of Fernando the king of Spain, who intrusted him with the management of his finances, which then were in chaotic disorder. He succeeded so well during the eight years in which he held office that the king was enabled successfully to finish his campaign against the Moors. But it seems he must have been unable to curb the influence of Torquemada and that he was kept in the dark until the last moment in regard to the edict which should banish the Jews from Spain. Even after the decree was issued, Abrabanel had access to the royal pair. Until the very last day of his departure, it was expected of him that he would turn Christian as did his friend Abraham Senjor. Abrabanel must have disappointed the king by preferring the exile.

Still the royal pair did not place obstacles in the way of their former favorite. He set out for Naples and arrived there unmolested, long before the first exiles reached that place. He was kindly received by the king and immediately appointed manager of his finances. Through his intervention and through the favor which he had found with the king, some of his compatriots were allowed to settle down in that city. It is not known why he left hospitable Naples, but it has been made out as a fact that he died in Venice in 1509, leaving to posterity many valuable documents in regard to the events of his ventursome life.

My next lecture will not treat of any remarkable Jewish person. On the contrary, its heroes are to be Reuchlin, a Christian scholar of great European renown, and Pfefferkorn, a Jewish apostate. The scene will be shifted from the borders of the river Ebro to those of the river Rhine, and the lecture will contain a part of the history which preceded the great religious revolution called the reformation, which has split Christianity into two sects, the Catholics and the Protestants.

LABOR LACONICS.

Matters of Interest to Trades-Unionist and K. of L.

The reporters' assembly in New York city has been suspended.

D. A. 49 is trying to increase the per capita of its members 10 cents a quarter.

The order of the K. of L. appears to be flourishing in new sections of the West.

The general executive board of the K. of L. meets on the second Monday of each month.

The next convention of D. A. 30 will be held in Worcester on the third week of January.

James Campbell has been elected president of the window-glass workers' association (L. A. 300).

Painters' National District Assembly, 210, K. of L., is organizing an assembly of the trade in North Adams.

General Master Workman Powderly has extended the commissions of all present organizers to Feb. 1, 1888.

Quincy, Ill., has a new painters' union which embraces nearly every man belonging to the trade in that city.

The miners' national district, 135, K. of L., have entered into an alliance, defensive and offensive, with the Miners' Federation.

A powerful machinery for the agitation of the governmental telegraph will be created if G. M. W. Powderly's instructions are followed.

A little more than a century ago English workmen who "combined" to increase wages were fined, set in the pillory and lost their ears.

The Philadelphia local assemblies of the Knights of Labor are demanding an itemized account of the money spent at headquarters last year.

The boycott on the Fuller & Warren Company of Troy, N. Y., is again being pushed by the labor organizations, both K. of L. and trades unions.

Wendell Phillips L. A. of this city will cooperate with the Memorial Association in raising a fund for the proposed Phillips Memorial building.

Baltimore has a "Furniture Workers' Co-operative Association," with buildings which cost $25,000, and with sales in October amounting to $5100.

The Tailor, the official organ of the Journeymen Tailors' National Union, says that there are probably 50 unions throughout the country not connected with the national union, and calls on all such to combine with the others for the mutual protection of all.

D. A. 49 has lifted the boycott on a Brooklyn brewery, and has thus in a measure gone back on its old maxim of "once boycotted, boycotted forever."

The district federation of Spanish workmen has sent from Barcelona $377 to the families of the Chicago Anarchists, collected in sums not exceeding 10 cents.

The Central Labor Union of New York unanimously adopted a resolution boycotting Milwaukee beer. This action is in support of the striking Milwaukee brewers.

The garment cutters belonging to the K. of L. are preparing to organize a National Trade District Assembly. The move was started by L. A., Nos. 1 and 3621, of Philadelphia, Penn.

The State board of arbitration will go to Marblehead next Thursday, and give a public hearing in Abbott Hall to employer and employe in the trouble of B. E. Cole & Co. with their cutters.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, who resigned his church in Newark on account of his views on labor matters, is to preach in some hall in New York, the expenses to be met by voluntary contribution.

The petition for the National District of horse car men, or, more correctly, surface railroad employes, has been presented to the general executive board of the K. of L. by a delegation from D. A. 75.

Fifty warrants have been issued for the arrest of parents in Cohoes, N. Y., who have perjured themselves in regard to their children's ages in order to get their children to work in the textile factories of that place.

Queen Kapiolani, so well remembered in Boston, is excoriated in a late number of the Chicago Alarm for the rack-renting of her tenants and the way she treats the laboring class of the once happy Sandwich Islands.

The local assembly to which Henry George belongs has been suspended by the general executive board of the Knights of Labor. Joseph R. Buchanan, the leader of the "kickers," heads the item in his paper with the expressive line "Shake, Henry."

The first monument ever erected in the United States to commemorate a labor reformer was that in memory of William H. Sylvis, one of the founders of the Iron Moulders' Union. It was made by union stone-cutters, who employed their otherwise idle time, pending the settlement of a difficulty, and now stands in Laurel Hill cemetery, Philadelphia.

The Chicago Labor Enquirer says that in the big printers' strike, which still continues in that city, 400 men are out and are supported by the union. There is about half a force, numerically, in most of the large offices, but a majority of these rats are execrable printers, and their work is worthy of its producers. The big users of printers' ink are kicking like fun over the delay. Other labor organizations are invited to contribute.

The American Federation of Labor has been invited to send delegates to the international congress of labor organizations, to be held in London next year. This congress will be one of the most important events in the history of labor reform, since it will represent the labor movement of the whole world, and it is anticipated that a definite programme will be decided upon on which the organized workers of every civilized country can unite and irresistibly sweep to the fulfilment of their desires.

The $4 Gold Piece.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Carl Scheben of Kansas City has a coin said to be very valuable. It is one of the 17 gold pieces coined in the mint at San Francisco in 1879. For some unexplained reason the dies were destroyed after these coins were made. It is a curious piece of United States money, of the face value of $4. One side bears the head of the Goddess of Liberty, the date 1879, and around the rim there are 13 stars, with the following figures and letters between them: "6, G, 3, S, 7, C, 7, G, R, A, M, S." On the reverse side is a five-point star in the centre, underneath which is the word "Met." In a circle outside the stars are the inscriptions, "E. Pluribus Unum" and "Deo Est Gloria." There is still another circle outside this inscription, bearing the words, "United States of America. Four Dol."

Faithful to the Last.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]

Sunday a horse driven by Hiram Rivers in his rock team was taken ill and left in an outbuilding where he would have room to lie down and roll. In some way the poor creature got out of the building, and with faltering steps betook himself to the old familiar quarry, and thence started on the route to the kilns over which he had travelled so often. The animal went to the kiln and then to the shore, where the driver had been accustomed to drive the horses in to wash their hoofs. After entering the water the poor old horse, with uncertain steps, betook himself to Ulmer & Orbeton's stable, where he lay down and died.

A BACHELOR AT 99.

He Lives Alone and Knits His Own Socks.

How Thomas Murphy of Enfield, N. H. Keeps House in His Old Age.

His Bread as Light and White as Snow, and His Kitchen Neat as a Pin.

ENFIELD, N. H., Dec. 23.—New Hampshire raises a bigger crop of old people to the square mile than any other State in the Union. Scattered all over its hillsides are hundreds of men and women from 80 to 100 years of age. Many of them are as hale and hearty and rugged as their neighbors of middle age.

One of the most remarkable old men in New Hampshire is Thomas Murphy, aged 99, living on what is known as George hill in this town. Today I drove out eight miles from the railway station to his house, and had an hour's chat with him. He lives all alone in one of the best farmhouses in town. There is a large barn, and the other outbuildings are of the most substantial character. When I reached his place he was in the barn harnessing his horse, which, by the way, is 41 years old.

The man himself was a great surprise. Standing about 5 feet 10 inches, he is as straight as an arrow. He has a full head of dark brown hair, with hardly a tinge of white. His Galway whiskers are of the same color, and were neatly brushed. His eye is of light blue and as bright as a button, his skin soft and clear. He has a full set of natural teeth, remarkably even and white. His voice is full and does not tremble in the slightest degree. He never wore glasses in his life, and can today read newspaper print readily. He writes a full, round hand.

"Step into the house," said the old man; "it is warmer there."

In going from the barn to the house it is necessary to pass up a flight of a dozen steps. These this morning were covered with a thin coating of ice. The old man went up these stairs without touching the side rail, and he reached the top several steps in advance of me. He turned around and smiled, and said that he probably averaged going over the stairs 20 times a day.

"You know," said he, "that I live all soul alone here. There is not even a cat in the house to keep me company. I do my own cooking, washing and mending, and knit my own socks."

There was a cheerful fire burning in the kitchen stove, and I took a look around the room. A cleaner kitchen could not be found in New England. The stove had evidently just been blacked, and it shone like a junk bottle. The floor was white, and the walls and windows as clean as soap and water could make them. The table had the appearance of being set for the noonday meal. The dishes were clean, and in the centre of the table was a loaf of bread. Mr. Murphy noticed me looking at it and he got up and brought it to me.

"Yes, I made it. Taste it."

I did so. It was as white and as light as the driven snow. I praised it, and he looked pleased. All the other rooms of the house looked as tidy as the kitchen.

"I have 40 acres of land, and I carry on the farm all alone, except during haying time. I hire a boy to help me three or four days. The past season I raised 45 bushels of potatoes, 18 tons of hay, 15 bushels of beans, besides wheat and oats. This fall I have cut and hauled to the barn 20 cords of stove wood. I have done it all alone, too, except the work I hired in haying. I churn all my own butter, and have some to sell. Sick? I don't know what it means. I never took a drop of medicine in my life nor paid a doctor's bill. I sleep as soundly as I ever did. I am at peace with the whole world, and don't know why I am not enjoying life as well as anybody. No, I am never lonesome. My horse there is a pretty good friend. I sometimes say:

Round goes the world; troubles and cares I defy,
Jogging along together, my boys, my poor old horse and I.

I was born in the county Clare, Ire. December 18, 1788, and came to this country in 1798, landing at Long wharf, at the foot of State street, Boston, with my father, when I was 10 years old. I was bound out to old Clark, the cooper, at the North End, with whom I remained until I was 21. I then worked at the trade in Boston and in Charlestown until 1816, when I came up to New Hampshire, and I have lived in this State ever since. I worked for a time on the State House at Concord while it was being built in 1816-17, and then I worked for the Canterbury Shakers many years. I remember very well the 'cold Friday.' I worked all that day cutting wood for the Shakers. There were two persons frozen to death in the town, but I didn't call it any colder than many other days. After leaving the Shakers I worked farming in Gilmanton, Loudon, Plainfield and other towns of the State, and led a quiet farmer's life. I came to Enfield 30 years ago, and have paid taxes here ever since, although I have been away a portion of the time. About 10 years ago I thought it about time to have a home of my own, so I bought this place. It had been owned and occupied summers by Mr. Sulloway, father of Hon. A. W. Sulloway, president of the Northern railroad. I was never married.

"I have always been temperate in my habits; have used a little tobacco and less rum. For more than 75 years I have spent the most of my time out in the open air, and for many years when I was chopping wood in the winters I slept in shanties away from the farmhouses, carrying in my provisions and doing my own cooking. There is nothing so good for a man as plenty of hard work and plenty of fresh air. I am 99 years old, but I don't know of any reason why I shouldn't live to be 199. I certainly never felt better in my life. I have no stiff joints and my muscles seem to be as hard and firm as ever. My appetite is always good, but I am very careful not to eat too much. My food is of the plainest kind. In summer, principally fruit and milk, with occasionally a little fresh meat. I try never to be idle. I am busy about something nearly all the time while awake. I read a good deal and have been greatly interested in the stories of the old people printed in THE GLOBE. THE GLOBE is my favorite paper. I go to bed in summer about 8 o'clock and get up about 5. In the winter I go about 7 or 7.30 and get up about 6. I own this farm and have got a little money at interest. I should have no fear of the poorhouse if I hadn't a cent, for I can go out at day's work and earn my living any time. No, I don't call myself a very old man. Why should I?"

Driving back to the station I stopped at Mr. Murphy's nearest neighbor's. The man I met here said that he had known the old man for more than 30 years.

"He is certainly a very remarkable man. I met a few years ago a man who knew Mr. Murphy way back at the time he worked for the Canterbury Shakers. There is not the slightest question about his age. He is one of the best of neighbors. The amount of work he can do in a day is wonderful. Why, I would about as soon have him in my field as any man I can hire. Last summer some sheep got into his field and were doing some damage to his crops. Mr. Murphy chased them clear across the four-acre lot, and I tell you it would have taken a pretty spry boy to have kept up with him. He is a very intelligent man, being well informed on almost every subject. He is a great reader, and his mind is as clear as that of any man in town."

Such is Thomas Murphy, now ninety and nine. Truly, a very remarkable man.

TRUE L. NORRIS.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

'Tis Christmas Eve! The snow falls fast,
And whirls and eddies in the blast,
From windows wide the floods of light
Pour out upon the pavement white;
And happy voices ring out clear
In laughter, song and right good cheer.

A homeless wanderer's longing eyes
Look on the joy his fate denies;
He shudders in the outer storm,
Without a hope to keep him warm;
While rises to his memory's view
The Christmas-time that once he knew.

A voice floats out upon the night,
Singing the song of Home's delight.
It thrills the wanderer to the heart,
And tears into his sad eyes start;
And joyous visions round him throng,
Remembering when he wrote that song.

He murmurs: "Ah! that I should roam,
In London streets, without a home—
Without a shelter or a friend!
How will it end? How will it end?"
And "Home, Sweet Home" sing voices gay,
As Paine, the poet, turns away.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

How the Hostler Won the Bet.

[Winsted, Conn., Herald.]

A Winsted hostler offered to bet a few days ago that he could get a pint of liquor at the drug store inside of 10 minutes and without a prescription. The bet was taken. Then the hostler seized a big sponge, rushed to the nearest medicine shop, and in breathless haste told the druggist that he wanted a spongeful of liquor for a sick horse, the surprised druggist pointed out the proper barrel, the hostler saturated his sponge under the faucet and was back at the stable in less than 10 minutes, where he squeezed out of the sponge something over a pint of the beverage that steals men's brains away.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

Effects of the Interstate Law on Members of Congress.

Drawing Mileage to Pay for Railroad Fares During the Holidays.

How the President Will Receive on New Year's Day—Other Matters.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—There is at least one thing that Congress has succeeded in doing before the holiday recess. It has drawn its mileage.

The members began to draw their salaries last March, nine months before they took the oath of office, at the rate of about $400 a month. But the mileage was not collectible until they entered on their duties in Washington.

This allowance is more gratefully received than ever, since the enactment of the interstate commerce law. Until the present session, the senators and representatives, with the exception of an eccentric here and there, always travelled on free passes. Under such circumstances the allowance of mileage money to a member whose pockets bulged with deadhead paper was a sham of the worst sort. It was deadbeating both the railroads and the government at the same time.

But when they passed the interstate bill the members did away with their free rides. Nearly all of them came to town this winter on regular tickets. In the California delegation, for instance, Leland Stanford is the only man who did not pay his fare on the trip to Washington. Last winter there was only a single member of this delegation that paid his way.

Senator Stanford, being a railroad official, is privileged under the law to have his hat chalked. He really had his whole palace car chalked. Still, the "extras" involved in a journey made in such a fashion cost the senator a larger sum than the total travelling expenses of all his colleagues in the delegation.

Furthermore he does not pocket his mileage. He turns that neat little sum in with his $5000 salary and a $2500 clerkship and gives the entire pot to his private secretary, a bright newspaper man whom he found in Washington.

The rate of mileage is 20 cents a mile for the distance, by the nearest route, between the member's home and Washington at the opening of each session, and back to his home again after adjournment. Under the usual order of things, when no extra session is called, mileage is allowed for a round trip each year. The senators and representatives from California and Oregon and the delegate from Washington Territory each receives about $1300 a year for mileage. They never make more than a round trip, but with this sum every one of them could make three round trips with as much comfort as possible and without spending a cent of his regular salary.

A congressman from the neighborhood of Boston draws about $185 in mileage for coming and going once. He could afford to make the round trip four or five times on this allowance, and he generally does this very thing. A member from Baltimore draws about $16.80, a sum large enough to carry him back and forth half a dozen times.

But in spite of these figures, the allowance of 20 cents a mile is no more than fair to a member who travels on a ticket, for most of the congressmen do not come alone, and a majority of them find it necessary to make at least one extra trip between times.

The senators draw a total mileage of $33,000 every year, and the representatives and delegates $110,000.

In addition to his salary and mileage every member of either house is allowed $125 a year for stationery and newspapers. Although the clerk of the House has abolished the elaborate depot of supplies that he has formerly maintained for the convenience of members wishing to spend this stationery allowance, the Senate "store" is still running full blast. There a senator buys at cost his letter-head and envelopes, fancy pens and pencils, visiting cards, key rings and pearl-handled pocket-knives, scissors and corkscrews, opera glasses and fans, jewelry and china ware.

Under the custom a senator or member may spend his $125 allowance for anything he pleases—and he may even pocket the whole sum in cash. Last year Senator Hoar drew out $90.53 in money, and spent the rest for stationery, while Mr. Dawes drew $67.29 in cash, and of the remainder he expended $1.44 for Boston Journals, $2.42 for Springfield Republicans, $6 for Springfield Unions, $1.93 for Washington Republicans, $1.12 for Boston Advertisers, which he discontinued when that paper opened up in opposition to his re-election, and $2 for the Hoosac Valley News of North Adams.

WHITE HOUSE RECEPTIONS.

Programme for New Year's Day and Mrs. Cleveland's Saturday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—The President will receive as follows on New Year's day, Jan. 2:

At 11 a. m., the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps.

11.15 a. m., the chief justice and the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, the judges of the United States Court of Claims, and the judges of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia.

11.20 a. m., senators and representatives of Congress, the commissioners of the District of Columbia and the judicial officers of the District, ex-members of the Cabinet and ex-ministers of the United States.

11.45 a. m., officers of the army and navy.

12.10 p. m.—The regents and the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the commissioner of agriculture, the civil service commissioners, the interstate commerce commission, the assistant secretaries of the departments, the assistant postmasters general, the solicitor general, the assistant attorneys general, the heads of the bureaus of the several departments, and the president of the Columbian Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

12.25 p. m.—The Associate Soldiers of the War of 1812, the Associated Veterans of the War of 1846, the Grand Army of the Republic and the members of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association of the District of Columbia.

12.40 p. m.—Reception of citizens, which will terminate at 2 p. m.

The President will be assisted by Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the cabinet.

Mrs. Cleveland's Saturday afternoon receptions, from 3 until 5 o'clock, will begin on Saturday, Jan. 7, and continue on alternate Saturdays through the season.

ANTI-POLYGAMY.

Mr. Dolph's Measure Goes Over Till After the Holidays.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 22.—The Senate today took up the joint resolution, introduced by Mr. Dolph on the 12th inst., proposing a constitutional amendment on the subject of marriage and divorce, and prohibiting bigamy and polygamy. The proposed amendment is in the following words: Congress shall have power to legislate on the subject of marriage and divorce by general laws, applicable alike to all the States and Territories. And neither bigamy nor polygamy shall exist or be permitted within the United States or any place subject to their jurisdiction.

Mr. Dolph addressed the Senate in support of the joint resolution.

The presiding officer announced the appointment of the special committee to investigate the condition of the five civilized tribes of Indians as follows: Messrs. Butler, Morgan, Dawes, Cameron and Teller.

Mr. Teller introduced a bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children. Referred.

The Senate then, at 1.15, on motion of Mr. Allison, proceeded to executive business, and at its conclusion adjourned until Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1888.

Rehabilitating the Public Domain.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 22.—Secretary Lamar today instructed the commissioner of the general land office that the order of Dec. 15, 1887, directing "that all lands heretofore withdrawn and held for indemnity purposes under the grants to 'the railroads mentioned in said order,' be restored to the public domain and opened to settlement and entry under the general laws after giving the usual notice," be changed and modified so that the lands shall be restored to the public domain upon the same terms and in the same manner as was directed to be done by the order of Aug. 3, 1887, in relation to the indemnity lands withdrawn for the benefit of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad Company and the subsequent orders of Aug. 15, 1887, in relation to other roads. The secretary also directs that, for reasons stated, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company be excluded from the operation of said order.

Regarding Bimetalism.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—Congress received a communication from the President containing the report of Edward Atkinson of Boston, who was specially designated under acts of Congress to visit the financial centres of Europe, to ascertain the feasibility of establishing by international standard a fixity of ratio between gold and silver and free coinage of both. Mr. Atkinson's report is of great length, and his conclusions are that there is no present disposition upon the part of European nations to take action which could affect financial conditions in this country. He thinks that it would be unwise for the United States to again take the initiative in this matter, as such action is misconstrued and might tend to retard the object aimed at.

Maine Appointments Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The Senate has confirmed the nominations of H. M. Sewell of Bath, Me., to be consul-general at Apia, and of M. Cleaves to be surveyor of customs at Portland, Me.

GERMANS NOT WANTED.

Samoans Incensed at their Occupancy—Arrival of a Yankee War Ship Hailed with Delight—An American Sailor Knocks a German Officer Out.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 25.—The steamer Mariposa, which arrived yesterday, brought advices from Samoa to Nov. 14. The Apia correspondent of the Sydney Morning Herald states that the Samoans are becoming keenly alive to the fact that the party represented by the new king, Tamasese, has been made use of merely to serve the policy of the Germans. The whole plan of foreign interference as represented by the German plan of operations is steadily raising a strong opposition. Within a fortnight after the assembling of Parliament there were increased rumors of dissatisfaction of the chiefs. The meeting of the Legislature did not include all the most influential men of the islands, and it is understood that numbers of those who attended it have seceded from the government. The arrival of the United States man of war Adams, Oct. 19, was the occasion of much rejoicing to many in Apia. Men were not permitted to leave the ship because of the presence of the German guards and sentries along the beach and the possibility of a conflict taking place. Soon after the Adams' arrival, a number of natives under Asi, the fighting chief, visited the vessel, and after inspection the Samoans assembled on the upper deck and held a dance. The correspondent states that the Germans have expressed their annoyance at this circumstance, and the natives have been virtually prohibited from giving any such entertainments. A collision is reported to have taken place between American sailors and a German on the street. The officer jostled a sailor, who knocked him down.

NEW ENGLAND POSTMASTERS.

Offices to Which the President Has the Appointing Power—Some Interesting Facts Presented for Democrats.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Although the Post Office Department has been kept fairly busy during the past year, lopping off the heads of offensive partisans and putting good and inoffensive Democrats in their places, there are still a good many offices tenanted by Republicans. In Massachusetts there are 773 offices in all, of which 119 are presidential—that is, the incumbent must be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate—and 654 are fourth class. The presidential officers are all those where the salary exceeds $1000 per annum. Of the latter class Republicans have been reappointed at Arlington, Brockton, Milton, Turners Falls and Winchendon, and one or two other offices, the names of which are not now recalled. At Dedham a brand new Republican was selected.

Of the fourth class postmasters a trifle over a half have been displaced by Democrats. The 15 presidential offices still to be filled, and the applicants, are as follows:

Hingham—Edwin Wilder, postmaster, whose commission expired Dec. 20; no nomination has yet been made. The salary is $1100. Mr. Wilder is the only person who has yet filed an application for the place.

Newton Centre—Lucy A. White, postmaster, Jan. 23, 1888; $1100. The incumbent is the only applicant.

Dalton—William B. Clark, postmaster, Feb. 6, 1888, $1100. William Barton and Oliver B. Hayes think they would grace the office.

North Attleboro—Burrill J. Porter, Jr., postmaster, April 8, 1888, $1800. No applicants.

Cottage City—Frances P. Vincent, postmaster, commission will expire April 9, 1888, salary $1500. Henry C. Morton is the only candidate.

Haverhill—William E. Blunt, postmaster, May 15, 1888, $2600. Jacob Peaslee, Henry N. Morrill and Gilman S. Sleeper are candidates.

Warren—F. E. Nichols, postmaster, Dec. 11, 1888, $1400. Charles S. Rockwood is an applicant.

Hudson—William E. C. Worcester, postmaster, Dec. 18, 1888, $1500. Frank B. Holden.

Holyoke—C. B. Prescott, postmaster, Dec. 19, 1888, $2700. L. F. Hunestom.

Spencer—Emerson Stone, postmaster, Dec. 19, 1888, $1700. No applicants.

Great Barrington—Julia E. Seeley, postmaster, Jan. 27, 1889, $1700. No one has yet applied for the place.

West Newton—C. H. Stacey, postmaster, Jan. 30, 1889, $1600. No applicants.

Lynn—William E. Parker, postmaster, Jan. 30, 1889, $3000. Otis H. Green.

Gardner—Sarah E. Richardson, postmaster, Feb. 9, 1889, $1600. No applicants.

Orange—A. L. Shattuck, postmaster, Feb. 19, 1888, $1600. Arthur F. Conant.

Florence—J. F. Angell, postmaster, Feb. 20, 1889, $1200. R. M. Branch has filed an application.

Salem—J. F. Dalton, postmaster, Feb. 24, 1889, $2700. William S. Lord, John F. Hurley, F. W. Nichols and William C. Waters.

Other New England States.

Maine has 974 offices, 36 of which are presidential. Many Republicans can still be found in the fourth class offices. The two presidential offices still to be filled are:

Kennebunk—A. W. Mendum, postmaster, Jan. 10, 1888, $1000. George R. Smith and Willis E. Warren are applicants.

Oakland—George T. Benson, Feb. 6, 1888, $1100. William H. McCartney, Andrew D. Libbey and O. E. Crowell.

New Hampshire has 497 offices, of which 31 are presidential. Two only of the latter remain to be filled, and they are:

Penacook—Luther Gage, postmaster, Jan. 8, 1888, $1100. Edward Cabell and John H. Rolfe.

West Lebanon—William P. Burton, postmaster, Jan. 21, 1888, $1100. No applicants.

Vermont has 505 offices, 27 of which are presidential and only one of the last number has not been regenerated. The solitary exception is:

Montpelier—George W. Wing, postmaster, July 5, 1888, $2300. Frank H. Bascom, R. F. Brown, Captain Ammen A. Mead and Frederick W. Morse are aspirants.

Rhode Island has 123 offices, 11 of which are presidential, and only one of the latter remains to be filled. That one is:

Warren—Benjamin B. Martin, postmaster, Jan. 30, 1889, $1300. Peter Butler and William D. Nichols have applied.

Connecticut has 458 offices, 54 of which are presidential. The presidential offices remaining yet unfilled are:

Birmingham—William J. Clark, Jan. 23, 1888, $2100. Frederick L. Clinton, Henry S. Whipple and John J. Leonard.

Collinsville—Emerson A. Hough, postmaster, Jan. 16, 1888, $1200. Stephen J. Lyon, Washburne G. Mills and Mortimer A. Warren.

Essex—Charles S. Munger, postmaster, Feb. 4, 1888, $1400. S. Elizabeth Braddock.

Northford—Thomas A. Smith, Jan. 16, 1888, $2000. No applicants.

Portland—Charles H. Edwards, postmaster, Jan. 21, 1888, $1500. The incumbent is the only applicant.

Southington—John Hemingway, postmaster, April 2, 1888, $1600. Denton E. Bingham.

South Norwalk—Joseph S. Dunning, postmaster, Dec. 11, 1888, $2100. No applicants.

Stafford Springs—Edward F. Whitton, postmaster, Feb. 6, 1889, $1400. James V. Squeer.

Offices to Become Presidential.

The following offices in Massachusetts will become presidential, owing to increased receipts, after the first of the year. It will be seen that the incumbents, with but one exception, were appointed by this administration:

Brookfield—Charles P. Carpenter, date of commission Oct. 21, 1885.

Lexington—Leonard G. Babcock, March 7, 1867.

Maynard—Ernest M. Johnson, Dec. 29, 1886.

Rockport—Walter G. Peckham, Aug. 30, 1885.

Antrim—Charles R. Jameson, July 29, 1885.

In New Hampshire there are two offices to become presidential on the 1st proximo. They are:

Wilton—Alfred C. Jaques, Nov. 11, 1886.

Wolfboro—James W. Goodwin, May 6, 1885.

In Vermont there is Winooski, Christopher Gordon, Dec. 9, 1886.

Colors in Business.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Business people in Paris have long since formed a color speech by which certain trades are easily recognized. First of all the color shops are distinguished by being painted outside in squares and stripes of the most brilliant colors. Viennese leather, bronze and trinket shops have begun to use the Austrian colors, yellow and black; then the Spanish wine shops use yellow and red; the Italian grocer, white and red. The business places where carts for removal are kept are painted yellow, as well as the wagons—why, not even the proprietors know. Pastry shops are light brown outside, and within white and gold, so that one is reminded of the pastry itself. Milk shops are white and blue, both inside and out. The washerwomen now begin to paint the outside of their ironing shops a bright blue, while the carts that take linen to the wash houses in the country are bright green. Wine houses are all painted brown or a dull red, which is exactly the color of the vin ordinaire with cranberry juice and logwood. Still darker is the color of the charcoal hops, which the dust soon renders completely black. Bakers are fond of light brown and white, with much gilding and large mirrors.

Further Deponent Sayeth Not.

[Journal of Education.]

The sight of a fond young father taking the baby out in its carriage for its first excursion is pretty sure to fill an old bachelor with some kind of emotion.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

More than 6,500,000 barrels of flour were made in Minneapolis last year.

The epidemic of yellow fever in Tampa, Fla., has been officially declared at an end.

Forefathers' day was celebrated Thursday night by the New England societies of New York and Philadelphia by banquets and speeches.

The government receipts so far this month amount to $21,697,838, being an excess of $12,927,137 over the disbursements for the same period.

Osceola Cook, a negro bootblack, inflicted fatal injuries with an axe on Andy Murphy, a pugilist, during a drunken row in Providence, Saturday night.

Lincoln Randall of Mogtague, Mass., has been held to await action by the grand jury on the charge of murdering his father, David M. Randall, Nov. 29.

In a speech at Ottawa, Thursday night, Hon. Joseph Chamberlain said commercial union with the United States meant the inevitable absorption of Canada.

It is stated that the steel cruiser Chicago developed 5075 horse-power during six consecutive hours on her recent trial trip. The contract called for 5000 horse-power.

The loss at sea of the ship Alfred Watts of New York is confirmed. Only two members of the crew were rescued. The vessel was capsized in a hurricane on Oct. 18.

John J. Littleton, editor of the National Review of Nashville, Tenn., was shot and mortally wounded Saturday by J. R. Banks. A political feud was the cause of the shooting.

The cigarmakers' national convention at Philadelphia has decided that hereafter the yellow label must be placed on all cigars made in factories where Knights of Labor are employed.

The Sugar Trust has absorbed the St. Louis Sugar Refinery at a valuation of $1,000,000. It is said that St. Louis will be made the distributing point for the South, Southwest and West.

The Hamilton Vocalion Organ Manufacturing Company of Worcester, Mass., has, in the settlement of its affairs, been sold by public auction for $40,000. The buyer was the New York Church Organ Company.

The end wall of a newly-completed five-story stone block in Joliet, Ill., fell in on the 22d inst., carrying with it a number of workmen. Two workmen were instantly killed and three others were fatally injured.

A type-setting machine, the invention of Alexander Lagerman, a Swede, has been given a test in New York. It is reported to have worked perfectly, and astonished the many compositors and machinists who were present.

In the suit in New York against Holy Trinity Church for violating the contract labor law in importing Rev. E. Walpole Warren as pastor, a demurrer has been entered by the church. It will be argued in January.

A stall-keeper in Jefferson Market, New York, has been found guilty of violating the law in selling oleomargarine, despite the fact that he made no attempt to sell it as butter. The penalty for the offence is a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $1000.

A leak has been found in the pipe leading from the Vacuum Oil Works to the Municipal Gas Company's works in Rochester, N. Y., to which a terrific explosion last Wednesday is attributable. A thorough investigation of the disaster has been ordered by the City Council.

Shortly after midnight of the 22d inst. a deep rumbling, lasting several seconds, was heard in New Bedford, Mass., followed by a slight tremor of the earth. It was noticed by the night police and by many people, who were aroused in their homes in different portions of the city.

The evening passenger train on the Wisconsin Central railway was thrown from the track by a broken rail about two miles south of Fifield, Wis. Three cars were thrown from the track down a 15-foot embankment. One person was killed and 14 injured.

The sachems of Tammany Hall, New York, met Thursday night to rejoice over the results of the late election, and indorsed the President's demand for a reduction of $80,000,000 in the revenue, although the resolutions contained a clause that it should not be at the expense of American labor.

The war between the cigar manufacturers and the Cigarmakers' Union over the tenement-house factory question in New York is expected to be renewed Jan. 1. The manufacturers, it is said, are determined to make the employes work at home. The union will make a desperate fight against this.

Judge J. E. Trimble and J. A. Ramsey, prominent citizens of Farmersville, La., who have been at swords' points for some time, met one evening last week at the door of a store in that place. Hot words followed, and then the men drew their pistols. Five or six shots were fired and both were killed.

Radcliff Baldwin, assignee of a judgment of Gordon Cunard against the Franklyn Land & Cattle Company, has secured an injunction against Morton, Bliss & Co., and other New York bankers, restraining them from paying the company the amount of the promissory notes, aggregating $103,334, held by them.

Ed Johnson, colored, living a few miles out of Cincinnati, placed some dynamite cartridges in the oven of his stove to thaw, Thursday. Soon after a terrific explosion took place, nearly destroying his house, killing his eighteen-year-old daughter and infant 1 year old, and seriously injuring Johnson and his wife.

At Findlay, O., Thursday, there was an explosion of natural gas in the residence of James Lundy, which wrecked the building and blew Mr. and Mrs. Lundy and three children across the street. Mrs. Lundy died of her injuries, and a three-year-old boy cannot recover. Mr. Lundy and the other two children were badly burned.

The cigarmakers' national convention is in session in Philadelphia. On Tuesday a national charter was received from the general executive board of the Knights of Labor, and the convention formed a permanent organization under the name and title of "The International Trades Assembly of Cigarmakers and Packers, No. 223."

The New York World says that Rev. Patrick Maugsan and Rev. Thomas P. McLaughlin, assistant priests at St. Stephen's Church, have been removed to out-of-town parishes. They are close friends of Dr. McGlynn, and were the only members of the St. Stephen's clergy who refused to sign the laudatory address to Archbishop Corrigan some time ago.

An explosion of dynamite at a limestone quarry near Brookfield, Colchester county, N. S., Friday morning, killed four men, one of them being Alexander McDonald, proprietor of the quarry. They were warming dynamite previous to using it for a blast, when it exploded, it is supposed, from overheating. A man and a woman, who were present, escaped with slight injuries. The building was destroyed.

W. S. Kingsley, county attorney of Waverly, Ia., was shot and instantly killed in his office, Thursday evening, by E. Billings, another attorney, who was shot in the back, but received only a slight wound, the ball having struck a ring in his suspenders, which evidently saved his life. Mr. Billings is now under arrest, and the details of the tragedy will probably be brought out at the coroner's inquest.

An unknown man entered Nickell's jewelry store at Waukesha, Wis., on Thursday last, knocked the clerk down with an iron bar, stole $500 worth of jewelry and an unknown quantity of diamonds and made good his escape. The clerk, named Vincent, was the only person in the store. The stranger walked up to him, hit him on the head, and supplemented the blow with a threat to kill him if he stirred.

It is announced at El Paso, Tex., that the Mexican government has granted extraordinary concessions to a real estate company to induce immigration to 11 States of Mexico. The company has obtained title to 55,000,000 acres of land in Chihuahua, Sinaloa, Durango, Cohuila, Zacatecas, Guanajuato, Tamaulipas, Vera Cruz, Michaveau, Galisco, Guerrera, and proposes to establish agencies in all the large cities of Europe and America. The government has granted exemption from taxation to all settlers on these tracts, and ensures proper protection.

Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden, a distinguished scientist and widely known as a geologist, died at Philadelphia, Thursday. He was a native of Westfield, Mass., where he was born in 1829. He was a member of the National Academy of Sciences, and of nearly all the other scientific societies of America, and honorary and corresponding member of a large number of scientific bodies in foreign countries. He occupied more than 20 years in the exploration of the great West. Among his publications were "The Great West, its Attractions and Resources," in 1880, and "North America," in 1883.

Arthur O'Connor and Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, the English members of Parliament now in this country, were in Buffalo, Thursday. In an interview last night Mr. Desmond expressed great confidence as to the success of the home rule government. "When Parliament meets," he said, "we expect to defeat the government, which means that we expect to see the Conservatives in the minority. It may be on the first vote upon a measure proposed by the government. Perhaps it will be the fisheries question," said he, laughing, "if Mr. Chamberlain effects anything by his visit here."

Frank C. McNeally, the Saco bank robber, was arrested at the Halifax Hotel, Friday morning. He had been there since Sunday last, when he arrived on the steamer Polynesian from England. There is no doubt here that he is the man wanted. He registered at the hotel as W. E. Stuyvesant. McNeally acknowledges his identity, but will have no conversation with newspaper men. Detectives searched his luggage today, but found no bonds, or anything that would connect him with the robbery. McNeally on his arrival here from England last Sunday, was met by a young man, supposed to be his brother, who left by train Monday morning. The prisoner is said to have had a European continental trip, among his effects being found a Cairo (Egypt) hotel bill of fare.

The recent cold wave that swept over Texas extended for some distance into Mexico.

Farmers in Kansas are burning corn, furniture and parts of their houses to keep from freezing.

A French syndicate is reported to be still buying all the copper offered in the New York market.

A report from Ishpeming, Mich., is to the effect that the Calumet & Hecla mine will be opened very soon.

There is said to be enough crude petroleum above ground to last nine years at the present rate of consumption.

A call has been issued for a national prohibition convention to assemble at Indianapolis, Ind., on June 6 next.

A New York woman has been sentenced to the penitentiary for a month for killing two canaries belonging to a neighbor.

The Baraga (Mich.) Hotel has been totally destroyed by fire. A German, named John Bennett, was burned to death in his bed.

Weeping Water, a small town in Nebraska, was almost wiped out by fire on the night of the 21st inst. Loss estimated at $25,000.

The General Assembly of the Knights of Labor has refused to grant the Chinese laundrymen of New York a charter for an assembly.

The immigration into this country from Italy has increased from 21,259 in 1886 to 47,532 in 1887, an increase of 123.2 per cent. in a single year.

Delegations to the national Republican convention, to be held in Chicago next June, have already begun to engage quarters for that occasion.

Henry S. Ives has brought suit against President Dexter of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad, laying damages at $100,000, for false arrest.

Work on the immense pipe line of the Standard Oil Company from Lima, O., to Chicago, is to commence in a few days, the right-of-way being nearly all secured.

A convention of the Rated Service Pension Association has been called to be held in New York city on the first day of March, 1888, to indorse the cent a day service pension bill.

Representative Seth C. Moffatt of Michigan died on Thursday at the Providence Hospital, Washington. The cause of death was blood poisoning, resulting from a carbuncle on the face.

Collectors of customs at the principal Atlantic ports have been notified to prevent any violation of the alien contract law, in view of the threatened influx of 2000 Belgian miners for the Lehigh region.

The secretary of the treasury has issued an order that all the custom houses throughout the country be closed on Dec. 26 and Jan. 2. A similar order has been issued with regard to the navy yards.

The misfortunes of the Dubuque (Ia.) brewers, whose breweries are idle because of the prohibition law, are now increased by the cancellation on the part of Eastern insurance companies of all risks on their buildings.

Saloon-keepers in the Province of Ontario are reported to be closing their places, rather than longer defy the prohibition law, as a third conviction means imprisonment, and the literal enforcement of the law is to be insisted upon.

The Southern Pacific railroad gives notice of an advance, in compliance with the interstate commerce law, in first-class passenger rates from San Francisco to points beyond the Missouri river, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans and Cairo.

A train on the St. Paul & Duluth railroad was wrecked on the 19th inst. near Mahtowa, Minn. The engine, baggage car and one passenger coach were tumbled down a 20-foot embankment, and the engineer and five passengers were killed.

The suit of James H. Goodsell against the Western Union Telegraph Company for $500,000 damages for breach of conduct in telegraphic news service, has been decided adversely to Goodsell by the general term of the New York Supreme Court.

At Waynesville, Mo., while the jailer was giving the inmates of the county jail their breakfast on the 21st, two of the prisoners seized him, forced him into a cell and made a break for liberty. The jailer fired his revolver at the men and killed one of them. The other escaped.

Judge Wallace, in the United States Circuit Court in New York, has issued an injunction restraining the French-American Cable Company from removing the six lines of wires owned by the Western Union Telegraph Company between Cape Cod and Boston, now upon the poles of the cable company between New York, Taunton, Boston and Cape Cod.

The freight steamer San Vincente, plying between San Francisco and Santa Cruz, has been burned off Pigeon Point, about 40 miles south of Golden Gate. The crew consisted of 19 officers and men. The captain, first and second mates and five seamen were rescued. The remaining 11 men are supposed to have perished. The vessel was valued at $30,000.

The Norwegian steamer Odin, which arrived at New York on the 20th from Port de Paix, reports the rescue on Dec. 19, 45 miles southeast of the Five-fathom bank lightship, of Mate David D. Campbell and Seamen John Coleman and Frank Taylor from the wreck of the schooner D. & E. Kelley, from Norfolk for New Haven with lumber. The steward was washed overboard and drowned. Captain Taylor died from exhaustion.

James Longham is a prominent cattle dealer of Belleville, Ont. Mr. Longham recently received a cable despatch from Lord Dufferin, viceroy of India, offering him the management of the estate of the Nizam of Hyderabad, at a salary of $15,000 a year. Mr. Longham has accepted the offer. The Nizam intends to run his estate on American principals and with the latest improved agricultural machinery.

The New England Society of Brooklyn celebrated the 267th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims by a banquet Wednesday evening. President John Winslow presided, and toasts were responded to by General W. T. Sherman, General Horace Porter, Rev. Timothy Dwight, LL.D., General J. R. Hawley, ex-Governor Hoadly, Rev. T. L. Chamberlain, Mayor-elect Chapin and others. The guests numbered 350.

Railroad wreckers threw a freight train off the track of the Norfolk & Southern railroad at Tunis switch, on the 20th inst., by placing a steel rail across the road, and killed and injured the following-named persons, as well as destroying the train: Charles Garrett, mate of the Old Dominion line steamer Melbourne, killed outright; John Gregory, train hand, both legs broken, injured internally and is dying; John Humphreys, Henry Mayo and Rufus Diggs, carpenters, badly bruised, but not seriously injured.

The Bangor Commercial relates the following anecdote of the late Governor Bodwell of Maine: At the time of the great Boston fire he was in Washington and there heard that the fire had crossed State street. Now, a friend of his occupied an office on that street, and a few hours after the news of the fire reached Washington a telegram from Mr. Bodwell was received by his Boston friend that read as follows: "Have mailed you $10,000, thinking you need it under unfortunate circumstances. Accept sympathy."

There is a prospect of another serious strike in the coal region. The Pittsburg Railroad Coal Association has decided that a strike must be ordered at all mines in the Pittsburg district where the miners are working for less that 78 cents per ton, the Columbus scale, or threaten that they will reduce their miners to the old rate of wages, 74 cents per ton. The decision will likely create trouble. Many operators have found ways to evade the scale, and much dissatisfaction and distrust is the consequence.

A bomb to which a lighted fuse was attached was thrown into Dr. Canfield's residence at Stanstead, Que., early on the 19th inst. Mrs. Canfield hearing the crash and the hissing of the burning fuse sprang out of bed and succeeded in detaching the fuse. The bomb contained enough giant blasting powder to wholly demolish the house and kill all the inmates. Dr. Canfield's father, who is a bailiff, has been engaged lately in serving processes for violation of the Canada temperance law and had been threatened with violence if he did not desist.

Among interesting figures given out from the bureau of statistics are the following: The exports of leaf tobacco from the United States this year (1887) have amounted to 293,666,995 pounds, valued at $25,637,983, which is 66,640,390 pounds more than in the year 1881. Of the total quantity exported in 1887 Europe took 83 per cent.; the exports of refined sugar during 1881 were 22,227,857 pounds, valued at $2,049,982, and during the last fiscal year, 190,672,154 pounds, valued at $11,435,765, of which 85 per cent. was shipped to Europe.

A collision occurred on the Ohio & Northwestern railroad at a point three and a half miles beyond Idlewild station, O., Dec. 22. The Montgomery accommodation coming south and the outgoing passenger train going north met at Blood Run trestle. Both engines were wrecked. Mrs. Proctor and Mrs. Ringold of South Norwood were fatally injured. Engineer Edward Collins' ankle was broken by jumping. Engineer George Glasgow had a leg broken; Edward Stickney, a passenger, was badly hurt about the feet, and Charles Barber, a passenger, was injured about his face.

James Miller, a real estate dealer about 70 years old, was found lying dead on Friday morning on the floor of his home, 357 West Sixteenth street, New York. Beside him lay his wife, unconscious and dying. On her face and head were several gashes. She was removed to the New York Hospital and the coroner and police were notified. It is supposed that the couple were attacked and beaten by robbers. The police on further investigation came to the conclusion that the case was not one of murder or robbery, but that the old man died of heart disease, in his chair, and fell from it, knocking the chair and the stove down in his fall. It is supposed that Mrs. Miller, who was 69 years old, was too weak-minded to notify the neighbors of her husband's death, and that her weak and exhausted condition is due to starvation, as she was unable to procure or cook food for herself.

The Calumet & Hecla mine at Hancock, Mich., is closed, and gas is still being sent down. Immense timbers are being placed over the weak places where the ground is liable to cave in. The mine will not be opened again this year.

It is rumored that the Pope intends to make Archbishop Williams of Boston a cardinal, transfer Bishop McMahon of Hartford to Boston as coadjutor to Archbishop Williams, and raise Vicar-General Byrne of Boston to the episcopacy, with Hartford as his see.

A naphtha tank in the office of the New Jersey Gaslight Company, on Sixth street, Jersey City, exploded Thursday. A boy named Bryan was fatally injured. Two clerks named Machold and Smith were badly hurt. The building caught fire, but the flames were soon extinguished.

The woman arrested in Detroit, Mich., on the 21st, having in her possession 38 $1000 bonds which she was trying to sell, has been released and the bonds returned to her. She is understood to be the representative of one Cohnfield, a former feather merchant in New York, now sojourning in Canada.

The persons who stole $40,000 worth of merchandise from the government stores in New York city last week through a forged order have been arrested and the property recovered. The prisoners are George Williams, Andrew L. Roberts and Michael O'Brien. Roberts is the famous Erie bond forger.

The steamer Enterprise started from the Brooklyn Navy Yard Wednesday evening to look for the big Nova Scotia timber raft which broke away from the steamer Miranda. Collector Magone of New York will also despatch the revenue cutter Grant on the same mission, and the Bath (Me.) steamer Morse will be sent out by the owners of the raft.

The marriage of Miss Freeman, late president of Wellesley College, Mass., and Professor Palmer of Harvard, took place Friday noon at ex-Governor Claflin's winter residence in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will spend the winter at his cottage in Boxford, and will make a European tour in the spring, after which Professor Palmer will resume his work at Cambridge.

As neither side seems disposed to make any concessions, the fight between the flint-glass manufacturers and their employes in the Pittsburg, Penn., district, over the proposed new rules for governing factories, promises to be bitter and protracted. It is reported that the Eastern manufacturers will propose similar regulations, and in such event a strike is expected in their factories.

A despatch from Brooklyn, N. Y., says that the leading members of Plymouth Church are to take their pews for the coming year at the old rental and premium, thus guaranteeing to the church as much as was received from this source this year, about $28,000. This will do away with a public sale, and show to the outside world that the church is united and true to the memory of its former pastor.

The Hocking Valley suit, involving $8,000,000, has been decided by Judge Evans of the Court of Common Pleas, in favor of the railroad company in every point and refused to dissolve the injunction. John Shaw of New York, president of the road, had petitioned the court for a perpetual injunction, restraining Judge Burke and others from disposing of stock worth $8,000,000 alleged to have been fraudulently received.

Among the memorials which have been presented to the Senate was that of H. D. Lyman, vice president of the American Surety Company of New York, praying for the ratification of the convention and proposing an extradition treaty between this country and Great Britain, signed in London, June 25, 1886, extending the extradition law to cases of embezzlement, etc. The exhibit gave a list of 53 embezzlements, amounting in the aggregate to $3,840,570.

William Shelby of Rutland became insane on Wednesday, and stabbed his seven-year-old daughter in the back with a jack-knife. He then had a fierce struggle with his ten-year-old son, whom he trampled on and bruised badly. Shelby is a follower of the Salvation Army and a canvasser. He has also served a term in the Brattleboro asylum, as has his wife. He rushed into the street after his antics in the house, and began reading and praying. An officer came and arrested him there.

A crowded train on the Sixth-avenue Elevated railroad, New York, was thrown from the track by a defective rail in West Broadway on the 21st, and would have fallen to the street below but for the fact that timbers to sustain an additional track had been thrown across between the track on the sides of the street, and the derailed train was sustained by them. This is the first time in the history of the elevated roads that cars have entirely left the track so as to be in danger of falling to the street.

The revenue cutter Samuel Dexter, which returned to New York Thursday, after a cruise in Long Island sound, reports having boarded the schooner Lewis King, from New York for Boston, yesterday, ashore on Long Island, one mile west of Montauk Point. The mate declined assistance, saying the captain had gone to New London for a wrecker. The Dexter reported coming across a dangerous obstruction between Gardner's Point light and the beacon on Little Gull island. It appeared to be the wreck of a large schooner, with all spars standing.

A little excitement was caused on the New York Metal Exchange last week by an advance of over £1 in the London price of Chili bars copper. The brokers have become accustomed to a daily increase of a few shillings a ton in the European price in view of the French syndicate corner in that commodity. The sudden jump of £1 7s 6d over the recent closing, however, momentarily took away their breath. The New York market at once responded to the European quotations, and advanced 25 points. Spot Lake ingot copper this morning cannot be bought for less than 18 to 18½ cents.

John G. Whittier received so many congratulatory letters and telegrams on his birthday that he found it impossible to reply to all individually, and has sent to his friends who greeted him on his eightieth birthday, the following circular letter: "John G. Whittier gratefully acknowledges the kind tokens of remembrance which have reached him on his birthday. The number of them has proved so unexpectedly large that he finds himself utterly unable to answer them in detail. He can only tender to his friends, known and unknown, his heartiest thanks for all which they have done to make his evening of life brighter and happier."

A serious accident occurred on the 21st on the Cherokee & Dakota branch of the Illinois Central railroad. A train, loaded with supplies, when about 10 miles west of Rock Rapids collided with a train which had on board about 200 laborers. There was a blizzard blowing from the northwest, and neither engineer discovered the danger until the two trains were within 20 yards of each other. The engineer and fireman on the outgoing train were badly injured. Fireman George Davis of Cherokee died from the effects of his injuries. Engineer Caffel is in a critical condition. Many of the laborers were slightly injured. The collision was caused by moving the telegraph office at this point.

Captain Walton of the schooner C. G. Cranmer, which arrived at Philadelphia on Friday, states that on Dec. 20 he boarded the schooner D. and E. Kelly, 50 miles east-southeast of Henlopen, and found the captain lying dead under the lazarette, with finger marks on his throat and bruises on his head. His pockets had been ransacked and torn, only a receipted Norfolk tow bill being found on him. A pistol was lying on the quarterdeck, with one chamber empty. The body was lying in a dry place, apparently carefully hidden. It still remains on the schooner. The D. and E. Kelly was abandoned, Dec. 19, while on a voyage from Norfolk for New Haven. John W. Coleman, Frank Taylor and David B. Campbell, all belonging to the D. and E. Kelly, have been placed under arrest on suspicion of having murdered the captain.

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY.

Dead Bodies Found on Kelley's Ranch in "No Man's Land."

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A Wichita, Kan., special says: A ghastly discovery has been made on a ranch nine miles from Oak City, in No-Man's Land. The ranch had been occupied by a family named Kelley. Nothing was known against them, and when they suddenly left a while ago the fact caused no comment. A few days ago a man happened to enter the house they occupied. A terrible smell caused him to investigate, and in the basement he found the partly decomposed body of a man. He notified others, and a search was made. Two more bodies were found. In the floor was a peculiarly constructed trap-door, by which it is believed the victims were thrown into the cellar and disposed of at pleasure. A good many people have mysteriously disappeared of late, and it is now thought that they were murdered by the Kelleys.

Cruiser Chicago's Horse Power.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 20.—After considerable figuring Chief Engineer Thompson and his assistants of the navy yard find that the steel cruiser Chicago developed 5075 horse power during six consecutive hours on her recent trial trip. The contract for the government calls for 5000 horse power. The cruiser is to be rigged and equipped as soon as possible. She will be commanded by Captain Henry B. Robison, and have a complement of 300 officers and men.

And Still He Won't Let Her Vote.

[Philadelphia Call.]

The bachelor manages to crowd more fun into his lonely life than the old maid succeeds in getting out of hers.

CHECKERS.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to "The Checker Editor," lock-drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

Checker and chess players' headquarters, 767 Washington street. Players also meet daily at Mr. Taylor's office, 122 Water street.

Answers to Correspondents.

BOSTON, Dec. 28, 1887.

J. T. Hennigan—Please accept our thanks for problems, which will appear in due time.

L. N. Thompson—It was a mistake in printing, as you have doubtless found out by this time.

Solution of Position No. 1314.

By C. A. Woodard, Hartford, N. Y.

B. men on 7, 10, 12, 13. W. men on 14, 17, 20, k. 25.

25..21	15..18	6..2	19..24	11..16
13..22	14..9	15..19	7..11	19..23
21..17	7..10	2..7	23..27	16..19
10..15-1	9..6	13..23	20..16	24..28
17..26	10..15-2	26..31	12..19	19..26

W. wins.

(Var. 1.)

7..11	22..26	26..31	31..27	27..24
14..7	17..22	22..18	7..3	3..8

W. wins.

(Var. 2.)

10..14	18..22	22..25	29..25	18..22
6..2	26..30	9..14	30..26	21..25
14..17	17..21	25..29	25..29	26..30
2..6	6..9	14..18		W. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1315.

By K. Price, Fairhaven, Mass.

B. men on 3, 15, 18, 22. W. men on 10, 27, 31, k. 28.

28..24	3..8	2..7	16..19	10..14
22..25-1	6..2	12..16	24..20	19..23
10..6	8..12	7..10	25..30	27..24

W. wins.

(Var. 1.)

22..26	18..25	25..30	30..26	15..24
31..22	27..23	24..28	23..19	28..19

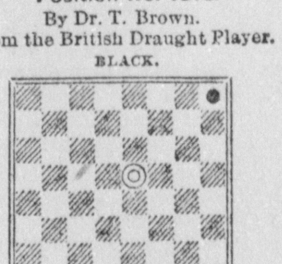
W. wins.

Position No. 1315.

By Dr. T. Brown.

From the British Draught Player.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

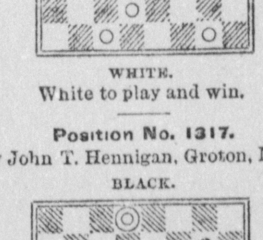
This position, though apparently simple, should be noted. Young players will frequently allow Black to draw if they do not know the correct solution.—[Checker Ed.

Position No. 1316.

By Edwin A. Durgin, Boston, Mass.

Correcting Game No. 38 in the Checkerist.

BLACK.



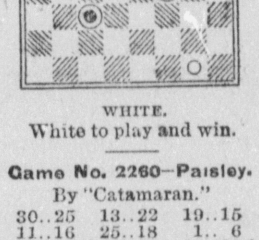
WHITE.

White to play and win.

Position No. 1317.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

Game No. 2260—Paisley.

By "Catamaran."

11..16	30..25	13..22	19..15	10..15
24..19	11..16	25..18	1..6	24..19
8..11	28..24	6..13	26..22-1	15..24
22..18	7..10	32..28	3..7	28..19
10..14	22..17	10..14	15..11-2	13..17
25..22	9..13	18..9	7..10*	22..13
16..20	18..9	5..14	29..25-3	Drawn

(Var. 1.)

29..25	16..19	31..26	3..7	14..7
4..8	23..16	14..18	17..14	2..11
26..22	12..19	21..17	7..10	B. wins.

(Var. 2.)

22..18	10..26	9..5-A	2..6	14..10
7..10	31..22	10..15	17..14-5	9..14
18..9	6..10	21..17-4	6..9	B. wins.

A—22..18, 10..14, 18..15, 16..19, B. wins.

(Var. 3.)

24..19	29..25	14..9	25..22	11..7
14..18*	14..18	32..27	27..31	2..11
22..15	23..14	31..24	22..18	Drawn.
10..14	16..32	20..27	31..26	

(Var. 4.)

5..1	19..15	6..2	10..14	7..3
6..2	27..23	20..24	4..8	8..12
1..19	15..10	2..7	14..10	3..7
16..32	12..16	24..27	31..27	24..20
24..19	10..6	7..10	10..7	7..10
32..27	16..19	27..31	27..24	B. wins.

(Var. 5.)

27..23	5..1	5..14	15..11	28..19
20..27	6..9	31..26	30..25	16..23
23..18	1..5	18..15	14..18	18..27
15..19	27..31	26..30	19..24	25..18

B. wins.

Game No. 2261—"Whittee."

Played at the New England chess and checker rooms between C. F. B. and G. D. B.

11..15	30..26	8..12	19..16	26..22
23..19	3..7	29..25	12..19	31..26
7..11	22..17	4..8	23..16	A-19..15
26..23	7..11	26..23	15..19	10..19
9..14	19..16	11..15	16..12	17..10
22..17	12..19	32..28	19..24	6..15
11..16	23..7	15..24	27..23	13..6
25..22	2..11	28..19	24..27	26..17
5..9	24..19	8..11	23..19	21..14
17..13	15..24	31..26	27..31	1..17
16..20	28..19	11..15		B. wins.

A.—This loses at once; 19..16 would have prolonged the game, but white is evidently beaten anyway.

Game No. 2262—Bristol.

Played at the New England Chess and Checker rooms, between H. Z. Wright and C. U. Bailey. Wright's move:

11..16	9..18	12..16	1..6	22..18
24..20	22..15	8..3	25..21	7..10
8..11	4..8	16..20	19..16	13..9
28..24	32..28	3..8	21..17	5..14
3..8-A	12..16	24..27	16..11	18..9
24..19	21..17	31..24	17..13	10..6
11..15	8..12	20..27	6..10	9..5
20..11	15..11	8..11	18..23	6..1
15..24	19..24	27..32	11..7	25..22
27..20	28..19	11..15	30..25-F	2..6
7..16-B	16..23	32..27	10..15	22..17
20..11	26..19	15..18-D	23..27	6..9
8..15	10..14	27..24	15..19	17..13
23..18-C	17..10	25..22-E	27..31	9..14
15..19	6..24	24..19	19..23	13..9
18..14	11..8	29..25		B. wins.

A—4..8 is given as a losing move in Bowen's Bristol; but it will draw as the following play will show:

4..8	27..18	8..12	8..4	14..18
24..19	15..22	17..14	31..27	6..1
10..15	25..18	2..7	4..8	7..11
19..10	16..19	31..27	19..24	1..6
6..15	21..17	1..6*	28..19	12..16
23..18	7..10	27..24	27..24	8..12
9..14	29..25	6..10	14..9	16..19
18..9	10..15	22..17	24..15	6..9
5..14	25..22	15..31	17..13	18..23
22..18	12..16	24..8	10..14	9..14
14..23	32..28	16..19	9..6	Drawn.

* This corrects Mr. Bertie, who gives 7..10 here, and allows white to win. See Bowen's "Bristol" variation No. 190.—A. J. Heffner.

B—The best way to jump.

C—In a game between J. H. Irwin and E. A. Durgin, played in 1884, the following line of play was adopted:

22..18	6..10	32..28	11..15	10..15
15..22	23..19	15..24	26..22	6..2
25..18	14..23	28..19	15..24	27..31
4..8	27..18	2..7	22..18	2..7
29..25	9..14	30..26	6..9	31..27
8..11	18..9	1..6*	13..6	7..10
25..22	5..14	22..17	24..27	27..18
10..14	26..23	7..11	18..9	10..19
31..27	11..15	17..13		Durgin won.

*Loses. 7..11 is the correct move to draw.

D—We should prefer 15..19 here, and at note E 18..23, to prevent the black king from coming around to the aid of his single men.

F—22..18 seems to be a good move.—[Checker Ed.

Game No. 2263—"Cross."

Played by correspondence between A. S. Ingalls of Russell, N. Y., and L. M. Stearns of Derry Depot, N. H. Ingalls' move.

11..15	2..6	11..18	19..23	21..14
23..18	25..22	19..15	7..3	9..27
8..11	15..18	12..16	16..20	24..19
27..23	22..15	30..26	3..7	27..31
4..8	11..18	8..12-B	1..5	19..15
23..19	29..25	26..22	28..24	31..26
9..14	7..11	3..7	20..27	7..11
18..9	19..15	15..11	31..24	26..30
5..14	10..19	7..10	23..27	25..22
22..17	24..15	22..15	32..23	1-30..26
6..9	18..23-A	10..19	14..17	22..17
17..13	26..19	11..7		White wins.

NOTES AND VARIATIONS BY L. M. STEARNS.

A.—Is this a losing move?

B.—This looks weak.

(Var. 1.)

30..25	25..22-2	22..26	26..22	22..18
22..18	11..7	18..14	7..11	14..10

White wins.

(Var 2.)

5..9	25..21-3	7..10	21..17	10..1
11..7				White wins.

(Var. 3.)

25..30	30..26	26..23	13..6	23..14
7..10	10..1			White wins.

Checker News.

The New York World's correspondence tourney has nearly 70 entries.

The game of checkers offers inducements to young men to stay at home evenings, away from barrooms and bad company. A man that uses strong drink cannot be a first-class player, and when a person is once interested in this prince of pastimes he possesses a desire to excel, and soon finds that only a clear head will enable him to do so, and at once loses all desire for fast company.

George Manning of Chicago has been trying his hand with the Denver, Col., players, with indifferent success. The Denver club has a list of 35 members, and is soon to give a tournament, in which three prizes will be offered. George Dick and the old-time player Dreyburg are to give them a call during the holidays.

The score in the Heffner-Parrow match stands: Parrow, 2; Heffner, 1; drawn, 5 games.

P. A. Mulcahy of Olneyville has accepted the challenge of W. H. Wales of Woonsocket to play in Providence on the 26th inst.

The old Milliken House of Boston, the scene of many noticeable checker contests, has been torn down and a new hotel is to be erected. The matches between Barker and Reed played in '81 and '82, the Heffner and Wright and Boston and Providence team matches are among the events which took place in the old building.

The Galveston, Tex., club has a list of 40 members.

"McCulloch's Guide to the Game of Draughts" is the title of a new work to be issued the beginning of the new year by the well-known, talented author of the third edition of Anderson's. It will contain 17 openings and upwards of 700 variations, and will include the corrections of his previous work and several variations of new play. Address Robert McCulloch, 143 Waddell street, Glasgow, Scot. Price, 1s. 8d.—[Turf.

With the Chatham, Ont., players, Wright won 102, lost 3, with 25 games drawn.

The latest score in the Troy and Albany tournament stands: Albany, 19; Troy, 18; drawn, 15 games.

It would seem that Dr. Truax has not forfeited his title to the State championship of Minnesota, as the challenge of Mr. Davis was "not in order."

Since W. Bowen's return from the West Indies he has made it rather lively for the New York players by the score of, won, 11; lost, 5; drawn, 23 games.

PRESENT TO MR. GLADSTONE.

Collection of Irish Music Magnificently Bound.

NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—A very handsome present is going over to England to Mr. Gladstone. It is a collection of Irish music, magnificently bound, and the presentation page is illuminated in the old Irish style, the first of the kind ever done in this country. The volume has the following inscription:

"To William Ewart Gladstone, in grateful recognition of his heroic efforts to lift the burden from suffering Ireland, this collection of the characteristic music of that country is repectfully presented by the compiler, Mary Haverty, New York, 1887."

The illumination of this inscription is a marvel of beauty. The letters are taken from celebrated Irish manuscripts, such as the "Book of Ballymote," the "Book of Kells" and the "Annals of the Four Masters." The style of the illumination is exactly like that of those books, and is on vellum of a light buff ground, on which all the Irish insignia come out in fine relief. The coloring is chaste and harmonious, and with the graceful formation of the ancient letters a rare artistic effect is produced.

The binding is a superb turkey morocco inlaid with watered silk. On one side is a copy of the harp of Brian Boru in gold, on the other the "minstrel boy," with the round tower and the rent instrument. It is superior to anything of the kind ever done in London.

Mrs. Haverty, who presents the volume, is the wife of Major Haverty, the publisher. Major Haverty says the illumination is the first of the kind ever done in this country, and is the work of John G. Lee, a clever young Irishman from Dublin, who illuminated the Irish brigade resolutions on the death of General Hancock.

WEEKLY TRADE REVIEW.

Notable Activity and Slight Advances Recorded in Cotton Textiles.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The Weekly Trade Review of R. G. Dun & Co., says: Business throughout the country is active for the season, and though collections at some points are slow and credits are strained, the reports are generally fairly satisfactory. But uncertainty and hesitation affect important branches of production and the industrial outlook does not improve. Speculation has been less active and the general level of prices, though higher than a week ago in most speculative markets, has on the whole declined a little. These facts indicate activity in trading rather than satisfactory relations of supply and demand.

The iron trade is unsettled, with sales of several thousand tons Birmingham pig here, while at Philadelphia offers a dollar below the market are noted. Sales of 40,000 tons steel rails have been made during the week, generally at terms netting between $31 and $32. Bar iron is weaker, and the tendency to shrinkage in demand appears not only in crude but in manufactured forms of iron and steel.

Wool is not active, and prices range 10 to 15 per cent. below those of May last, notwithstanding the decrease in imports and home production, which shows a curtailment of the manufacture.

Cottons are firm at recent advances and in good demand for the season, print cloths having risen to 3½c, bid, but continued large supplies cause raw cotton to recede ⅛c.

The boot and shoe business is doing well, and it is noted that purchasers are already hurrying up their orders, while the leather trade improves slightly if at all.

It is an encouraging fact that singularly little disturbance has yet appeared in regions where real estate speculation was active and payments of interest on mortgage do not yet seem unusually delayed, even when crops have been short. A Chicago agency, having $350,000 interest due on mortgages Jan. 1, had already received more than half the amount Dec. 17. It is observed, too, that demands for money from the interior diminish at Chicago, though that city is still drawing from New York, and the pressure for money there does not abate.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co. and E. Russell & Co. of the Mercantile Agency by telegraph, number for the United States 261, and for Canada 29, or a total of 290, as compared with a total of 288 last week and 254 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week last year the figures were 263, being 231 in the United States and 32 in Canada.

HOW TO MAKE IT RAIN.

Artificial Electricity Arranged to Produce Natural Showers.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

The remarkable powers and adaptability of the electric current to the uses of society have been further demonstrated by an invention which has at least the charm of novelty. This is nothing more nor less than a patent to open the windows of heaven at the will of man, and Michael Cahill, M. D., of this city is the inventor.

"I expect to see the sagebrush deserts of Nebraska and Nevada under cultivation and affording pasturage for thousands of cattle in a few years," began the doctor. "Should the government adopt my patent, by its use there need not be an acre of waste land on the whole continent."

"By what extraordinary means do you intend to tap the clouds and interfere with the laws of nature?" queried the reporter.

"Simply by a condenser or captive balloon and an electric cable placed wherever the rain is required. I have long believed that rain could be produced by artificial means, and I have worked at this hobby of mine for several years—ever since I left college, in fact. You see, first of all, vapor, as it ascends, receives heat from the solar rays, which also impels it upward until restricted by the cold. The vesicles, or dewdrops, being crowded together, become electrified and float on the air at an altitude of from 3000 to 5000 feet, and all that is required then to produce rain is to intercept these vesicles by artificial means. What I have invented is a condenser of peculiar shape and construction, and connected with the earth by an electric cable. Whenever the vesicles come into contact with the condenser or current, they are broken up and the water forced to the ground with great rapidity. The rain will be produced by the same law that causes condensation on a window pane. The surface of the glass is covered with microscopic points, and on becoming chilled, the layer of air next it falls, allowing the vapor to flow on to the points, and thence to the ground."

"You will require a gigantic balloon for such a purpose," was suggested.

"Oh, no. A condenser of about 200 feet in diameter will bring down something like 25,000,000 gallons a day, or as much as would irrigate almost half of this State. The volume of water can be preserved or formed into rivers, whichever may be desired."

COMMERCIAL MATTERS.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, December 26.

BUTTER.—The market has been quiet the past week, and demand was confined to small lots of fine fresh-made goods. Prices are held about as last quoted. Very little Western creamery commands over 28c. Dairy lots are generally dull. Imitation creamery goods continue steady.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 26@27c ℔ ℔; do, good to choice, 23@25c; do, Western, extra, 28@29c; do, 1st, 24@27c; do, choice, 23@25c; Franklin Co., Mass., Vt., extra, 26@27; do, good to choice, ..@26; Dairy, Northern, choice, 22@24; do, fair to good, 20@21; Western dairy, good to choice, 18@19; do, imitation creamery, 22@23; do, ladle-packed, choice, 20@22; do, fair to good, 15@18.

CHEESE.—The market has been fairly steady the past week, and sales continue to be of small lots. The demand is only fair. Prices are without change. Liverpool quotations 58s.

We quote: New York extra, 12@12¼c ℔ ℔; do, good to choice, 10@11½; do, common, 8@9; Vermont extra, 12@12; do, good to choice, 10@11½; do, common, 8@9. Western fine, 11½@12; do, common, 10@12; Sage, extra, 12@13; Skims, 2@4.

EGGS.—There is very little change to note in the market. The supply of all grades except strictly fresh is heavy and trade is moderate at quotations. Choice Eastern are scarce and prices well held.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 28@30; Eastern extra, 27@28; do, firsts, 24@25; do, Arcostook, 24@25; N. Y. and Vt., 27@28; do, firsts, 24@25; Michigan, extra, 24@25; do, first, ..@23; Western, 23@24; Provincial, 21@24; ice-house, 18@22; Limed, 18@18½.

BEANS.—There has been a quiet market the past week, but no more than usual at this season of the year. Choice domestic beans of all kinds are very firmly held at our quotations. Foreign beans are steady. Yellow Eyes are are also steady. Prices are generally unchanged.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.70@2.75 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.55@2.65; do, screened, $2.10@2.30; do 2ds, $1.75@2.00; German, pea, $2.20@2.30; do med., $1.80@2.10; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.40@2.45; do, screened, $2.00@2.30; Yellow Eyes, choice, $2.25@2.35; do, flat, $1.90@2.20; Red Kidneys, $2.10@2.25.

FRUIT.—The market for apples remains quiet, with no quotable change in prices the past week. The demand is good for choice table apples. Strictly choice Baldwins are in good demand and firm. Other grades move slowly.

We quote: Baldwin, $2.00@2.25; Hubbardston, $2.00@2.50; Spitz, $2.00@2.50; King, $2.50@3.25; Greening, $1.75@2.00; Spy, $2.00@2.50; Common, 75c@$1.25.

Evaporated apple, 10@12; do, fair to good, 8@10; Sundried, sliced and quartered, 5@6.

Cranberries—Cape Cod, bbl., $9.50@10.00; do, light, $7.00@8.00; Cape Cod, crate, $3.00@3.50; Country, $6.00@9.00.

VEGETABLES.—The demand for potatoes the past week has been quiet and the market ruled a little easier. There were very heavy receipts, the largest for some time.

Quotations follow: New Potatoes—Early Rose, 70@80; Hebrons, 75@90; Burbanks, ..@85; Peerless, ..@85; Provincial, $2.25@2.37. Scotch—Magnum, 75@80; Regent, 75@80; Champion, 65@70 ℔ bush.

Onions, $2.50@3.00; Cabbage, ℔ 100, $6.00@10.00; squash, Marrow, ℔ ton, $15.00@15.00; do, Hubbard, $20.00@25.00; Turnips, St. Andrew, $1@1.25; do, White, $1.00@1.25.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market remains firm for hay and good straw. Prices remain unchanged. Rye straw is steady.

We quote: Choice, $17.00@18; do, fair to good, $15.50@16.00; Ordinary, $..@..; Fine, $13@14; Swale, $10.00@11.00; Poor, $12.50@13.50; West, choice, $16.50@17.25; do, fair to good, $15.00@16; Rye straw, $17.00@18.00; do, machine, $..@..; Oat straw, $8.00@8.50.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—There has been a continued strong market for Rio coffee during the past week. The demand for spot goods has been only moderate, as dealers do not wish to stock up so near the end of the year. Mild coffees have remained the same as to East India grades, the demand for which has been quiet.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 21½@22½; do, do, medium brown, 22½@23½; do, do, fancy brown, 23½@24; do, Malung, 20; do, Ankola, 24@25; do, Holland bags, 18; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 28. Mocha, 23@23½; Rios, fair, 18½@18½c; do, ordinary, ..@17½; Maracaibo, 16½@18¼; Costa Rica, 17½@18½; Jamaica, 16½@17; Guatemala, 19½@20½; Mexican, 17½@20; Hayti, uncleaned, 15@15½; do, cleaned, 10@20.

FRUIT AND NUTS.—There has been a good demand in the wholesale market the past week, but toward the close retailers were well supplied and the demand fell off. There is a good supply of oranges and lemons and prices are steady. Raisins are in good demand at firm prices.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.60@2.65; Muscatel, new, $1.80@1.80. Currants, 6½@8. Citron, Leghorn, 19@20. Dates—Persian, new, 6@3; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, 4½; do, fard, new, 6½@9. Figs, layers, 10@20; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 10@18; do, Turk, new, ..@4½. Lemons, $3.50@6.50. Oranges—Florida, box, $2.50@4.00; do, Jamaica, box, $5.00@6.00; do, Valencia, case, $6.00@10.00. Peanuts, handpicked, 5¾@6½; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 15@18.

SUGAR.—The market for raw sugar is without much change. The demand has been quiet the past week, with prices unchanged but steady. The market for refined sugar is still very firm, but the demand is moderate.

We quote: Powdered, 7¾c; Pulverized, 7½c; Granulated, 6 15-16; Confectioners' A, 6½; Standard A, 6⅔; Soft White, 5¾@6¼; Extra C, 5½@5⅝; Yellows, 5⅛@5⅜.

TEAS—Following are the current prices: Oolong ranges from 15 to 21c; Formosas, 21@65; Japans, 15@35; Hyson, 13@36; Gunpowder, 29½@31; Twankays, 14@18; Congou, 30@48; Imperial, 40@50; Souchongs, 17@45; Pekoe Souchongs, 25@40; Pekoes, 20@60.

Flour and Grain.

GRAIN—The receipts of the week have been: Corn, 160,578 bush; Oats, 114,088 bush; Shorts, 45,585 bush. Last week: Corn, 109,626 bush; Oats, 72,210 bush; Shorts, 53,335 bush. Exports: Corn, 300 bush; Oats, 450 bush. Last week: Corn, 18,947 bush; Oats, 88 bush.

FLOUR—We quote receivers' prices for carload lots, as follows:

Fine Flour, $2.60@3.00; Superfine, $2.90@3.40; Common extras, $3.25@3.50; Choice extras, $3.50@4.00; Minn. bakers, $4.25@4.50; Michigans, $4.15@4.40; Michigan roller, $4.25@4.50; New York roller, $4.25@4.75; Ohio and Indiana, $4.25@4.65; do, do, strai't, $....@....; do, do, patent, $4.75@4.15; St Louis and Ill, $4.25@4.35; do, do, patent, $4.50@4.70; do, do, clears, $4.25@4.95; Spring wheat patents, $5.00@5.50 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, ..@69c ℔ bush; High mixed, 68@69c ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 68@69c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 67@68c ℔ bush; No Grade, 66@66½c ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, 42@44½c; No 1 white, 43½@44½; No 2, 41@42c; No 3, 40½@41c; No 1 mixed, 40@41c; No 2, mixed, 39@39½c; rejected mixed, 39@40c; rejected white, 38@38½c.

Fish.

FISH—The market the past week has continued quiet and devoid of notable features. Mackerel are strong at quotations. There has been an advance in pickled codfish, otherwise prices are unchanged.

Mackerel—Bloaters, $28.00@33.00; Selected 1's, $23.00@25.00; No 1 Shore, $18.00@20.00; do, Bay, $17.00@18.00; Extra Shore, 2's, $16.00@16.50; P. E. I., 2's, $15.00@15.50; medium 2's, $14.50; large rimmed, 3's, $....@14.00; medium 3's, $13.50@13.50; large 3's, $14.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.50@4.75; do, do, medium, $3.50@3.70; do, N S Shore, $5.50@5.50; Pickled Bank, large, $....@....; do, do, medium, $3.50@..; Bank, $..@4.25; Georges, $5.00@5.25; N S Shore, $4.75@5.00; Hake, $2.50@2.62½; Haddock, $2.75@3.00; Pollock; pickled, $2.25@2.50; do, English, $3.50@3.75; Boneless fish, 3½@4c ℔ ℔; Boneless Cod, 4½@5½.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS—The market continues dull and quiet, without change in prices.

We quote: New York, 1887, good, 10@20c; do, 1886, good, 8@15c; do, 1885, choice, 6@8c; English, 1886, 15c; California, 1886, 10@15c; Eastern, ..@..c.

Canada malt, 90c@$1.00 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, 88@92; Western, 65@80.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 9@10; New England steers, 9@9½; do, do, cow, ...@8. Calfskins—deacons, 30@40c; 6@6½lbs, 70@85; 8@9lbs, 90@$1.00; heavy, $1.00@1.20. Galveston dry, 13½@14; Texas kips, 14½@15½; Dry-salted Texas, 10@11; Buenos Ayres, 17½@18; Rio Grande, 17@17; Montevideo, 17½@18; Calcutta slaughtered cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6; Sierra Leone, ..@21.

SALT—Supplies are light and the market is firm. Demand moderate.

Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; do & W'th'ns, $1.10@1.15; Liverpool, sacks, 75@85c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.50@..; Trapani, bond, $1.62½; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—We quote Potato Starch at 5@5¼c; Corn, 2¾@2¾c; Wheat, 5@6; Dextrine, 4½@5½c.

TALLOW—The market is quiet but firm. Following are quotations:

Tallow, prime, ..@4½; Country, ..@4¼; Bone, 3⅞@4; house grease, 3¼@3⅜; grease, light, 2⅞; do, dark, 2¼; do, chip, 1; do, naphtha, 1; do, hard, 4½.

TOBACCO.—The market is steady, although the demand is light. Prices are firmly held.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $2.00@3.35; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.30; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $4.00@7.00; do, leaf, $8.00@14.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 15@21; do, binders, 10@17; do, seed fill, 5@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 7134 bales domestic and 1089 bales foreign, against 7858 bales domestic and 1721 bales foreign last week and 4433 bales domestic and 361 bales foreign for the corresponding week in 1886.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, December 23:

Western cattle, 1290; Eastern cattle, 308; Northern cattle, 448. Total, 2044.

Western sheep and lambs, 6200; Eastern sheep and lambs, ...; Northern sheep and lambs, 1237. Total, 7237.

Swine, 26,752. Veals, 323. Horses, 342.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $7.50.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$5.25	@5.50
First quality	4.75	@5.12½
Second quality	4.25	@4.62½
Third quality	3.62½	@4.12½
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00	@3.50

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ ℔.		Each.
Brighton hides	6 @6½	Dairyskins	25@50
Brighton tall'w	3¾@	Sheepskins	75@1.25
Country hides	5 @5½	Lambskins	75@1.25
Country tall'w	1¾@2¾	Calfskins	..@..
Calfskins	6 @7	Woolskins	..@..

A WAR-TIME CHRISTMAS.

Experiences of a Northern Girl in Dixie Land.

Romantic and Novel Events Recalled After Nearly Thirty Years.

The Sad News the Orderly Brought to Loving Elsie.

[Ella Thomas in Detroit Free Press.]

It was a strange Christmas to a Northern girl like myself, accustomed to snow and cold as the season's accompaniment, that Southern Christmas with its green trees and warm sunshine, and rose fragrance coming through the open windows. But Christmas it was. I had been aroused by the shrill 'Chris'mus gif', massa"—"Chris'mus gif', missus," of the negroes. There had been Christmas gifts and greetings from the family as we gathered; and, later, the distribution of shoes and coats, and gay head handkerchiefs and useful presents to the slaves, whose ebony faces were glowing with the bounty and jollity of Christmas week. The egg-nog had been mixed in the great china punch bowl and fires set blazing in the ample fireplaces; carriages filled with guests rolled to the door, and lavish abundance and light-hearted gayety filled the house.

It was a strange Christmas. More than one of the young men were in uniform; there was talk of marches and battles, the sounding of the minor chord under the mirth. Basil, the heir and hope of the house, wore for the first time his captain's uniform, and was to start the next day with his company for the front, for this was the Christmas of 1861, and, though in that inland Georgia town we as yet felt none of the privations and little of the anxiety, we had entered on the troublous times of war.

The midwinter before, heedless of the growing "war talk," I had come for a visit to my aunt in Asheville, and before I had realized the fact war was declared and armies lay betwixt me and the old home, I was destined neither to see nor hear from for many a month. The interest that there would have been given to neighbor and brother as they marched away I here bestowed on the men who went out to fight and the women who remained to pray for the Southern cause. Both from sympathy and a dearer emotion—for was not Basil's betrothal ring on my finger, and with all the love of my young heart given to him, had not his people become my people?

Never shall I forget that day, not only from its novelty, but because it was the last distinctive old-time Christmas the South ever saw. In the evening, as a change from the merry-making in the mansion, we went out to see the negroes dancing in the quarters.

And returning, as Basil and I fell behind the others, what with the weird whiteness of the moonlight, the sobbing sweetness of the violins and the thought of the morrow's parting, my heart sank as under a sorrowful presage; and, spirits and courage failing, I clung to Basil sobbing. "We have been so happy, must it all end?" "There, there, sweetheart!" he said, kissing away my tears, "remember it is for the honor of the South I go; besides, the war will soon be over, I will be at home perhaps with a star on my shoulder, and next Christmas we will have a genuine Christmas wedding, and the darkies shall feast themselves sick, and Christmas after Christmas in happy years will come to us together here in the dear old home."

I dried my tears and forgot my pain, as, listening, I seemed to see the picture of a glad reality.

Swiftly, with all their long hours of suspense, the three years passed. By the next Christmas the abundant supplies were well-nigh exhausted, but there still remained a few toys for the children; a bountiful treasury had flooded the country with Confederate notes, and as turkeys were only $11 apiece and wood $15 a cord, fires still glowed on the wide hearths and those who had "Christmas in their bones" were able to enjoy themselves. As for us, Basil was at home on a recruiting furlough, and we still heard that "the war would soon be over."

But an eventful and exciting year followed, marked by Gettysburg and Vicksburg and the narrowing of the lines of the Southern armies. Everywhere were sad-faced, black-robed women; everywhere hands were busy picking lint, knitting and weaving for the soldiers. Turkeys were few at $50. There was still egg-nog, but it was made with whiskey or sorghum rum worth $80 a gallon. Sugar was $5 to $10 a pound, and flour $25 dollars a barrel; for $1 in gold now bought $28 in Confederate money. Still, there was no repining, though vacant places were many, want and privation were in every household, and delicately nurtured women went hungry in homes where only plenty had once been known. But churches were crowded, and greetings were exchanged with bravely smiling faces over aching hearts.

Then came the last "war Christmas," that of 1864. Outside supplies of all kinds had vanished, the Confederate dollar was worth just two cents in gold, flour was $600 a barrel, sugar $30, beef $35, and butter $40 a pound and wood $100 a cord. Heavy shadows rested over the South and lay on all the hearts of its people. In Asheville we at last had felt the bitter fortunes of war. The old mansion house was in ashes, my uncle, too old for fighting but not for heart-break, was in his grave; the negroes were scattered and gone; my aunt was with a daughter, also widowed by the war. I was for the time with friends at a country residence below Richmond, and not far from the lines of the contending armies.

It was Sunday, but a little party was gathered around the table, one of whom was Basil, a colonel now. His regiment was on duty at the earthworks near. Shall I describe the feast? At the head of the table was a ham worth $300; at the foot the last turkey on the farm, worth $175; the vegetables consisted of cabbage, potatoes and hominy; the bread was of corn, wheat bread having been unknown for months, save as the rarest luxury, even for the sick. Dessert there was none, but the hostess, who in happier days had dispensed a bounteous hospitality—but never one more graceful or cordial—had provided a coarse, black molasses, worth $60 a gallon, and as an especial treat in honor of the day served each of us with that unwonted beverage, a cup of real tea, but only one cup, as that was the last of her store. After this came coffee made from sweet potatoes cut in bits, browned and ground.

The gentlemen were all in uniform. One of the ladies' dresses was made from damask window curtains, another was "home spun," and my black gown was paper cambric made up with the wrong side out. My shoes were homemade, of broadcloth, and my hair was fastened with "Confederate hairpins," long, black thorns with the heads dipped in sealing wax. From the window of the lofty dining-room, where stately companies had been wont to gather, we looked on a country road lined with trains of slowly moving army wagons, with now and then a squad of infantry, or party of cavalry at a sharp trot, while ever and anon, breaking through the talk, came the dull boom of a heavy gun and a fleecy cloud would rise and melt away in the air, beyond the columns of smoke that marked the campfires along the lines.

There was no dancing in the negro quarters, no merriment that evening. As I stood with Basil on the veranda in the white moonlight, with the red glow of the campfires gleaming like distant baneful eyes, the memory of that happy, care-free Christmas on the old plantation (now far away it seemed with all the anguish and sorrow that lay between), came over me like a flood, mingled with that strange prescience of coming grief that sometimes chills us, and, as on that night, I clung to Basil with bitter weeping.

And once again he kissed away my tears, saying: "Oh, Elsie, keep up courage! Our cause is righteous and I cannot believe yet that all is lost. Next Christmas will be brighter. There are happy days and years for us still, sweetheart."

And so I smiled and unwound my arms and watched him ride away, my love so gallant, true and leal!

The next morning an orderly rode hastily to the gate and dismounted. He had no need to tell his story. My eyes read it in his face as I met him at the door.

"You bring bad new?" How cold and strange my voice sounded even to myself.

"Yes."

"Colonel Basil Peyton—" the words died on my lips.

"Was killed this morning by a shot from the enemy's batteries."

Analysis of a Tear.

[London Queen.]

The principal element in the composition of a tear, as may readily be supposed, is water. The other elements are salt, soda, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda and mucus, each in small proportions. A dried tear seen through a microscope of good average power presents a peculiar appearance. The water, after evaporation, leaves behind it the saline ingredients, which amalgamate and form themselves into lengthened cross lines, and look like a number of minute fish bones. The tears are secreted in what are called the "lachrymal glands," situated over the eyeball and underneath the lid. The contents of these glands are carried along under the inner surface of the eyelids by means of six or seven very fine channels, and are discharged a little above the cartilage supporting the lid.

The discharge of tears from the lachrymal glands is not occasional and accidental, as is commonly supposed, but continuous. It goes on both day and night—though less abundantly at night—through the "conduits," and spreads equally over the surface of the pupil, in virtue of the incessant movement of the lids. After serving its purpose, the flow is carried away by two little drains, situated in that corner of each eye nearest the nose—into which they run—and called the "lachrymal points." The usefulness of this quiet flow of tears, to both men and beasts, is manifest. There is such an immense quantity of fine dust floating in the air and constantly getting into the eyes, that, but for it, they would soon become choked. Very little is requisite to keep the ball free, and when some obnoxious substance—smoke, an insect or the like that affects the nerves—does make its way in, an increased flow is poured out to sweep it away.

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS IN TROUBLE.

After a Bewildering Session of the Thompson Street Poker Club He Discourses in Language of His Own.

[New York World.]

At the intersection of Sixth avenue and Twenty-fourth street Mr. Williams paused and leaned heavily upon Gus Johnson, who was assisting home.

"Gus, de game is done gone 'n I doan cry for spilt cider, but who done dole de kyards in de lass jacker?"

"Yo doled dat jacker yo'sef," asserted Mr. Johnson.

"I doled it?"

"Yezzah."

"Yain't got no membrance of Cy Whiffles dealin'?" pursued Mr. Williams.

"Nozzah. Cy, he done cuttum."

Mr. Williams leaned more heavily upon Mr. Johnson's arm.

"'N Perfesser Brick?" he continued, after breathing hoarsely for several minutes.

"De perfesser, he went de blind."

Mr. Williams sighed, felt of the place whence one whisker had vanished, ran his fingers lightly over several large lumps on the back of his head, tenderly parted the lids of his damaged eye and tried the powers of that afflicted organ upon a neighboring lamp.

"Warn't dat deal square?" he asked.

Mr. Johnson hesitated.

"Didn't I shuffelum?"

"Ye—yezzah."

"'N didn' de perfesser kyut de kyards?"

"Yezzah."

"'N didn' I dolum squar'?"

"I—I—yo' got fo' jacks," evasively responded Mr. Johnson.

"'N Elder Jubilee Anderson, he done cotcher squeen full?"

"Yezzah."

"'N de Rev. Thankful skinned out bullets up?"

"Yezzah, 'n cotched de filler in de draw," said Mr. Johnson.

"'N whar did Cy Whiffles come in?" pursued Mr. Williams.

"He done got fo' fo's, 'n I git onto dat club flisk," replied Mr. Johnson, lasping into gloom at the recollection.

"'N jess fur dat I gits my jaw bruk?"

"Yezzah."

"'N de Elder, he comb my ha'r wif he cheir, 'n Cy Whiffles lamms me in de yi' 'n de Rev. Thankful climbs onto my stummick 'n butts me silly?"

"Yezzah," said Mr. Johnson, "dat am de fact."

"'N den I hed fo' jacks," continued Mr. Williams, in tones of grief, "'n de gang jumps onto my watch, 'n skins me outen my bills, 'n grabs my watch 'n ulser 'n jalery."

"Yezzah—'n dey's keepin' 'em c'lateral."

"C'lateral fer what?" inquired Mr. Williams. "Fer dis eye? Fer dis yar nouraigy on my smeller? Fer dat hen's egg on de deck of my forrid? Fer dat toof I done swaller?"

Mr. Johnson had no response ready, and Mr. Williams leaned upon him a few minutes and breathed heavily; then he said impressively:

"Gus, ef I didn't feel dat de interes' ob de club calls for good feelin' 'mong de membahs, I'd take dis scrap ter night as pussonal; 'n ef a genelman kyant deal de kyards liker genelman, it's time fer coons ter quit pokah. 'N ef a little quiet game's goin' ter broke up in a massiker on de fuss jacker, it's time fer sports ter go ter camp meetin'."

"Did yer dole yose'f dem jacks?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"'N whatterfi did?" somewhat petulantly retorted Mr. Williams. "Hit was jess—jess a little joke on de boys. 'Pears like some mokes hain't got no sense ob humor wen sich a trifle as dat'll broke up bofe de game 'n de joker. I tole yer, Gus, I doan unnerstan' it, an ef it happens agin I'll—I'll speak a piece ob my mind—yo' see ef I doan't—dat's all—yo'll heah me ef dat happens agin. I hain't quarlsom' ner fightin', but I knows wen my feelins is hut. You wait, Gus, 'n yo'll see."

And with this menace to the peace and prosperity of the club Mr. Williams, still leaning heavily on Mr. Johnson's arm, resumed his painful journey home.

RATTLED.

She Had to Change, But She Expressed Her Views Just the Same.

[Zenas Dane in Tid Bits.]

"*Change* cars for Chicago!" cried a conductor at Detroit the other day.

"What!" gasped out a stout, strong-lunged woman, with a tongue evidently chafing under enforced rest.

"Change for Chicago," repeated the conductor.

"What! Change *here*"!

"Yes'm."

"Don't this train go any farther?"

"No'm."

"Well, I'd *like* to know what *this* means! The agent at Buffalo told me *distinctly*, with his *own lips*, that we *didn't* change until we got to Chicago."

"He meant those having sleeper berths, ma'am, and—"

"Then why didn't he *say* so? He said, *positively*, 'No, ma'am, you *don't* change between here and Chicago'; them was his own words, and I—"

"You misunderstood him, I think."

"I *didn't!* I heard him with my *own ears!* My husband's sister's mother-in-law came over this road last year and *she* didn't change *once*; and so—"

"Then she had a sleeper."

"No, she *never!* And my own sister's son, and his wife and two children, went to Californy in June, and *they* never changed here."

"That's a different thing."

"I don't see *why*. You're *sure* I've got to change here?"

"Certainly, madam; and you'll have to hurry, too."

"Well, how does it come that I have to change, when they said in Buffalo that I wouldn't? I'd like to know *that*."

"Because, madam—"

"If I'd knowed it, I'd have bought my ticket over the West Shore road."

"That wouldn't have made any difference, for—"

"They don't change here on *that* road. I know, for one of my neighbor's friends from Kansas went that—"

"Hurry up, madam; no time to lose."

When they finally got her out she was saying:

"I'll tell *everybody* not to have anything to do with *this* road! I might have known how it'd be! When I go back to Buffalo I'll tell that agent something; now, you mark me if I don't! I said to him *distinctly*, says I—but all *he* was after was the money! My husband's brother-in-law's family expect to come West, and others I know, and I'll write and tell them— This my car? It's an *outrage*. I'll tell—"

Beyond Comprehension.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A certain Sunday school worker, noted for his pompous manner and lofty use of language, was invited to a sister city to establish a Bible class. It was mostly composed of ladies. One day two of the members met a friend who had not joined.

"Oh, you ought to come and hear Professor ——, he is so grand, so deep, and so—so—religious," cried one.

"Yes, indeed," chimed in the other member; "he talks to us in such a scholarly manner and uses such beautiful language. I don't believe anybody could understand what he says except himself."

And with this peculiar tribute to the great man's greatness they went on their way.

No Foreign Letters for Her.

[Philadelphia Call.]

A young lady who from her accent owed her origin to the Emerald Isle, walked up to one of the money order windows in the post office yesterday and, laying down $20, asked that they be sent to her sister in Belfast, Ireland. "Ah," asked the clerk, "you have made a mistake. Go to the foreign window. This is the domestic." "Made a mistake, have I?" was the triumphant rejoinder. "Well, now, that's when I lave you out in the cold. Shure, and I'm a domistic meself."

Some were Missing.

[Washington Critic.]

Bufkins was very pious, very fond of the ladies and very bald on the back of his head. The other evening he was calling on a Connecticut avenue girl and was giving her a great deal of church talk.

"Ah, Miss Charlotte," he said, "we are watched over very carefully. Even the hairs of our head are numbered."

"Yes, Mr. Bufkins," she replied, with deep enthusiasm, "but some of the back numbers of yours appear to be missing."

A WONDERFUL ANIMAL.

Interesting Sketch of Mr. Crowley, the Chimpanzee.

His Lively Gymnastics, Good Table Manners and Other Qualities.

Playing Pranks with a Policeman and Flirting with Kitty.

[Olive Thorne Miller in the Cosmopolitan.]

If one may judge by the crowds that flock to his audience-chamber, the most interesting personage in New York today is Mr. Crowley, the chimpanzee. From early morning through the long summer days he holds his levees, and to get a stisfactory look at him one must take his place in the jam, and patiently work his way step by step as one after another retires, till he has penetrated to the rail that defines the "safety point" before the cage.

The animal is fully aware of his position as entertainer to this ever-varying crowd. He is also perfectly competent to the task; in fact it is no task at all, for he delights in it, and enjoys the shouts and laughter as much as an actor his applause.

Sometimes, if one can get into the building before the public is admitted, Crowley will come to the front, sit down and examine his visitor, exchange the compliments of the morning, that is to say, listen gravely to the remarks of his guest and answer by most expressive pantomime. Under these circumstances he appears gentle and friendly, and as if he might be made companionable. He looks one steadily in the eye, without that furtive glance that makes us always suspect the next move of a monkey; he observes dress and manners with an air of interest. That he has thoughts and opinions of his own no one who studies him closely can doubt, and the stranger often feels inclined to offer his next of kin a friendly hand through the bars. But the ropes at the entrance are taken down, and the waiting multitudes troop in; men and boys if it is early; women and children at a later hour. Instantly the human disappears and the monkey comes to the front; the thoughtful fellow-creature becomes a buffoon—a transformation possible to none but our Simian neighbors. He springs from his seat, takes a flying leap to the roof, crosses it by two or three swings of his long arms, and flings himself upon his two trapezes—which are, perhaps, six feet apart—with a violence that would destroy anything less strong than than those inch-thick iron bars. On and around these he performs mad capers that make the spectator hold his breath lest he get his death-blow from the erratic movement of the heavy iron swings. The ape has no misgivings: his agility is equal to the demand, and he keeps both trapezes in violent and irregular motion while he plunges over, under, around, through, between, before, behind and every other possible way, all so rapidly that there appears only a mass of swaying and tossing iron and wood, and a kaleidoscopic vision of legs and arms inextricably mixed up therewith. He soon tires of this, leaps to his spring-board, turns a somersault or two, and stands on his head, with feet on the board beside it and hands on the floor below; then like a flash slips around under the board, embraces it with all fours while he jounces himself up and down, bumping his back on the floor at every jolt.

This lasts but a minute, for he is versatility itself. After a bounce or two across the cage, and a swarming all over the bars of the front, he suddenly comes to the floor with a thump, gallops around near the walls, one hand slyly sweeping the floor, and quick as thought flings a handful of damp sawdust into the faces of his laughing audience outside. While they cough and rub their eyes, and brush their clothes, he chuckles with delight, and turns somersaults all around his cage, or runs around at full speed, driving his head through the dust of his floor like a plough.

Sawdust-throwing is his favorite insult. While his portrait was being painted, a year or two ago, he resented the personal attention of the artist, James H. Beard, by showering this material, not over the gentleman himself, but with discriminating understanding of where it would be most annoying, upon the fresh paint of the portrait, whence it had to be picked bit by bit.

If a moment arrives when Mr. Crowley does not frantically desire to play some prank, he comes to the front, makes faces, and jumps up a few inches with arms and legs held stiff, and body upright, coming down on the floor again and again with a thump, as if feet and hands were made of iron. In fact, his footsteps, at least during his public exhibitions, are usually of this character. Unless he is on some sly mischief bent, he goes about like an iron-shod horse, galloping over the boards, though he weighs but 90 pounds. The baby in the adjoining cage—for there is a baby, Crowley's future spouse—does the same thing, so it must be a chimpanzee idiosyncrasy. On the whole, Mr. Crowley irresistibly reminds one of a boy at the "showing-off" period of development; and with these fantastic tricks he keeps his constantly varying jam of admirers in roars of laughter the whole day.

We have no reason to look for anything different, for since he came to New York an infant of about 8 months, weighing between 10 and 12 pounds, his life has been passed almost entirely on the exhibition stage. At that remote time in his existence Crowley was very attractive, for a young chimpanzee is one of the drollest of beasts, although so much like the babies of the genus homo as to be almost painful to look at. All the anthropoid apes—our next of kin—resemble us in infancy in a much greater degree than in age. As years go over the head of man he becomes wiser, and generally more amiable in temper, while the ape, on the contrary, grows wary, sly and more brutal.

The baby chimpanzee is of all his family the most rollicking and jolly youngster, full of play, affectionate yet wilful as well, and displaying anger like the human infant by shrieking, kicking and throwing himself on the floor. In those early months, too, he shows his strongest propensity—imitation. He readily learns to use a key properly, to open doors, boxes or drawers, to manage tools, to wear clothes, to eat like the people about him, even to relish their food and drink.

Mr. Crowley was at this agreeable age when he came, three years ago in June. He is now, therefore, about four years old, or nearly half-grown. He had also the advantage of a training by refined people; consequently no bad habits or tricks had developed. He passed almost from his mother's arms into the family of Mr. Smythe, United States minister resident at Liberia, who, with his wife, cared for the little beast as tenderly as they could for a child. On the passage he shared the comforts of the cabin; at hotels his board was paid; thus he had every attention, and reached New York in perfect health and showing a pleasing willingness to respond to the friendly advances of everybody.

In the first winter of his residence in Central Park, Mr. Crowley had a dangerous attack of pneumonia, during which there were daily bulletins in the papers, as though he were a public personage. The best medical advice was secured, and he was treated exactly like a child. He submitted cheerfully to poultices and remedies, and completely recovered his health, though ever since, as a precautionary measure, he has after dinner his daily spoonful of cod-liver oil, which he enjoys greatly.

Mr. Conklin attributes Crowley's perfect health and condition to the fact that he has been thoroughly acclimated, and never made tender by living behind glass. In most museums these natives of Africa are housed in glass, and thus not only never get used to the climate, but in the bad, close air grow dull and lazy with age. Mr. Crowley, on the contrary, passes his days in a cage, perhaps 12 or 15 feet square, open on one whole side to the air of an animal house, which has both ends wide open to the outside. He goes daily back and forth, in the arms of his keeper, from this show-room to his sleeping-room in another building, uncovered and without taking cold. In the winter, it is true, when constant fires become necessary to us, he is removed to a closed building; but even then he has the air of an ordinary house, with its varying temperature. His diet is also a subject of care. He has never been allowed some of man's indulgences—which, because they appear funny for an animal, are often given to him; tea and coffee, strong drinks, candy, meats and the many things we use, are never seen on his table. Rice or oatmeal and milk, with fruit of different kinds, and sometimes boiled eggs, form his frugal bill of fare, and his robust health bears witness to the wisdom of this course.

Susceptibility to training is one of the most attractive qualities of these great apes. It is to be regretted that Crowley's capabilities will probably never be known, since he is so constantly on exhibition that the necessary quiet and leisure are not obtainable. His dear 500 friends never would consent to spare him from society long enough for an education. His "culture," therefore, is limited to the table manners that he brought with him.

These table ceremonies are a source of ever fresh interest. As the hour for his breakfast—10.30, or for his dinner, 5 in the afternoon—draws near, the crowd grows more dense in front of his reception room. A table is brought in, the cloth spread, a chair placed before it, and a soup plate of rice and milk served. If Mr. Crowley happens to be hungry, he rests from his performances, and comes, like anybody else, to the table; but if he had rather more fruit at his early morning luncheon than usual, or is very much excited about anything, he acts precisely as does a naughty child under the circumstances—he will not come; he prances around the cage, jounces on the spring-board, sets the trapezes in violent motion, runs up a ladder with his hands, and hangs head down over the table as if he would drop and annihilate it. The keeper meanwhile scolds, threatens to "give it to Kitty," and in fact behaves exactly like an exasperated nurse in the presence of a wilful youngster. When he does come, he seats himself decorously, spreads his napkin over his knees, or sometimes crumples it in his left hand, takes the spoon in his right, and devotes himself to the business before him.

That this is not play, but a serious matter, he fully recognizes, and he conducts himself accordingly. He handles the spoon as dexterously as anybody, and readily puts the napkin to its proper use when necessary, though occasionally his memory needs jogging, by his keeper, who is at this moment table waiter. "Mr. Crowley, where's your napkin?" sternly asked, never fails to bring the proper response.

The soup plate emptied and tipped up to scrape the last drop, it is removed, and there follows a plate of fruit, sliced, but not small enough for mouthfuls. Here the knife and fork come in, and Mr. Crowley is as skilful in cutting pieces and thrusting them into his mouth—always with the fork—as any person. He even goes so far in imitation of the manners he has seen as to pause now and then with a mouthful held up on his fork, ready to shove in as soon as he has made room in that very capacious receptacle, his mouth. After fruit comes a cup of milk, which he takes by the handle and drinks, and lastly the cod-liver oil, and a lick or two of the spoon while his keeper is replacing the cork and so not looking.

If he is on his good behavior, he retires from the table like a gentleman, and perhaps springs into his waiter's arms to be held while dinner is removed by help of an assistant outside, or mounts the table and dances a jig while his attendant beats time for him. But if he is in a mischievous frame of mind, with the disappearance of the last course, he suffers a sudden relapse into monkeyism, kicks over table, dishes, oil bottle, and all, and darts to the roof of his cage out of the reach of vengeance. Even on these occasions, however, it needs only a command from his keeper—of whom he is plainly fond—to bring him down meekly to lay his knife and fork properly and replace his napkin, after which he immediately gives vent to his feelings by a few dozen somersaults, a fresh frolic with the trapezes, or a lively tattoo with his feet, while clinging to a bar with his hands. Another custom of civilized life to which Mr. Crowley takes kindly is sleeping in a bed. When evening comes on, he is always very tired from his all-day's performances, and glad to be carried over to his room, where he quickly springs into bed and draws the blankets around him. He sleeps till awakened by the light of morning, when he calls loudly for his early breakfast of fruit, and then is ready for another day's entertainment.

One point still at issue between the superintendent and Mr. Crowley is the wearing of clothes. As yet the ape is not convinced that the dress of his human neighbors is either useful or ornamental, while it certainly interferes with his freedom of movement. Without his own consent he cannot be clothed, for no fabric has ever been contrived strong enough to resist his mischievous fingers.

Crowley's worst quality is the irresistible propensity to destroy every object he can lay his hands on, including live animals. A dog or cat he will almost instantly tear to pieces; in fact, the sight of a small animal seems to put him into a fury. A tiny monkey, brought by a lady on her shoulder, made him so wild that he acted like a maniac; he threw handful after handful of sawdust all over his audience; he shook the bars of his cage with suggestive violence; he put up his lips like a trumpet and cried "Hoo! hoo!" at it; he tore around the cage in a transport, and lastly he spit at it. This is one of the bad tricks he has learned from ill-bred and teasing boys who visit him, and he has become so expert that he can reach his mark eight feet away. During the above exhibition of temper the unfortunate little creature, a beautiful squirrel monkey, six inches long, was out of its senses with fright, chattered, and fairly screamed in terror.

This lamentable destructive tendency demands a strong guard-rail before the cage at the length of Mr. Crowley's arm, for he is always ready to thrust out one of those long, sinewy members, and snatch at hat, parasol, or anything he can reach; once in his clutches it is lost. A Park policeman stood one day talking to him, inside the rail by virtue of his office. Crowley sat on the floor close by the bars, absorbed in contemplation of his brand-new white gloves. Very gently he pulled the tips of the fingers one after the other, quietly loosening them, till suddenly like a flash, he snatched it off and bounded to the back of his cage. In vain the hapless policeman commanded and coaxed, begged and threatened. Mr. Crowley, entirely unmoved, sat calmly down to enjoy his prize.

First he put it on his hand, using his teeth to help, and then held it up for the audience to see, with every finger spread, grinning with delight. But not being able to arrange it to his satisfaction he tore it to strings, and passed a happy 15 minutes while reducing it to its primitive state of thread, holding one part in the bend of the thigh—the monkey's convenient pocket—while he worked on another.

On another occasion one of the park men went inside of the rail to speak to the chimpanzee. Crowley sat quietly on the floor looking at him, and thrusting his hands out to play, as is his custom.

"Look out there!" warned the keeper.

"Oh, Mr. Crowley knows me," was hardly out of his mouth in response before Mr. Crowley fastened his fingers upon the lapels of his coat, one each side, and gave them such a jerk that the man was dashed violently against the bars, and the coat split down the back like so much paper.

This animal has proved so attractive to the public that the park commissioners bethought them to provide him with a mate. An order for a young female chimpanzee was therefore sent out, and after two years of waiting a promising young personage named Kitty was brought to New York, and a most unique courtship began. The baby, for she is but an infant still, being 2 years old and about half his size, is very pretty—for an ape—and a charmingly amiable and frolicsome little creature. Not possessed by the mania of tearing everything to bits, she can be trusted with a hammock, in which she plays all sorts of amusing pranks, and a red shawl, the delight of her heart. She was introduced to Mr. Crowley by placing her in the next cage to his, separated by a close partition, in one part of which are narrow openings, hardly more than cracks, through which he can see and hear, but not touch.

His reception of her was not very gallant. He went mad with rage; he ached to tear her to pieces; he shouted at her; he pounded the partition; shook the bars; he fairly jumped up and down in passion. If anything was given to her, he raised a riot; and when his audience paid attention to her, he behaved like a tiger out of the jungle. In fact, he showed himself to be a ferocious wild beast. There is no doubt that he would have killed her instantly had she been in his power.

But Kitty was protected by her bars, and gradually he is getting more amiable, though with occasional relapses into his original sentiments that augur ill for Miss Kitty's future. He grew wily after a little, and made use of other tactics to get her within reach. He came to the bars, coaxed and chattered, and was very sociable till she came near, when he blinded her with a handful of sawdust. Poor Kitty retired in disgust, while Crowley scampered around his cage in a frenzy of joy, chuckling, turning somersaults and indulging in the maddest of frolics.

Again he thrusts his long arms outside his cage in front, and around into her cage, his hand feeling around to seize whatever it might touch. Sometimes Kitty avoids it, sometimes she takes hold of it, occasionally she gives it a playful bite, upon which he jerks it back, rushes around his floor to gather a handful of sawdust, again puts his arm through the bars and flings it at her. Hate her as he may, he can not help being interested; if any sound comes from her side of the wall he hurries to the opening and glues his ear or his eye to the crack, as an eavesdropper to a keyhole.

When cold weather forces Mr. Crowley to take refuge in a warmed room, where the usual jam of visitors is not admitted, he misses the excitement, and often finds time heavy on his hands. Now he is sometimes treated to playthings. A ball he is fond of, and he has the important advantage of four hands to play with. He has even evolved a new and original way to play with that very popular toy. He lies flat on his back and takes all fours to it. An exceedingly comical picture he makes of himself, too.

Ten-pins he enjoys, though he refuses to set up the pins. When his obliging friend and servant, his keeper, sets them up, he runs across the room and rolls the ball, making very good shots with it.

A doll that was given to him he made use of in his peculiar fashion, first beating it soundly with a stick, sitting on it, jumping on it and at last tearing it to rags. He can blow a whistle as well as a boy, but his supreme treat is winding a stem-winding watch; a "Waterbury" is a treasure to him, for he dotes on a half-hour of steady winding.

Crowley certainly understands much, if not all, that is said to him. He is grieved by reproaches and pleased by kind words, and he manages to express his emotions clearly to his friends, though he is evidently not so fluent as some of his kind have been in captivity. This may be because he has had no companions nor even neighbors who might be supposed to understand him, and so make it worth his while to talk. Perhaps when he becomes reconciled to Kitty, and on friendly and social terms with her, we may learn the chimpanzee language.

THE ANT'S BRAIN.

Almost Infinitesimal, but Worthy of Patient Study.

The Language of Ants—How the Little Creatures Make War and Love.

Weighing an Ant's Brain—As Wonderful as the Milky Way.

[Camille Flammarion in Chicago Times.]

Ants have a language far superior to that of birds, dogs, apes or any of the higher animals of the zoological kingdom. Have they a spoken language? The probability is that they have, for their anatomy shows the presence of stridulent organs that seem to possess no other function. But they communicate their thoughts principally by means of their antennæ.

For an example, disturb the ants above a nest. Immediately a body of them rush wildly into the corridors, spread the alarm in the community, and in the twinkling of an eye this little world is in revolt. While some of the workers hasten to carry the larvæ and pupa to the most secret recesses of the establishment, others valiantly hurry out to reconnoiter the danger and repulse the enemy. Watch those furthest removed from the scene of action; how by two or three rubbings of their antennæ they convey to each other the wild alarm. If an open jar of preserves is to be attacked, the first ant, by helping herself, and making a practical illustration of the proverb that charity should begin at home, will leave the feast to return with four or five friends, who, imitating her example, by first satisfying themselves, will hasten to collect a horde of companions who immediately yield themselves over to the pleasures of the hour. Lubbock has proven that when there are larvæ to be carried about, the number of ants serving corresponds with the number of loads to be carried.

At times two ants are seen to meet, question each other by their antennæ, and, both being of a mind, to grapple in several lusty boxing rounds, equal to any of those of the boxers at our fairs. This fact, cited by Huber, has been studiously investigated. Again, one is seen trying to convince another by means of pantomime, and, failing to do so, resorts to a means shorter than discussion, by carrying her off on her shoulders to the point in view.

To believe that they communicate their thoughts, and that they understand each other in matters of moment, one has but to view their architectural works, their masonry, their carpentry, their care of the soil, their working and military organizations in order to be convinced.

The conclusion arrived at every time there is occasion to prove one is that all this is the result not of instinct, but of intelligence.

One day a silkgrower saw that some ants with a sweet tooth for his silkworms had climbed one of his mulberry trees and attacked and thrown the worms to the ground, where they were hurriedly carried away by the carriers. Wanting to put a stop to the theft, M. P. Besson, the narrator, encircled the trunk of the tree with a ring of bird lime, which for four days proved an impassable barrier. By the fifth the emergency had developed an engineer—an ant with a big grain of sand in her jaws deposited it in the lime, and then descended. Soon she was followed by others, who came to test this embryo bridge, and in turn descended. After 10 minutes every ant climbing the tree carried her grain of sand. Half an hour's work proved sufficient to make the bridge span the entire circle of lime, and prove large enough to yield passage to four ants walking abreast. The owner had not the heart to destroy their work, and as a reward for their skill abandoned the tree to them.

We have seen ants on an expedition, when interrupted by a stream, form a pontoon bridge of workers hitched one to another, over whose backs the army has passed dry shod. The passage made, the pontooners separated, and with many ineffectual efforts regained the shore as best they could.

All these facts show indisputable mental capacity. The study of this tiny creation reverses strangely the preconceived idea of man upon the inferiority of insects. After examining an ant hill, seeing the larvæ ranged in their cradles, taken about from place to place during the day as the sun's rays grow warm, tended with delicate and constant care by the nurses, who love them better than themselves; seen the nurses watch with anxiety the least movement of the head, and before they have time to be hungry put into their mouths a drop of nutritive liquid, and at the birth of the pupa seen the nurses aid nature by tearing with their mandibles the silken tissue, one feels that he knows these little beings quite familiarly. But aside from these traits of town life we find them possessed with others which fill us with astonishment and wonder.

See their cattle, their milch cows, their stables. Strange as it may appear, many of them own cows that they tend and milk, herds that they keep in special stables, that they consider as their property, that they defend against enemies and carry with them when they move from place to place. These herds are composed of vine-fretters and gall insects. They bring them home and milk them by sucking their abdomen, many being nourished exclusively upon this sweet liquid. They win them over by feeding them upon sprigs or roots, as their manner of life may be, and lodging them in airy pavilions or underground passages, according to their taste.

These little insects constitute their principal wealth, and as a farm with its cattle, so an ant-hill with its plant-lice is considered more or less rich, according to the number in possession. With what passion they wage war for the possession of a vine-fretter tree, and with what ludicrous tenacity they extricate these insects, larger than themselves, when they are embedded in the bark. They persevere in pulling them out, but as they are careful not to wound they do not hurt them. All this, together with the evident satisfaction the fretters show at being milked, proves them to be an important element in the domestic economy of their owners.

Their wars are too well known for us to enlarge upon them. Often ferocious and merciless, they are waged for the possession of the fretters and the larvæ destined to yield slaves. Their military procedures vary with different tribes. The jaw of the great slave, or amazon ant, is very strong, and armed with sharp-pointed saw-teeth. They attack their enemy by enclosing his head in their wide-open jaws and then wrenching it off. A smaller variety fall upon their adversaries' legs and pull them out. Again the modus operandi of the formica excesta is to spring upon his enemy's back and in dead earnest perform the quick job of sawing off his head.

Military tactics, with sentinels and reconnoisances, sieges according to rule, cities pillaged, children carried away, prisoners executed: all that ancient human warfare portrays, we see repeated to an exaggerated degree among ants. Some of them have so abused authority and carried tyranny to that extent that they have themselves become the slaves of their vassals and cannot exist without them.

Such is the case with the Amazon ants. These warriors in brown attire are puissant and redoubted knights whose aristocratic hands have never touched either wood or hammer, who contemn the art of building and the responsibilities of domestic life, whose implements of toil, the chisel, the saw, and the trowel, from long disuse have disappeared from their jaws to be replaced by two terrible cimeters fit only for works of murder and rapine. Their lives are spent carrying war and devastation among their peaceful neighbors for the possession of the valuable slaves which to them are as indispensable as to the newly born, for being without the faculty of feeding themselves these effeminate nabobs would perish with hunger beside the dantiest viands did not their devoted servitors place their food immediately within their mouths.

This varied social organization, with its castes and division of labor, its towns as populous as London or Paris, in which all the inhabitants recognize each other, its feuds between neighboring cities, its territories organized and defended, its wars, its combats, all show an intellectual state but slightly inferior to that of the savage human tribes in the heart of Africa or the islands of Oceanica. Ants even have their graveyards. Yes, real graveyards, placed at some distance from their cities, to which they carry their dead. Some tribes of ants have first-class tombs for their citizens of distinction and head masters and pits for the common herd. The first are placed side by side with great care, and the others heaped pell mell and without order. Again, I repeat, all this has been proven, together with many other facts too numerous to recall, notwithstanding the interest attaching to them.

Let us now speak of their mating, of that hour of love and intense passion when we see those whirlwinds of winged ants, lovers and their beloved, flying together in the afternoon of a warm autumn day, electrified, precipitating one another across the atmosphere in a fantastic round, intoxicated, lost, seemingly possessed with fury, carried away, trembling above the airy landscape, still soaring upward in the purple and gold of the setting sun, seeking in height some point to satisfy their growing fury, clinging to the rim of tower, belfry and roof, making the inoffensive loiterer a friend and helper, until, passion calmed and tired, night extinguishes the idyl in annihilation and death. The lovers of but eight days old breathe their last sigh, and the next day's sun will reveal their corpses to the ravenous birds to be swept from the earth's surface. Their mates tear out their wings, and for them, too, love has no morrow. The neuter ants surround them, and, aiding them in the work of pulling off their wings, care for and nurse them, awaiting the fruit of this hour of intoxication—the eggs, the posterity of the community.

Here, we see a wonderful creation, worthy of the student's attention; a creation different, certainly, from my own, but one in which analysis has revealed intellectual workings which we would not dare to put forward had we not scrupulously studied the subject. Here is a little being that thinks. Let us not go beyond this fact. An ant's brain thinks, and holds within its limit a world of ideas, impressions, decisions, and reasonings. 'Tis this fact above all others that I wish for the present to impress upon the thinking being, man.

I was curious to know what such a brain weighed. To ascertain this, I weighed neuter ants (the others not counting) of different species, in groups of 100 each, and I found among other results for the brown ant, the one most common in our country, that they weighed 15 centigrammes a hundred. One ant weighs one milligramme and a half. The same process showed that the head weighed about one-third that of the body, and dissection has proved the cerebral nervous system of this insect is about equal to a third of that of the head.

The result of all this proved that an ant's brain weighed about one-tenth of its body, that is, fifteen-hundredths of a milligramme. 'Tis in this minute particle that ideas originate and are worked out. What is life and what is thought. . . . Really this little brain is equal in greatness to the whole milky way, one of whose rays, traveling at the rate of 75,000 leagues a second, would probably take 20,000 years to reach us.—[Translated by William Drake, Bradford.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. Bowser Much Like Other Men in Thinking He Knows It All—A Striking Illustration.

[Detroit Free Press.]

I don't believe Mr. Bowser is any different from other men in the matter of supposing he knows it all. And, further, I suppose he is like all the rest of them in refusing to surrender his opinions when beaten. This is a trait in men I cannot understand, but I suppose nature gave it to them when she created them lords of creation.

I am prepared to acknowledge that I rebel against Mr. Bowser's assurance and assumption, and this fact has led to the family differences which have appeared in print. The other day I said to him as he came to supper:

"You forgot your umbrella this noon. Glad you got home before it rained."

"Rain—humph!" he muttered. "What do you know about the weather?"

"Can't I tell when the sky looks like rain?"

"No, nor no other woman!"

"Mr. Bowser, it will rain before morning."

"There isn't the least sign of it, and if there was you couldn't see it!"

It began raining before we went to bed, and I called his attention to the fact, but he went to the door and remarked:

"Nothing but a mist arising from the ground—just as I predicted this morning. It won't rain for a week."

"But it is raining. It is a regular downpour."

"Not one drop, Mrs. Bowser! The stars would shine but for this mist."

As luck would have it, his beaver overcoat had been put on the line to air, and the girl brought it in thoroughly soaked.

"If this isn't rain what do you call it?" I asked, as I showed him the garment.

"I call it a piece of cold-blooded malignity!" he hissed in reply. "In order to carry your point you sent the girl out to pour a dozen pails of water over my coat and ruin it! Mrs. Bowser, don't drive me too far!"

One evening something was said about our courting days, and I remarked to Mr. Bowser that he used to call me his angel and promise to hold me on his knee every evening of our married life.

"My angel! Hold you on my knee! Mrs. Bowser, are you getting soft-headed?"

"But you did."

"Never!"

"I can prove it by your love letters."

"If you can I'll buy you a thousand dollars worth of diamonds!"

In two minutes I had one of his old letters before his eyes. In it he not only called me his angel, but put an extra "l" on the name.

"Haven't I proved it?" I asked.

"Never! That isn't my handwriting at all!"

"Mr. Bowser, do you deny writing me this letter, in which you call me a dozen fond names, and in which you urge me to marry you three months ahead of the day first set?"

"Certainly I deny it! If you have any such letter it is a base forgery, and the forger ought to be sent to State prison!"

One evening I heard Mr. Bowser saying to a gentleman friend that the female sex were profoundly ignorant of anything but fashion, and the next morning I said to him:

"I see that Fairchild is for reform."

"Who—what? Who is Fairchild?" he sternly demanded.

"Why, the secretary of the treasury, of course. He advises that the revenues should be reduced by lowering the tariff."

"Mrs. Bowser, are you going crazy?"

"No, dear. I notice that 32,000,000 acres of land have been restored to the public domain since 1885."

"W-what?"

"And that the crisis between Russia and Austria cannot long be delayed."

"Mrs. Bowser!" he said as he laid down his knife and fork, "did I marry a woman or a Woodhull? Don't let me hear any more such talk from you as long as we live together!"

We lost our cook again last week through Mr. Bowser's obstinacy. I told him to send up a can of pumpkin for pies, and he brought up a can of peaches. When he sat down to the table with his mouth all made up for pumpkin pie, cook explained how he had changed the order.

"It can't be possible," he replied.

"But you sent peaches, sir."

"Don't you suppose I know pumpkin from peaches? I tell you I got pumpkin!"

"Here's the can, sir, and if these are not peaches I ought to be sent to an idiot asylum."

"Peaches! Um! Do you call these peaches?"

"I do."

"Hum! Yes! Mrs. Bowser, are these peaches?"

"Of course they are."

"And I sent 'em up?"

"Certainly. I just asked Smith through the telephone, and he says you asked for peaches instead of pumpkin."

"He does, eh? That settles Smith! I'll never trade another dollar with him! It is evident that I sent up a can of pumpkin, and that you two women have fed it to the hogs and substituted peaches to spite me; it's a joke I'll never forget—never!"

And he went off in high dudgeon, followed a little later by the girl, who said to me as she went:

"Poor lady, but did you never hear of this stuff they call Rough on Rats?"

THE WHOLE ALPHABET

In a Single Sentence of Seven Words and Thirty-one Letters.

[Youth's Companion.]

One of our exchanges calls attention to a queer contest that has been taking place recently, and ends with a challenge which, as a representative of young folks, we accept:

The idea is "to see who can produce the shortest grammatical sentence containing all the letters of the alphabet. It resulted in the following: 'John quickly extemporized five tow bags.' This sentence contains 34 letters. Can any of our young folks make a shorter one?"

Yes, we can. Evidently, while good grammar is necessary, sense is not required. Accordingly we offer this: My Jabez quickly vexed the wrong fops. Thirty-one letters, and no consonant repeated; and we believe it may be possible to accomplish the feat with 30 letters.

The Tariff Tax.

[Washington Critic.]

"Daniel," remarked the President with a sigh this morning, as he stood by the window and watched his wife's two dogs, well blanketed, walking up and down the back yard.

"Yes, sire," responded Daniel, drawing near the window.

"Do you see those two dogs?"

"Yes, sire."

"And their blankets, Daniel? Do you see them?"

"More than I see the dogs, sire."

"Yes, Daniel; those blankets cost me $18 in cash."

"Great heavens, sire!" gasped Daniel, clutching at his pocketbook.

"Yes, Daniel; and that's why I wrote my message so strongly in favor of tariff reform. Dog blankets are necessities of life, Daniel, and they must not be taxed."

Then the President sat down at his desk and resumed his labors.

Might Have Done Better.

[Merchant Traveller.]

"No sir," said a pompous little merchant, "I can't be trifled with. I know the world. I've been through it."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the travelling man to whom these remarks were addressed.

"I'm a self-made man; entirely self-made. What do you think of that, sir?"

"It strikes me that you might have done a good deal better to let out the contract."

BRIGHT YOUNGSTERS.

Smart Children's Sayings Sent in by Globe Readers.

The Little Girl Who Was Fooled on Santa Claus and Doubted God.

Being Mad and Being Angry Different—A Theory of Rain.

A Boston lady visiting in the country last fall with her sister, was one day seen by her little three-year-old niece at work upon some dainty little underwear for an expected arrival in the family.

"Who are those little baby's shirts for, aunty?"

Aunty says: "For a little baby that has no clothes to wear."

"Poor little baby," she said.

Nothing more was heard for a month, when one day the mother found her little girl busy packing some of its underwear now outgrown, and some old underwear of its parent's, into a valise.

"Why, darling, what are you doing with those things?"

"I am going to send them to auntie, for the poor little baby that hasn't any clothes."

"But why do you put in papa's and mamma's?" "Because if baby's papa can't buy little baby clothes, he can't buy any for himself."

A little eight-year-old, who was asked if she believed in what she read in the Bible, said: "Well, I don't know; I think some of it true."

"Do you believe in God's being?"

"Well, I don't know. They told me Santa Claus was a being, and I found they lied about it, and now I don't know whether to believe them about God or not."

Boston, Dec. 3. T. B. C.

They Do Have Sunday Out West.

One Sunday not long ago, Warren, 8, and Harry, 6 years old, the wide-awake sons of Mrs. B., who resides in K., Iowa, were rehearsing a wild west show and lassooing each other in the yard, while their mother was writing in the library. The boys making considerable noise Mrs. B., after speaking to them several times, told them to come into the house, as they were too noisy and it was Sunday. Warren laid down on a sofa in the parlor and Harry reclined on a lounge in the sitting-room, the doors of all three rooms being open. After thinking over their trials for a short time Warren said: "Harry, I 'spise Sonday; don't you?" Harry replied: "Yes, I 'test it; don't you?"

Salem, Dec. 7. L. W. B.

Saw a Piece of It.

A little one was held up by her mother and asked "if she saw the moon," which was then in its first quarter, but shining pretty well. Looking up quickly she answered: "I see a piece of the moon." J. W. F.

Boston, Dec. 4.

Made Her Father Happy.

In the house where I live is a little girl whose sayings are considered very bright. One day she and her brother were having a quarrel, as children often do. Her father came in and parted them quite unceremoniously. He told the brother not to quarrel with her, as she was a little fool. This rude speech made the girl quite indignant and she burst into tears. Her mother told her not to cry, for her father did not mean what he said. She then dried her tears and said she was not crying because she was a fool, but because she did not know whom she inherited it from.

This same girl's mother was in a melancholy frame of mind one day. She expressed a wish how she wanted to be buried after she was dead. After she had finished, the girl spoke up and said: "You forgot one thing, mother."

"What is it?" said her mother.

"You will want a band," was the reply.

"What will I want a band for?"

"So they can play 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' when they are coming home from the grave, to cheer father up." A. L.

Haverhill, Dec. 4.

This is Funny.

As little three-year-old Gertrude stepped from the cars in Worcester, Mr. B——, the conductor, assisted her to the platform, when she expressed her gratitude for the ride to grandma's by saying to him: "Thank you, Mr. Steam-cars."

Worcester, Dec. 8

Heard at Roslindale.

Uncle George was asking little Florence if she knew how to spell. "Can you spell cat?" he said.

"Oh, yes, I can spell that," she replied.

"Well, why don't you spell it, then?"

She looked very wise, but shook her head—"I don't know what kind of a cat you mean."

Little Carrie wanted a drink of water, and kept drawling out "I'm Thursday, I'm Thursday," till Florence got out of patience, and said "Why don't you be Friday."

Mrs. J. Pearce.

Roslindale, Nov. 29.

What Makes it Rain.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Little four-year-old to mamma—Mamma, can anybody make it rain?

Mamma—No, my dear; nobody but God.

Little four-year-old—I suppose he has got the things up there. D. V. B.

Hyde Park, Nov. 29.

A Hyde Park Boy.

Reading over the cute sayings of the little ones reminds me of our little Frank's speeches. He is 5 years old now. When 3 years old I gave him a picture book to look at, thinking it would keep him still while I was busy at a particular job. Instead of that he kept asking about this page and that until I told him he must keep still, that my hands were so full I could not tell him just now.

"Well" he says, "if your hands are full can't you tell me wif your mouf."

As he turned the pages over he came to a threshing machine and he wanted to know what that was. I told him what it was. He looked at it awhile, then broke out: "Oh, yes, a thrashing machine; a thing to thrash boys with."

The other day he was sitting on his father's lap, and he jumped off with: "Come, ma, let's go to the kitchen. I think I would feel better if I was chewing something."

Today he got out of humor. I was trying to explain to him how naughty it was, and that God did not like little boys to get angry.

"Well," he says, "I was not angry; I was mad, and that is a very different thing."

Hyde Park, Nov. 29. Mrs. S. L. R.

That Was Logic.

Last evening, while at the supper table, my three-and-a-half-year-old daughter noticed a mince pie, of which she is very fond, and asked if she could have some. On being told it was not fit to eat before going to bed, she said, "All right; can I have it after I go to bed?" Mrs. H.

Providence, R. I., Dec. 9.

To Bring God Some Wood.

I will add my mite to "The Sayings of Little Ones."

One day a little cousin of mine stood looking from the window at the rain. He was very anxious to go out and play and began to scold because it rained. His mother told him God sent the rain, and it was wrong for him to find fault. He stood a moment as if in deep thought, then exclaimed, "Well, why don't God wipe the rain before He comes it down."

At another time some repairs were being done on the house and an opening was left for two or three nights. Little Verdie felt troubled over it, and his mamma told him if he was afraid to ask God to take care of him. After the work was finished and he had retired at night, he called out: "Mamma, you tell God He needn't watch that hole any more, cause Sam has put the door up."

Again, one bitter cold day he asked his mamma if God wasn't cold. She explained as best she could that He was not. He then said: "Well, anyway, when my steers are grown up I shall haul up a cord of wood to God." Mrs. S.

Cambridge, Dec. 7.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Her Answer.

[E. W. in Life.]

She asked for time her choice to make;
I gave consent for her sweet sake.
For weeks I waited for her word
To free me from my fears absurd.

My heart beat high with joy and hope,
As quick I seized the envelope;
Alas, alas, for my regards!
Her answer was—their wedding cards.

A Freak of Nature.

[Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.]

An ugly girl, a handsome man,
And no one can tell whether
It comes by Fate's especial plan,
But—given a corner and a fan,
You'll find them there, together!

An ugly man, a handsome girl,
This rule, too, seems most certain:
Wherever dancers glide and twirl
They're sitting, safe from glare and whirl,
Paired off—behind a curtain.

My Love.

[C. E. Raymond in New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

She sits beside the babbling brook,
The south wind toying with her hair;
The roses lying in her lap
Are not so fair.

She sings a merry roundelay
The woodland choristers to greet;
The lark makes answer, but his song
Is not so sweet.

She twines a wreath of roses pale
With here and there a violet blue;
She little knows that in their midst
My heart is woven, too.

Plural Passion.

[Anonymous.]

Comprised within the narrow space
Of hair, lips, teeth and eyes,
The captivating charm we trace
Where siren power lies.

When young we love a woman best,
When older womankind;
We start with one, then all the rest
Attract the fickle mind.

And so we see when love's desire
New beauties do perplex,
It isn't woman we admire,
But we adore the sex.

The Philosophy of It.

[John Ernest McCann in New York Mail.]

A man must follow his heart, my dear,
And I must follow mine,
Until it's parcel and part, my dear,
Of thine.

A man must follow his heart, my love,
When it leaps from his breast
And seeks, with passion and art, my love,
For rest.

A man must follow his heart, sweetheart,
Night and day; for, in short,
Man without heart is a part, sweetheart,
Of naught.

The Secret.

[James Russell Lowell in January Atlantic.]

I have a fancy; how shall I bring it
Home to all mortals wherever they be?
Say it or sing it? Shoe it or wing it,
So it may outrun and outfly ME,
Merest cocoon-web, whence it broke free?

Only one secret can save from disaster,
Only one magic is that of the Master:
Set it to music; give it a tune—
Tune the brook sings you, tune the breeze brings you,
Tune that the columbines dance to in June!

This is the secret: so simple, you see!
Easy as loving, easy as kissing,
Easy as—well, let me ponder—as missing,
Known, since the world was, by scarce two or three

Tell Me.

[E. V. S. in Christmas Mirror.]

If tonight
I could dream true,
And cross the distance that forbids,
And come to you,
The while your folded lids
Shut out the sight—
If I might
Bend low and touch
Each of your sleeping eyes,
Would it, dear, be as much
Of happiness and sweet surprise
To you as me?
If it could be
That you would know
My lips upon your hand and hair,
Touching them so—
Would you, dear, hold me closer there,
Or might I go?

Tell-Tale Eyes.

[Jessie F. O'Donnell in Heart Lyrics.]

I think of eyes upturned to me
(The star-sweet eyes upturned to me),
Steeped in the warmth of summer nights,
Of star-gemmed, sweet-breathed summer nights,
Unfathomed, deep as midnight skies—
Dark eyes!

I dream of eyes upturned to me
(The dew-wet eyes upturned to me),
Like darkest purple pansy-blooms,
Like dew-dropped, wet-eyed pansy-blooms,
A hint of tears vanished there lies—
Soft eyes!

I look in eyes upturned to me
(The soul-strong eyes upturned to me),
My rapturous yearning hushed to calm,
My soul-deep, strong love hushed to calm,
To her white heights rebuked I rise—
Grave eyes!

An Actor's Ode to Winter.

[The Blade.]

The snow-flakes filling all the air
Fall slowly all the day,
Like programmes dropped by gallery kids
Down on to the parquet;
The leafless branches cracking loud
Above the tempest's roar
Sound like the beat of countless hands
That call for an encore.

The Storm King down the wintry blast
In mighty paces glides,
In tragic, histrionic steps
Like Henry Irving's strides;
The snow upon the frozen ground
Is lying deep and thick,
White as an actress' pallid face
Who eateth arsenic.

Under the Mistletoe.

[M. M. in Puck.]

Adown the oaken staircase
She comes with dainty tread,
In satin gown of quaintest cut,
With frosty lace o'erspread—
And a green bough of mistletoe
Hangs just above her head.

Her white throat rises stately
From out its snowy bed,
Her tender eyes are downcast,
Her lips are ruby red—
And a green bough of mistletoe
Hangs o'er her golden head.

Her slippered foot's soft patter,
Her ankle so well bred,
Set my poor heart a flutter;
Her ire I do not dread—
I only see the mistletoe
That hangs above her head.

I clasp her close and kiss her,
Not caring what is said,
For the truth is, if you'd know it,
We are already wed—
But then, a bough of mistletoe
Hangs just above her head.

What the Small Sister Saw.

[Puck.]

I saw him slip on the ring,
And I heard him whisper and say:
"You must not wear it where people can see,
For a year and a day."

They didn't know that I saw—
It was after our Christmas play—
And she was a milkmaid, and he was a beau;
I Queen of the May.

But I saw them behind the screen;
And I knew why they wished to stay;
And I quietly peeked around the edge—
Oh, wasn't it gay!

And now for a year at least
I shall have my own little way;
I shall feast on bonbons and caramels,
O sister May!

You will never complain of me
If I happen to disobey;
An if *he* doesn't want the engagement known—
Well, candy's pay.

It's uncommonly nice for me;
And uncommonly nice for May—
For he'll work for his bride—and for beside—me
For a year and a day!

JOHN SMITH'S DOUBLE.

[By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, in London Society.]

I am fully alive to the fact that the name of John Smith is neither rare nor original, that there is no flavor either of romance or of aristocratic origin about its abrupt dual monosyllables, and that it is alike ill calculated to arouse sympathy in feminine hearts or interest in feminine curiosity. Yet, in spite of these obvious drawbacks, I still maintain that it is a good, honest, John Bullish kind of name; that it has a ring of good sterling qualities and of sound common sense about it, and that, although it is owned by many hundreds of Englishmen, some of them, no doubt, in lowly ranks of life, and by others also in positions of the very highest respectability, it is, notwithstanding, a name of which no sensible man need be ashamed. And there is no doubt that I ought to be in a position to speak with authority on this subject, from the very simple fact that it is my own name.

Plain and simple John Smith. I am not John Orlando, or John Marmaduke, or John Algernon Smith; nothing of this kind was done by my godfathers and godmothers to soften or to mitigate the crudeness of the cognomen, no subterfuge was afforded me wherewith to cheat myself or my friends into soft delusions of a double surname or to supply a flavoring of refinement to a homely and unvarnished fact.

No; they had no consideration for me. Smith being my family name, they tacked a plain John on to it without the slightest delicacy of feeling, and apparently without the faintest shadow of remorse.

Brutal, however, as was their conduct, I am constrained, nevertheless, to own that as the events of this world frequently turn out in direct contradiction to any theories we may have formed beforehand concerning their probable issue, so the fact of my bald and unattractive name, instead of being at all prejudicial to my advancement in life, has, on the contrary, never stood in my way, and in one memorable and never-to-be-forgotten instance it has rendered me a great and inestimable service.

Something, in short, happened to me which altered for the better the whole of my life, and which never could have happened to me if my name had been Howard, or Vivian, or De Vere, or anything else, in fact, save plain and homely John Smith.

It was a year ago last Christmas time, on the 20th of December, that I started, full of good spirits and good health, from Euston Station to take a fortnight of well-earned holiday in one of the best known of our hunting counties.

I am passionately fond of hunting, but from the circumstances of my life had never hitherto been in a position to indulge in my favorite pastime. I am a barrister in fair practice, and although still a young man, my time was so little my own that I had never for some years been able to take even a week's holiday during the months that are consecrated to the sport of kings.

I did not, in fact, own a hunter of my own, and an occasional "mount" upon one of my friend's thoroughbreds was the nearest approach to the joys of the chase which I had enjoyed ever since I had been called to the Bar.

Well, last Christmas—the how, why and wherefore need not be entered into—I found myself unexpectedly with a clear idle fortnight upon my hands, in nice, mild, open weather, and nothing particular to do with it.

I had, I am deeply thankful to say, no family claims upon me; no home-gathering clamored for my presence amidst a tribe of unsympathetic, uncongenial brothers and sisters, and nobody who could be said to have the smallest right to interfere with my digestive organs, was able to compel me to make myself ill by devouring roast turkey, supplemented by that unspeakably horrible national dish so dear to the British heart; that compound of all abomination in cookery, that remnant of the orgies of a coarse and savage race which still maintains so obstinate a hold upon the affections of the country, and which we have hitherto looked in vain to the progress of civilization to sweep away—the Christmas plum pudding.

This at least was spared me.

My parents were dead, my only brother was in India, and my sister was wintering at Mentone with her husband and children.

I could do as I liked with my Christmas day, eat mutton cutlets and omelette aux fines herbes for my dinner if I chose, unthwarted and unreproved; and in my secret heart I determined to do so. Man, however, proposes, whilst woman very frequently disposes of these and similar rash determinations, as will be hereafter related.

Having, however, nothing to do but to please myself, I took the very sensible advice of a friend upon the subject.

"Go down and have a gallop in the shires, Jack," said this gentleman, Walter Ridway by name. I must, I think, here mention that my intimates, in kindly despite of the cruelty of my godparents, were in the habit of compromising matters by calling me "Jack."

I intimated that I did not quite see my way to this as I had no hunters, and it seemed hardly worth while to invest in a stud for a couple of weeks.

"Oh! of course you needn't do that," cried Ridway; "but what you can do is to go down to the 'Fox and Hounds' at Shellerton and get my old friend Dickson, the landlord, to fit you out; it's a capital inn, he does you first rate, and he has got some very decent animals; you can hire a fresh quad every day, and you'll not find yourself worse mounted than nine men out of ten whom you'll meet out, I can tell you. Dickson knows me well. I stopped there a month two years ago, and had a ripping good time. If you write to him and mention my name he'll look after you and give you the best."

"Why don't you come, too?"

"Can't, my dear boy. The guv'nor would never forgive me if I didn't go home for Christmas; he's getting old, you see, and I'm wanted to carve the turkey."

"Ah! poor fellow!" and I sighed my compassion for him from the very bottom of my heart.

To make a long story short, I took Walter's advice, and, having settled with my clerk to be away a fortnight, I took my place in the express at Euston with the full determination of enjoying my short holiday thoroughly.

It was a first-class carriage, and I believed I was going to have it to myself. I spread out my rugs and deposited my dressing-bag and bundle of hunting crops and sticks on the seat beside me, and proceeded to unfold my special edition, when suddenly I became aware of a little group of ladies on the platform just outside.

"Here, this carriage will do, Ethel—is this through to Shellerton, guard?" The guard touched his cap and opened the carriage door—my carriage door.

"You had better jump in," continued the elderly lady who had first spoken, but the two younger ladies in the group were holding each other's hands and whispering to each other; apparently they had a very good joke between them, for they laughed and laughed again, and I overheard one of them say, "He might be in the train, you know," to which the one addressed before as Ethel replied, 'Don't; you make me shudder! and besides I am in hopes he won't come at all. He has never answered papa's last letter, now it is getting so near he evidently doesn't relish the prospect. He only said in his last that he would take us unexpectedly some day."

"I assure you I am told he is a very good fellow, and some people would think you remarkably lucky," replied the other.

And then there was more laughing and more whispering.

The guard came up. "Get in! get in!" cried the elder lady, "you will be left behind."

"Goodby, Ethel."

"Goodby, Kate," cried the girls, and Miss Ethel—she was after all the taller and better looking of the two—sprang into the carriage, the door was shut to, but she still hung out of the window blowing kisses and waving her hands to her friends upon the platform until the train carried us out of the station.

Then she drew back with the smile still upon her lips, and quite by accident her eyes met mine. Perhaps she had hardly realized before that there was anybody else in the carriage. She got rather red, pursed up her lips into sudden gravity, and went and sat down by the further window.

I took as many furtive glances at her as I dared, but she opened her book and looked so primly and so persistently at its pages that I had no other alternative than to study my newspaper in dignified and respectful silence.

After about half an hour of this course of action something quite irresistible made me suddenly lower my paper. I found my companion's eyes fixed, not upon me, as perhaps in my vanity I had fondly hoped, but upon something beside me upon the seat; and the expression in her face was so singular and so intent that I could not help following the direction of her eyes to find out what she could possibly be staring at with such evident curiosity.

I found that she was looking at a white luggage label which my housekeeper had tied to the handle of my bag, and upon which the careful soul—fearful, no doubt, lest like the little boy going back to school I should "take and lose myself"—had written in a large and bold hand:

"Mr. John Smith, passenger, Shellerton."

This was what was absorbing the attention of my fellow-traveller.

Her gaze was one of such extraordinary and peculiar interest that it quite startled me. Was she merely astonished to find that I was bound for the same station as herself, or is it possible that she had never met anybody of the name of John Smith in her life before?

I moved uneasily in my place. She lifted a pair of beautiful dark eyes, and fixed them on my face.

"Is your name really John Smith?" She did not blush at all as she asked this.

I murmured a somewhat confused assent.

"Are you going to Shellerton?"

"Yes."

"You are going to hunt?"

"Yes, I hope so."

"Then you have made up your mind to come to Shellerton, after all?"

I began to be slightly bewildered.

"I have certainly made up my mind to go to Shellerton," I answered, smiling. This pretty young lady was assuredly somewhat eccentric.

"Where are your horses?" she asked, after a short pause, during which she continued to look at me with evident interest.

"Well—" this question was somewhat difficult to answer; I hesitated.

"I hope you have not sent any down from London; papa would be so much annoyed."

"Indeed; why so?"

"Because he expects to mount you—he would be quite hurt if you brought horses—he is looking forward to mounting you?"

"That's very good of him, I murmured, and then I ran my hand rather wildly through my back hair. There was beginning to be an element of the Arabian nights in it; was I going mad, or was I dreaming?

"I think I must introduce myself to you," here said my companion, with the prettiest smile and blush in the world; "although I dare say you guess who I am—I am Ethel Hilton—now I think you know a good deal about me," she added, laughing outright, and at that she put forth a pretty little brown-gloved hand and laid it confidingly and unceremoniously in mine.

I felt that she must be laboring under some extraordinary mistake, and that it had become my duty to endeavor to set things right.

"You are most kind, Miss Hilton, but really I do not know what to say—it is very embarrassing—"

"Very embarrassing," she admitted at once, with an engaging candor; "but we must make it as little embarrassing as we can, and after all, you know—" and here she looked down shyly and withdrew her hand from mine—"after all I may not like you—or you may not like me."

"But I do like you," I cried; "how could I possibly do otherwise than like you? And I cannot help hoping you like me a little bit—or else—"

"Or else I should not have introduced myself to you," she said, finishing off quite glibly and calmly the sentence I had hardly ventured to conclude myself. "No, that is quite true. Very well, then, Mr. Smith, we will, if you like, agree that at all events we are not prejudiced against each other," and thereat she smiled at me so bewitchingly and looked so ravishingly lovely that my heart began to beat and my head to go round.

Once more I made a deliberate effort for conscience sake.

"Are you quite certain, Miss Hilton, that you are not making some mistake—that—that—you are not taking too much for granted about me? Your father, for instance—you mentioned your father—I don't know him at all, you know."

"No, of course you don't know him," she answered, with undisturbed serenity. "Of course you don't know him; how could you know him? But he is prepared to like you, and he was very fond of your father, you know."

"Was he?"

"Oh! very. He constantly talks about him."

"Does he?" I began to give myself up to my fate; what was the use of struggling?

"Are you sure that you know who I am?" I asked once more in a battered and feeble tone of voice—it was the last struggle of an expiring entity.

"Of course I know," she laughed. "You are Mr. John Smith whom we are expecting, and you are on your way to Shellerton to stay with papa at Shellerton Hall."

"I had intended to stay at the inn—at the 'Fox and Hounds,'" I murmured.

"At the inn!" she exclaimed, with a horror-stricken look. "Great heavens! don't let papa ever hear that you contemplated such a thing; he would be mortally offended—he would never forgive you. For heaven's sake, if he meets me at the station, do not breath a word of such a thing to him; take it as a matter of course that you are coming to us; he has been expecting you for days."

"Has he really?"

"At the inn indeed!" she repeated, as though unable to get over the enormity of the suggestion. "How angry he would be if he heard of it! the son of his dearest friend! You know they were at Westminster together."

"I think my father was at Winchester, not Westminster," I murmured.

"Oh, no, he wasn't; it was at Westminster," she answered quite confidently. "You are confusing the two together because they both begin with a W. He was at Westminster."

I began to feel sure that it must have been Westminster.

"It was the most romantic friendship, wasn't it?" she continued; "the sort of thing one reads of in books, but scarcely ever meets with in real life. Well, you and I can conceive how great and extraordinary the romance of it was by the singularity of the upshot of it, which is, as you said, very embarrassing for us," and here she laughed quite merrily and gayly, blushing a little, too, as she laughed. It seemed to me that I was listening to a chapter of my family history of which I surely ought to have been cognizant, but of which I was somehow in absolute ignorance. What on earth had my worthy and defunct parent done or said? What folly had he been guilty of? What extraordinary mental attitude towards me had he by his actions brought about in the opinions of Mr. and Miss Hilton?

"You know, I suppose, that my father is dead?" I thought I might venture to say, with a becoming gravity of demeanor.

"Oh, yes," and her face became grave at once. "I ought not to have laughed, I suppose. It was very thoughtless of me, but then he died such a long time ago."

"Five years."

"Five years! Oh, more than that; seven at the very least. I can't forget it, because, though I was quite a child, papa was so horribly miserable; he never spoke a word to me for a week, I remember. I was fourteen, I know, so that makes it seven years ago, for, as you know, I am just twenty-one."

I really had not the heart to contradict her. Perhaps it was I who was mistaken, and perhaps time had gone on faster than I had imagined, and that it was really seven years ago since my poor old father died. Instead of disputing the fact, I only murmured with fatuity; as I gazed adoringly into her lovely eyes:

"So you are twenty-one."

"Well, I suppose there is no danger of your forgetting that tiresome fact, is there?" she answered, laughing. "It is brought home to you tolerably vividly, I imagine. It's horrid, of course, for both of us; but there it is, and the sooner we face it and get over it the better."

I flung myself back with a sigh of despair. She was talking to me in riddles.

"For heaven's sake explain yourself," I exclaimed. "Tell me what you mean."

One would have thought the question was simple enough, and needed no apology, but my young lady did not take it at all simply. She looked exceedingly angry, and cried hotly:

"I explain myself! I enter into meanings of things! Surely, Mr. Smith, you forget yourself. It is certainly for you, not for me, to make explanations," and, biting her pretty under lip, she turned petulently away and looked out of the window, with a deeply offended air.

I could make nothing of it; only I was miserable because I had annoyed her.

"Please forgive me," I murmured penitently; "I assure you I had no intention of vexing you."

She turned her head, mollified at once by my regretful tone.

"Well, let us say no more about it," she said hurriedly. "Here we are close to Shellerton, and papa will be on the platform. Whatever is to happen later, let us at all events begin by being good friends; it would look so bad to quarrel just at first, and it would cause poor papa so much annoyance."

She held out her hand in a friendly way, and I shook it heartily.

"Of course we will be good friends now and always," I answered cordially, and the answer seemed to please her, for she smiled at me and replied:

"That's right; stick to that, and then we shall not fall out again."

Five minutes later I found myself standing on the platform of Shellerton station, with my worldly goods and chattles grouped around my feet, shaking hands with a very nice-looking old gentleman with iron-gray whiskers, and a pleasant wrinkled old face.

"Fancy, papa, this is Mr. John Smith!" had been my fellow-passenger's introduction: "I was in the same carriage, and we have made friends already."

"John Smith! are you really John Smith?" cried Mr. Hilton, with absolute excitement.

With perfect truthfulness I replied that John Smith was indeed my name. Both hands were immediately grasped and shaken with effusion.

"My dear, dear boy, how truly delighted I am to see you. Why did you not telegraph? Not that it matters, since I happen to be at the station; but if Ethel had not been coming down there might have been no carriage to meet you. However, 'all's well,' and a hearty welcome to you, my boy. Ah! you are like your father—his very image; the same blue eye, the same fine figure, the same bright, noble face and curly hair. I should have known you anywhere."

I must here pause to remark as a physiological curiosity that the power of the human imagination is absolutely illimitable. I endeavored to blush modestly at the compliments that were being showered upon me, but fear that I only succeeded in looking sheepish.

"That monkey," continued my host, nudging me slyly and pointing to his daughter, who had gone off towards the barouche which was waiting outside the station, "that monkey thought you would not be good-looking enough for her, but I always told her, like father like son; if a man's a handsome fellow it stands to reason his son will be a handsome fellow too, and you see I was right, my boy, quite right."

Mr. Hilton seemed to be quite as much pleased with me as his daughter had been. It was very odd, but at the same time it was very agreeable.

Presently I found myself in the barouche bowling rapidly along through pleasant country lanes for about three or four miles until we reached the gates of a stately graystone mansion, where a butler and two footmen hurried forward to meet us, and a courtesying housekeeper showed me into a spacious apartment, which, from its size and position, I rightly judged to be the best spare room of the whole house.

For the next three days I have but a bewildered recollection of the course of events; I only know that I was spoilt and made much of in a way that I had never before experienced in my whole life; that my lightest wish was forestalled, my every comfort studied with scrupulous exactitude. Every morning a splendid hunter stood at the door to carry me to hounds, a different one, let it be understood, every day, and I rode forth between my host and his beautiful daughter, and enjoyed the best of sport combined with the most delightful companionship, and every day I fell more deeply and overpoweringly in love with Ethel Hilton. I could look at nothing, think of nothing, see nothing but her. Whether she was cantering by my side in the faultlessly made dark cloth habit, with the bright color and the wind-ruffled hair, or whether she was laughing to me across the dinner table in her pretty white evening dress, or singing some old ballad in the evening in the dreamy corner by the piano, she was always and ever absolutely and infinitely charming in every position of life. I had never been in love before; I was in love now—wildly, desperately, madly in love. Sometimes in the glamour of it all I felt as if I could not be myself, as if what was happening to me was too good to be a living reality and again and again in my sane moments I felt that I was living in a fool's paradise, and that there was something about it all that I could neither understand nor account for.

I do not mean to excuse myself. Of course I was doing wrong; of course I knew that there was something in the background which was a mystery, and which would have to be cleared up some day; of course I knew that I was wilfully blinding myself and trying not to look before my nose. Sometimes this intuitive knowledge would obtrude itself upon me with an overwhelming force; as, for instance, when one evening after dinner Mr Hilton asked me how I had liked India, and with a guilty knowledge of my duplicity I answered shortly, "Not at all," knowing very well that I had never been there, upon which Mr. Hilton, puffing away at his cigar, had replied:

"Well, I do not suppose you are the kind of man who would like it, but no doubt you have your theories upon Indian government and finance."

"Oh, plenty of them," I answered airily, and straightway began to pour forth an epitome of my brother Ned's last letter upon the subject, he being a man of great experience and endless crotchets on that topic. Mr. Hilton listened with much attention and infinite patience to my diatribe, and ended by declaring that he agreed with me fully and entirely upon every point I had touched upon.

I felt an awful traitor; but when immediately after we went into the drawing-room, and Ethel beckoned me with a smile to her side, she looked so lovely, and her beautiful eyes met mine with so melting a glance of love and confidence, that I felt that, traitor or no, I could not fling to the winds the position I began to feel sure I had won in her affections.

Things went on in this way for four days; there was no other guest staying in the house, and Christmas eve arrived with no change or alteration in the current of our lives, save that Ethel and I became more in love with each other every hour, for I felt certain by this time that my darling returned my affection.

Christmas eve, after dinner, something happened which gave a new complexion to my wooing. When Mr. Hilton and I were left alone over our wine, the father of my beloved, looking at me in a very straightforward manner, said suddenly; "John"—he called me John in an almost fatherly manner—"John, don't you think it is about time we had this little matter settled?"

"Sir?" I faltered, not knowing in the least what he was alluding to. Uncertain what it was that he expected me to say, I remained silent, gazing down steadfastly at my wine glass. After a brief silence he resumed:

"I don't like shuffling or beating about the bush, John; it isn't my way."

"Neither is it mine, Mr. Hilton—surely you must know that," and then I was silent again. My host was silent, too; but although I did not look at him, I felt that his eyes were fixed upon me anxiously and expectantly. There was something evidently which at this juncture it was apparently my bounden duty to say. What on earth could it be?

I racked my brain in vain—no solution would come to me save one so wild and so presumptuous that I would have died sooner than give the faintest hint to it. Still, it was clear that something must be said; only what in the name of heaven ought it to be?

We both remained silent so long that at last the situation verged upon the ridiculous; in my despair I lifted my eyes and said quite piteously, "Mr. Hilton, I entreat you to assist me in my perplexity."

"No, no, John; that is impossible! I have done my share—now it is for you to do yours. I have given you plenty of time and opportunity; there is nothing now for you to do but speak out."

Apparently. But what was I to speak about? there was the mischief of it.

By this time Mr. Hilton was looking at me quite sternly and disapprovingly. Seeing that I still remained hopelessly and helplessly tongue-tied he resumed, with an accent of sorrowful displeasure:

"Your dear father, John, was of a more candid and open nature than you are; he would not have trifled at such a moment."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Hilton!" I cried, distractedly, "tell me what I am to say to you."

"The truth, sir—the truth at any cost," replied my host, with a noble indignation burning in his keen and angry eyes.

"I have no other desire than to speak the truth, Mr. Hilton," I gasped; I really felt as if I was going to choke, "only—only—"

"Only the truth is apparently painful to you?" he inquired, coming unexpectedly to my assistance in a not unkindly manner, and adding soothingly; "If this is indeed so, do not be afraid to say so; of course it will be a bitter disappointment to me, but I shall know how to bear it with fortitude, only be honest with me."

I was more in the dark than ever.

"Sir, I would not cause you disappointment for the world after all your kindness to me—it would indeed be the basest ingratitude on my part." I really thought this was quite a safe, general sort of a remark to make; it also had the merit of being strictly true. Nevertheless it was not taken in good part by my companion.

"Now, indeed you are trifling!" he exclaimed indignantly and hotly; "to talk to me of 'kindness' or of 'ingratitude' is but a paltry evasion, a mere playing with the subject—it is trifling of the basest kind."

"I have no wish to trifle. I assure you, sir, nothing is further from my thoughts than to trifle," I hastened to exclaim; for it was quite evident that "trifling," whatever that might be taken to mean, was in my friend's eyes an offence of the direst and blackest character. "I do not mean to trifle, I wish to be serious—very serious." I added after a moment's pause, seeing that the word produced a somewhat mollifying effect upon him.

"I am glad of it, John, very glad," he said; "upon so serious a subject, it is well to avoid levity. I am sure you must agree with me."

I assented eagerly; my conscience was free from blame. I was unaware of having entertained any sensations of levity. "Agony," indeed, would more fitly describe my state of mind.

As it seemed that it was the right thing to be serious, I thought I could not do better than continue to harp upon the same string.

"I never was more serious in my life," I exclaimed; "in point of fact, I am far too serious. I should be a lighter-hearted man could I be less serious."

This also was perfectly true.

But it seems that I now overshot the mark. How hard it is to do exactly the right thing in this world!

Mr. Hilton rose from his chair and began pacing the room in evident and uncontrollable agitation.

"Ah, then, it is as I feared," he muttered brokenly; "the hopes of a lifetime are destined to be shattered—and I had believed, yes, firmly believed, that all was going to turn out well. My friend," turning round and standing still before my chair, "I can only thank you for your considerate candor and for your honesty."

I murmured a modest disclaimer.

"Of course I see that it was a very delicate and difficult thing for you to tell me, but I understand your reluctance and appreciate your hesitation—you need not say another word—I see it all, and deeply as I deplore your decision I can, of course, only applaud your honesty—for such a subject does not admit of anything but the absolute truth. I can only repeat that I regret that it cannot be, for I like you, John Smith—I like you very much indeed, for your own sake as well as your father's; I should have liked it to be, but as it is impossible I can only say that it is better to be frank and to say so at once. I suppose you would like to go away tomorrow morning?" he inquired in a calm and off-hand manner.

My jaw fell—literally, my jaw fell.

"Go away—tomorrow morning?" I repeated blankly; "go away—tomorrow—Christmas day?"

"Yes; to be sure it is Christmas day!" he replied unconcernedly, "but," reaching his hand out for a "Bradshaw" that lay on a side table hard by, "the trains are the same as on Sunday, and there is a good Sunday morning train from Shellerton at 9.40. You could breakfast in your room and get off quietly without seeing Ethel—it will be better so."

"Mr. Hilton, now, indeed, you are cruel to me," I cried with great agitation; "why are you turning me out of your house, on Christmas day, of all days of the year, too? What have I done to deserve such treatment? and why may I not see Eth—your daughter again? Why do you treat me so harshly?"

Mr. Hilton looked at me through his eyeglasses, over the top of the "Bradshaw" in his hand, wonderingly and curiously, as though I had been a new species of animal.

"Bless my soul, the man must be mad!" he ejaculated, "How can you remain in my house after what you have just told me, sir? How can you be permitted to subject my daughter to the humiliation of your presence when you have just this very minute declined to marry her?"

I sprang to my feet as if I had been shot.

"Declined to marry her—to marry Ethel? Good God! what on earth can you be dreaming about? I decline to marry Ethel! when it is the very dearest wish of my heart, the most intense hope of my whole being to win her for my wife! Mr. Hilton, it is you who must be mad—absolutely stark, staring mad!"

I really did not know any longer what I was saying. I tore wildly across the room between the fireplace and the windows, uttering broken ejaculations of despair, intermingled with the outpourings of my wounded and injured affections.

Suddenly I felt myself arrested, grasped by both arms, and brought to a standstill in my headlong career upon the middle of the hearthrug.

"John, my dear, dear boy, is it possible that I have misunderstood you entirely? that I am laboring under a strange delusion?"

"Yes, yes; indeed you are," I cried. Of that there was no sort of doubt whatever, although what the exact nature of the delusion was I really could not determine.

"Then you do not altogether dislike my Ethel?"

"Dislike her! Great heavens, Mr. Hilton, have you not seen that I adore the very ground she stands upon?"

"Then why on earth should you have hesitated to say so, my dear boy? In fact, why have you not spoken long ago? Why did you wait for me to open the subject?"

"Mr. Hilton, how could I speak so soon? How could I tell how you—how she would receive my bold and presumptuous hopes?"

Mr. Hilton laughed pleasantly. "Oh, as to me, I think you know my wishes well enough—they coincide of course with my duty—and as to Ethel, why she has looked upon herself as your betrothed wife ever since your father died."

This was a new feature of the case indeed. I stared at him speechlessly.

"Of course she knew that she was destined for you, and was prepared to receive you as her lover—only one cannot force people's inclinations in this enlightened century, so that it was necessary that you should spend a few days together so as to see whether you could hit it off; if you had not liked her you were bound to retire; or if she had not liked you it would have become my duty to tell you so."

"And—and—does she like me?" I asked tremblingly.

Mr. Hilton laughed. "Aha! sly dog, as if you didn't know! Does she like you? Go and ask her, sir. Pity you have not asked her sooner, say I. Go and ask her, my boy; go and ask her," and taking me by the shoulders he pushed me playfully out of the door into the hall, closing the door of the dining-room upon himself so as to shut me outside.

I stood for a moment with my hands up to my head. I felt almost stunned with the strangeness of my position and bewildered with the magnitude of my good fortune. What did it all mean? Who and what did Mr. Hilton take me for? What incomprehensible mystery lay in the background behind all this?

I could not tell. I did not know, nor did I wish to know. Why should I desire to pry into what was so fair from the outside? I heard the tinkle of Ethel's piano across the hall. No doubt she was waiting for me; wondering why I had stayed away so long tonight. With hasty steps I crossed the hall and opened the drawing-room door, closing it quickly behind me so that she could see at once that her father was not following me, and that I had come to her alone.

She half rose from the piano, the roseate lamplight fell upon her sweet face and upon the white folds of her dress. In two seconds I was by her side, and I hardly know what I did or what I said; only that when I could speak again she was in my arms, her dear head upon my shoulder and her beating heart clasped against my own.

"So you really do love me, my darling?" I murmured ecstatically:

"You've been a very long time waiting to ask me," she answered with a little saucy toss of her chin.

"A long time! Why, Ethel, I only wonder at my own presumption in daring to ask you so soon; at my good fortune in becoming your accepted lover already," I cried, for really it did seem hard to be accused of backwardness after a four days' acquaintance.

"Oh, but Jack," she answered, resting her head fondly against my shoulder, "is not our case different to that of all other lovers?"

I have often been told that this delusion is shared by each successive couple of lovers all over the world; so her question did not surprise me; indeed, being very much in love with her, I thought it a very sweet and bewitching remark to make. I murmured a fond assent, and clasped her more closely to my heart.

"You see," she continued, "you and I have been just made for one another"—this also I thought I had read in some novel not long before—"does it not seem to you as if we had known each other for years; as if our souls had been together, our lives only tending towards one another, awaiting in a sort of blessed expectancy until the happy moment came that was to bring us together?"

I have always remarked that Ethel is very sentimental; all nice women are, I think. I could not conscientiously say that I had experienced all this myself, and I said so, politely, of course, but still unmistakably.

"I don't think, dearest, that I have been given to as many dreams of that kind as you have. You see I have had work to do in the world. I don't, to speak honestly, believe I ever gave it much thought until the moment I met you."

She looked so grieved that I hastened to add, "Although of course I knew there was a dear little wife waiting for me somewhere in the world."

The happy look came back into her pretty face. We sat down on the sofa together and proceeded to make ourselves very comfortable in a thoroughly lover-like manner.

"The only thing I regret," she said presently, "is, that we should have waited so long. If I had seen you when I was eighteen I should have liked you just as much. It was papa, you know, who insisted that you were not to see me until I was twenty-one—that was his doing."

This remark set me thinking so hard that I could not speak for a few minutes.

At last I said something I did not quite mean to have said.

"Ethel, are you quite sure that you ever heard of me before I came down here?" I asked her gravely.

"Heard of you? you foolish boy! I have heard of nobody else, I think," she cried, laughing merrily.

"But always from your father only?"

"Oh, dear, no; I have heard a great deal about you from Kate Ridway, that girl who was on the platform at Euston, you know."

"Kate Ridway!" I repeated in surprise: "not, surely, the sister of—"

"Yes, the sister of your great friend, Mr. Walter Ridway; he was hunting down here two years ago. Unluckily at the time we never found out that he knew you, although he dined here several times; it was only after he went away that Kate, who is my greatest friend, mentioned one day that her brother's greatest friend was John Smith. You may imagine how excited and interested I was, and how many questions I asked about you."

"I don't know Miss Kate Ridway."

"No, I know you don't, but she has heard all about you from her brother Walter, who does nothing but sing your praises. I used to pretend to Kate that I was sure I should not like you, or that you would not like me; but she always told me she thought me a very lucky girl, for that you were a delightful person; and she was quite right, for so you are, darling."

After that speech, what could a man in my position do but accept the goods the gods provided for him with a thankful heart and with a determination to enjoy without any arriere pensee all the blessings which an astonishingly bountiful fortune had flung with a curious persistence at my head ever since the fortuitous moment when I had taken my first-class ticket to Shellerton at the Euston terminus!

That Christmas day will long be remembered by me as the most wonderful and memorable day of my whole life.

We walked to church together—my love and I and my future father-in-law. After breakfast he said to me smilingly;

"Tomorrow morning, my dear John, you and I must go into ways and means together; I have written to Mr. Close, my solicitor, to be here at eleven o'clock with all the necessary documents to meet you."

"Certainly, Mr. Hilton—I am prepared, of course, to do my utmost—"

"Hush! hush! not a word now," cried the old man, holding up his hand. "I forbid you to mention the subject today. Today, my dear boy, is Christmas day, and on this 'day of days' I desire that no worldly considerations shall spoil your happiness. Oh! John, I only wish your dear father were with us; that alone is wanting to make our joy complete; how blessed this Christmas day would have been to him!"

"I am sure, sir, my poor father would have been very glad if he could have seen me today and have welcomed Ethel as a daughter," I replied truthfully.

"Yes, he would indeed; the dream of his life, poor dear fellow, and he never lived to see it! Ah, well! I will not sadden you by speaking of him; but of course to me, in my old age, he is powerfully present on this eventful day."

I held my tongue discreetly, for I confess I could not imagine why my poor old father should have been so specially rejoiced at my engagement to Ethel, although no doubt he would have given us his blessing; but he would not, I am sure, have waited till the morrow to inquire what amount of fortune she was likely to inherit, for he had been a practical and business-like man, far more so than I was. The measure of his gratification at the match would no doubt have depended a good deal upon the sum which old Hilton was prepared to put down; whereas I can honestly say that I really had hardly given the subject a thought; save that, as the only child of a rich man, I was of course conscious that she could not be actually penniless.

Well, the day passed as Mr. Hilton had desired that it should, in calm and tranquil happiness. We went to church together, we knelt side by side and sang out of one hymn book, then came lunch and a long ramble along with Ethel through the least frequented country lanes we could select; then, when we came in, a little pottering about the gardens and stables before it was time to dress for dinner. At dinner Mr. Hilton requested me to carve the turkey. My dreams of mutton cutlets and savory omelette were, of course, by the force of circumstances, dashed to the earth, and I sat down meekly and orthodoxly to roast turkey and plum pudding with a calm resignation quite beautiful to behold. There were also mince pies at that repast and a new Stilton cheese, and some hot sweet biscuits were handed round afterwards in the shape of small boxes which were called "mangers," in allusion, I imagine, to some of the religious rites of the day, and which Ethel forced me to partake of, although I must confess they were excessively nasty; it required several glasses of my host's excellent old port wine to wash out the taste of them.

Dinner over, we adjourned to the drawing-room; Mr. Hilton drew his armchair up to the fire, unfolded his Field and buried his head between its pages.

"Don't mind me, young people," he said to us considerately, and it must be admitted that we took him very literally at his word; we didn't mind him in the least. We sat in the shadowy corner by the piano and were supremely and sublimely happy. Sometimes Ethel sang a verse of a song or played a little tune, but the song generally broke down, and the tune ended oddly in the middle of a bar, and all sorts of happy follies were said and done during that blessed hour.

All at once Ethel lifted up her head and said: "Hush, I hear carriage wheels coming up the drive."

"Impossible, at this hour and on this day."

"Oh, but I do," she cried, and sure enough a carriage drove up close outside and the door-bell rang loudly.

Mr. Hilton started up in his chair.

"Good gracious! who on earth can it be?" he cried; "visitors at such an hour?"

"It must be a mistake," murmured Ethel apprehensively.

Footsteps were heard in the hall outside—voices, too, as if some sort of discussion were going on between the servants and the intruders.

The suspense did not last long. The door was suddenly thrown wide open. We saw a gentleman with a red beard advancing across the hall towards us, and the butler said in a remarkably clear and distinct voice:

"Mr. John Smith."

If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst it could not have produced a greater effect upon us. Mr. Hilton turned as white as ashes; his mouth fell open, he looked bewilderedly and rapidly first at the newcomer, then at me, then back again at him. Ethel uttered a low cry and sprang to her feet, while as to me, my heart gave one wild thump and then stood absolutely stock still within me.

Meanwhile the gentleman just announced came smilingly forward and extended a somewhat red and bony hand towards Mr. Hilton. He was a thin, ill-made man, with stooping shoulders and a narrow chest; his complexion was sallow and unwholesome; his eyes appeared to be weak and short-sighted, and he wore a long and ill-kempt tawny red beard. His clothes were badly made and badly fitting, and he had in addition an underbred and unctuous appearance, which produced a strong feeling of disgust in my mind as I surveyed him. There was, however, no lack of assurance in his aspect, nor in the airy and confident manner in which he addressed Mr. Hilton.

"At last I have been able to get away, dear sir," he said blandly, "and to avail myself of your many kind and hospitable invitations."

"Sir, I am at a loss—" began the old man hesitatingly. "Did I hear your name aright, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly, my good friend, and believe me, I should but for the pressure of business have been here in time to join your family circle around the festive Christmas board. However, I well know that I am welcome, even at this late hour. I come here, in fact, with the confidence of a son to a father's house to claim at your hands the sweet bride who has awaited my coming. Ah! I see her sitting here. Allow me, my dearest young lady, whose beauty indeed I perceive has not been over-rated, allow me to —." Here the wretch advanced with outstretched hands to where Ethel was standing. What he intended to do or to say I cannot say, for she, like a frightened deer, fled precipitately at his approach and took refuge by me on the farther side of the table.

Mr. Hilton was by this time gasping for breath.

"What is the meaning of this? Who are you? What is your business here?" And then, as though a sudden thought had struck him with a crushing force, he turned round upon me, whilst his arm swayed heavily up and down as he pointed at me: "And great heavens! who—who—who, then, is this man?"

The poor old man was purple in the face. I really thought he was going to have a fit.

Hereupon Mr. John Smith—not me, the other one—very deliberately took a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, wiped them carefully with a yellow silk handkerchief and placed them on his nose. Then he favored me with a steady and prolonged stare.

"I am not able to tell you who that gentleman is, Mr. Hilton. I have never to my knowledge seen him before," he said with an irritating calmness. "But I have no difficulty in enlightening you with regard to myself. I am John Smith, the son of your old friend, who, by a mutual arrangement between you and him, is destined to become your daughter's husband upon her attaining the age of 21, in order that the two fortunes which you and my lamented father accumulated side by side should be united upon our marriage. This, I believe, was exactly as the matter was stated in my father's will. I have therefore presented myself, according to this agreement, at the earliest date, consistent with the claims of business, after the twenty-first birthday of your daughter, which occurred on the fifteenth day of November last, in order to claim her as my promised wife."

Ethel shuddered violently and hid her face against my coat sleeve. As to Mr. Hilton, he turned and looked at me. I could scarcely face the anger and indignation in his eyes.

"And you, then, are an impostor, sir," he said, with a bitter scorn; "you have passed yourself off for another man! May I inquire who and what are you?"

At this Ethel wound both her arms through mine and leant close up against me. This gave me a great deal of courage, which might otherwise have failed me.

"I am John Smith, too, sir," I answered as composedly as I could. "I am sorry if there has been a mistake about me, but I have never pretended to be what I am not."

"Resign all claims to my child at once, sir," cried the old man angrily.

"Certainly not, Mr. Hilton; I shall do nothing of the sort. I am a gentleman, and I am also a barrister in good practice. I am perfectly able to support a wife in every comfort. So that if Ethel chooses to marry me in preference to this other gentleman, whom I have fortunately forestalled, I do not see what is to prevent her marriage—"

"And I do choose to marry him, papa," here burst forth Ethel, impetuously. "To begin with, I love him, and to go on with, I don't love this other Mr. John Smith; and what is more, I never could love him if I were to try from now till next year. He is not at all the sort of person I could ever take a fancy to, and my John Smith is, and I mean to marry him. Not all the fathers, dead or alive, in the world could make me change my mind. I really think that the other Mr. Smith had better go away," she added plaintively; "he has made us feel very uncomfortable, and we shall be much happier without him."

And go he did; back to the station in the fly that had brought him, for there was no use in trying to mend matters after such a speech as that.

Well, in time Mr. Hilton recovered and forgave me and became reconciled to our marriage, for he really liked me, and I do not think he would ever have taken to that other fellow.

I am married to Ethel now, and Mr. Hilton is very fond of me, although he often shakes his head and says, reproachfully:

"But you are not my John Smith, Jack; you are not my dear old friend's son, you know. I cannot forget that."

"Neither can I forget, sir," I answer, laughingly, "that when you first saw me you swore I was the very living image of him."

YE MERRIE CHRISTMAS FEAST.

[Edith M. Thomas in St. Nicholas.]

Now Grace is said, no longer wait,
With eyes downcast on emptie plate;
But see ye Turkey, fat, supine,
On which, good people, ye shall dine!
There lieth he—a noble bulk,
That soone shall be a shattered hulk.
Carve, Goodman, carve, with speed and skill—
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!

But who is this, that this way comes?
Sir Bagge Pudding, with wealth of plums;
Ha! smell ye not ye savorie fumes?
Ye Orient on this table blooms,
Ye Tropics here their Dainties spill—
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill!

And now come Junkets, Jumbles, Tartes,
And, after these, ye mince meat Pie,
And monumental Cake piled high,
Made by ye cunning Queene of Heartes,
Who all surveys with beaming eye.
Quoth she: "Pray tarrie, tarrie still;
Ye Guests, spare not, but ete your fill."

Ye Feast is done, ye Day is gone,
And Sleepe his curtains dark has drawn;
There through peepes many a fearful thing;
Ye Turkey and ye Bagge Pudding
On legges goe strutting up and downe;
Ye Mince Pie wears a deadly frowne;
Ye Cakes and Jumbles lead a dance;
Ye Tartes and Junkets madly prance.
Because, O Guests, ye ate your fill,
These sprites have now their evil will.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

A Plea for "Un-Christmas" Gifts.

Rick-Rack Trimming, Crocheted and Worked with Needle Designs for Each.

Chats with Our Correspondents on Various Topics.

We always had a great deal of sympathy for the little boy who said he wished he could sometimes have some "un-Christmas presents." The phrase tells such a mournful tale of a child who never had any unexpected pleasures planned for him, whose parents were probably very good, indeed, who "did their duty" by him—and nothing more.

If the honest truth should be told on this Christmas day, how many would have to confess that the list of people to whom they have given gifts at this season is made up largely of those to whom something "must be" given? The "must" may arise from various causes. It may be because they have given us something and we must repay the debt; or they stand in such relation to us that they would "think it strange" if they were omitted, and so on indefinitely. And of the gifts which we receive in turn, about how many of them do we have the same feeling—that they were given because something "must be" given?

There is not much joy to either the giver or receiver from such a gift. We realize this when we contrast the pleasure it affords us to make or purchase something for one whom we love dearly, and for whom we have carefully selected some article, be it great or small, with which we know our friend will be pleased because it is something wished for or needed for a long time. Or who does not know the joy of receiving, in like manner, some little token that breathes so much love and is so full of the thought of our friend for us, that the tears of joy will spring up unbidden.

Oh, let us make way with those gifts of necessity, which are so irksome and unwelcome, and give only from the spontaneous desire to give pleasure to others. Let each gift thus become full of meaning to both the giver and receiver and so precious to both. Then will the

Holiday Burdens

which are so grievous to be borne by so many cease to torment us. We shall not be so weary as we are now, nor so fond of saying that we are glad Christmas comes "but once a year."

It is such a pity to let these burdens which we roll up for ourselves take away from this blessed season of "good will to men" the sweetness which might be in it for us. For it cannot be denied that the custom of gift-giving, which was at first and of old a spontaneous expression of the spirit of the season—the peaceful happiness and unselfish joy of the advent time—has come to be in many cases only a meaningless and burdensome task, to be gotten through with as best it may be, but a very expensive and laborious job at the best.

And this brings us around again to our boy who sighed for some "un-Christmas gifts." He was a young philosopher, who knew what it was, perhaps, to be surfeited with sweets and toys on this one day of the year, and whose reflection thereon had led him to think how much better it would be if this superfluity of richness could only be scattered throughout the 12 months instead of coming in a heap. Or, if not surfeited at this time, he had even more cause to remember how long it was from one Christmas to another, and to wish for some oasis of a new toy, a fresh story book, or a box of sugar plums in the between-whiles.

Why should we give all our gifts on one day?

Give as many then as you wish or can afford, to be sure, but why not give at some other season, too?

We know a lady who has a tiny birthday book lying constantly on her desk, in which are recorded the names of her friends. This is often referred to, and there are few of her friends who do not receive some dainty little gift, a pretty card, or maybe only a letter of congratulation and good wishes from her on their birthday.

Another of our acquaintances takes note of wedding anniversaries in the same way; but better still is the example of the kind-hearted soul who delights to plan little surprises for her friends, for no particular day, but for all and any of the times and seasons. In fact, precisely those

"Un-Christmas Gifts,"

for which the small boy who furnishes our text had a longing.

Did you ever try seeing how very much surprised and how equally delighted some of your friends and relatives are if you make them an unexpected gift; that is one that is not on a Christmas, or New Year's, or Easter, or birthday, or any other anniversary or set occasion when presents are usually made? If you haven't it is worth the experiment, and by reflex action you will find that it's ever so much more fun to make such gifts than the other kind can afford you.

You will perhaps need this last week of the old year in which to recover from the effects of the present Christmas, but next week will be a good time to make a resolution on this subject, viz.:

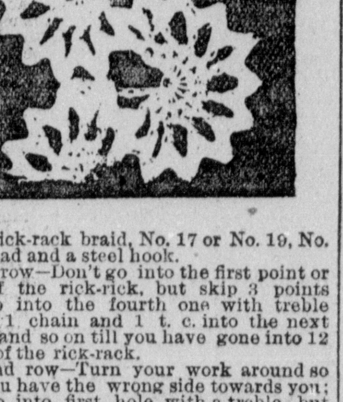
"That in 1888 I solemnly vow to make no gifts of the 'debit and credit' style, nor because they 'must be' given; and I will try to make as many 'un-Christmas' presents as I can."

RICK-RACK.

How to Make this Pretty, Durable and Cheap Trimming.

Some time ago a correspondent asked us about "rick-rack" trimming, but the rush of matter about Christmas gifts crowded it out from week to week.

"Rick-rack" trimming is made from what our mothers used to call "serpentine" braid, a flat, wavy linen braid which is shown in the illustration. This is bent into shells, circles or diamonds and fastened by being worked with the needle or crocheted with a hook. We give with this a pattern for crocheted rick-rack.



Use rick-rack braid, No. 17 or No. 19, No. 20 thread and a steel hook.

First row—Don't go into the first point or loop of the rick-rick, but skip 3 points and go into the fourth one with treble stitch: 1 chain and 1 t. c. into the next point, and so on till you have gone into 12 points of the rick-rack.

Second row—Turn your work around so that you have the wrong side towards you; now go into first hole with a treble, but don't finish the treble by drawing the thread only once through the first 2 stitches, thereby keeping the other 3 stitches on the needle; go into every one of the other holes in the same way, thus adding one stitch every time to those already on the needle.

Keeping on the needle all the 12 or 13 stitches make a loop and draw the thread through all the stitches and finish the fan with chain stitch.

Now make 8 chain stiches and join the next two points, opposite each other, by a long or double crochet stitch. Then 4 chain stitches and join the next two points of the rickrack, the same as above.

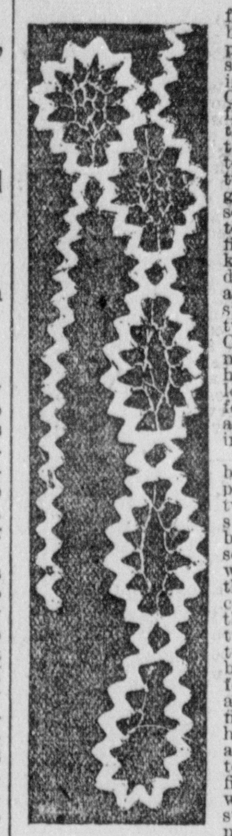
After making two chain count off 10 of the outer points of the rickrack from the beginning, putting the needle into the eleventh one, with a treble stitch. This treble stitch is the first one of the 12 to make the fan.

Now turn and repeat from the beginning, but instead of working into the eleventh point, work into the eighth one, but be careful to go into the eighth outer point of the rickrack surrounding the fan you made last.

[The above is contributed by a correspondent, "Hermione."]

The next design is for rick-rack trimming, which is worked with a needle, and is given in stages so as to show the work from the beginning to the completed band of work. This last is made four circles in width and is a very handsome trimming for underclothing, for white gowns and wrappers, or for children's dresses.

Use No. 13 rick-rack and No. 40 thread. Rick-rack can be made as wide as one pleases by beginning far enough from the end for the short piece to form one side the required width.



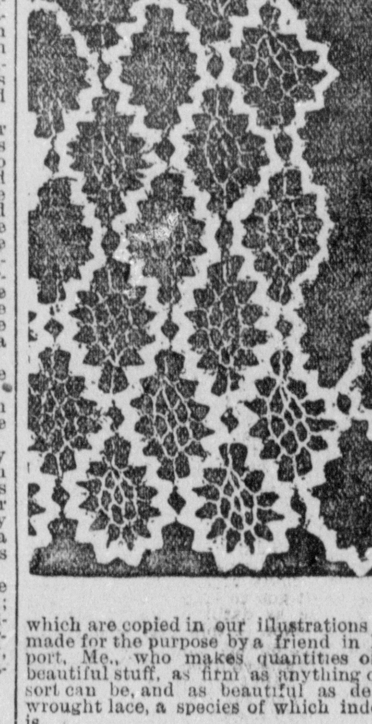
To make a band four wheels wide double the thirty-third point from the end so the point will come inside the wheel. Count five points from this thirty-third point, holding the braid doubled together, and sew the two sixth points together, also the two seventh points next to them. Count off five more points, still keeping the braid doubled together, and again sew the two sixth points and the two seventh points. Count and sew thrice more and you will have four oblong loops in the braid with four points left over at the start for "joining on."

To return across the band: From the last point sewed count two points on the outside and double the braid between the second and third. This will bring a point on the inside, from which count five points and then sew together the two sixth and the two seventh points as before. This gives four loops of the braid alternating with the first, and when you have done a row across you can begin to "work" these by filling up each loop with a kind of lace stitch worked with needle and thread.

Fasten the thread securely where the first points were joined. Work on the wrong side and toward the left. Place the needle in the points as for button-hole stitch, with thread at left, which bring under and round the needle; when drawn, a loop with a double twist will be the result. Proceed the same way with the 10 remaining points; next twist the thread round the loops, putting the needle under the loop each time; then draw to make the wheel flat. Make a second row of loops same as first; in every other loop already made twist thread round again and fasten.

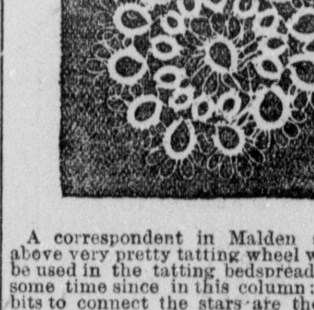
This works the circle, filling it quite up and making the whole very strong and beautiful. Go on to the next circle, which work in the same way.

This makes a lovely guimpe for morning-gowns, a child's dress, or the yoke of a nightdress. It will wear "like iron," and unlike crochet work will not be destroyed by the breaking of a stitch. We earnestly recommend this work to all. The samples



which are copied in our illustrations were made for the purpose by a friend in Rockport, Me., who makes quantities of this beautiful stuff, as firm as anything of the sort can be, and as beautiful as delicate wrought lace, a species of which indeed it is.

A Tatting Wheel.



A correspondent in Malden sends the above very pretty tatting wheel which may be used in the tatting bedspread described some time since in this column; the small bits to connect the stars are the same as were given with the other wheels.

"Hour" Correspondence.

[All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Jean Kincaid, Editor Woman's Hour, BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, Boston, Mass.]

Stamps must be enclosed if a personal reply is desired.

Full name and address must be given, though not necessarily for publication.

Directions, etc., cannot be repeated.

Roman striped carriage robe—The best way for you to do would be to get a bit of Roman striped ribbon that pleased you, or a sash or shawl, and copy that. Here are the colors of a striped shawl in the writer's possession which might be pretty. Beginning at the left with a very wide stripe of black, use next white, then black and white in alternating lines, then narrow white; then lines of yellow, red, yellow, black, white, yellow and red in order given; then black stripe; then lines only of red, yellow, black, white, yellow, red, yellow, white, yellow and the other fine lines again; then stripe of purple; then the stripe of fine lines again; then stripe of green; then fine lines; then stripe of red; fine lines; black stripe; lines; white stripe; black and white lines; white stripe and white band of black again. The number of rows of each cannot be given, as we have no knowledge of the stitch you are using. Lay bits of worsted in the colors you select, side by side, and so make up a "stripe" as the hand-carpet weavers do for a pattern. You must use your judgment as to relative width of stripes.

FINE CHOWDER.

A Fish Story a Little Out of Season but Just as Good.

[Kennebec Journal.]

One of Augusta's good citizens who is a devotee of Izaak Walton, tells a good story which he vouches for. While he and a party of friends were on a fishing trip they left their boat fastened to the shore while they were in camp eating dinner. In the bows of the boat was a bag containing about a bushel of white perch, which they had taken from a net. A cow came along and tore the bag open and ate nearly all the fish. Such were the statements of this citizen, who declared he could bring forward those who saw the occurrence. Furthermore said he: "You may take fresh fish to this same cow if she hasn't gone on to the retired list, and I'll bet $50 she'll eat them as heartily as corn meal."

"Why," said a listener, "old Jones says that you take pickerel, white perch and black bass and put them before a cow and she will eat the pickerel first and the bass last of all."

A well-known public man who is something of a wit remarked: "This fisherman, for a wonder, is too modest to tell the whole story. You see, when they came out from their tent and saw what the old cow had done, their anger was naturally excited. Well, they drove the old bovine into an angle of the fence and proceeded to take milk in pay for their fish. If you will believe it, they milked from that cow a 10-quart pail full of the finest fish chowder you ever tasted, and what's better, there wasn't a bone in it."

There was a profound silence in the room, only interrupted by the cough of a man who had swallowed a chew of tobacco.

We Don't Like It.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Volapuk, dear inquirer, is the language in which the train men call out the stations.

THE FASHION NOW.

New Lingerie for Winter Costumes.

Pretty Little Accessories Which Brighten Up Plain Toilets.

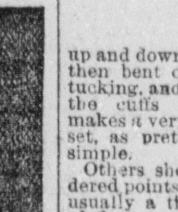
Notes Snipped and Clipped from Fashion Magazines.

One doesn't expect to see many new things in the line of "lingerie" at this season of the year, and yet there are novelties, and one can always find them by going to the right place to look for them. Surely they are never more needed than to brighten up the dark winter house-dresses with a touch of fresh crispness that woollen gowns too often lack. What costume is prettier than some simple, becoming and well fitting dark dress, brightened up with the fresh looking linen collar and cuffs, the bright ribbons and the dainty little aprons which some women know so well how to assume?

"Old-fashioned," did you say?

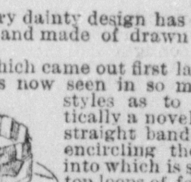
Well, yes; perhaps it is a little like a heroine out of an old novel. But we will venture to say that the man whose wife meets him when he comes home at night, dressed in this way, is sure to think he has a treasure, and will never grumble at the laundry bills.

The collar which is a general favorite with ladies just now is the high plain linen band, which looks so well inside the straight, buttoned-up collars of the tailor-made gowns. The young lady who can boast of wearing a two-and-a-half inch collar is looked upon with envy by all her friends, for ordinary people who haven't a neck like George Eliot's Gwendolen, have to be content with a collar that is only an inch and a half or two inches high. Even these are often cut down a little in front so as to make room for the chin, for most people have too short necks to stand anything else.



Then come the standing collars which have turned-down points, large or small, rolling or flat. These come in the greatest variety, with cuffs to match the collars, and are very pretty indeed.

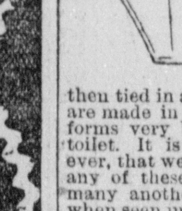
One of these, as shown in the illustration, has a little band of tucking at the ends of the collar, the tucks running up and down, of course. These corners are then bent over slightly, so as to show the tucking, and this, with the cuffs to match, makes a very charming set, as pretty as it is simple.



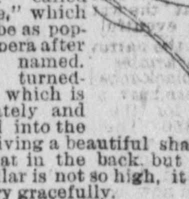
Others show embroidered points, and have usually a tiny wreath of flowers embroidered about the upper edge of the straight portion of the collar.

Another very dainty design has a corner turned down and made of drawn work as fine as lace.

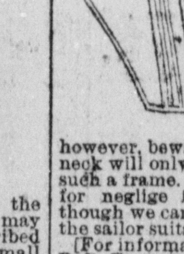
A design which came out first last spring, but which is now seen in so many new styles as to be practically a novelty, has a straight band of linen encircling the throat, into which is set at the top loops of folded and stitched linen, nearly an inch high and about half an inch wide, with a little less than that interval between them. Through these loops is run a picot-edged gros grain ribbon, which is then tied in a small bow in front. The cuffs are made in the same way, and the whole forms very bright accessories to a house toilet. It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that we shall be spared the sight of any of these with street costumes. Like many another thing, they are good only when seen in their proper place.



Also for house wear, though being plain linen they would not look so badly elsewhere, is the high linen collar called the "Erminie," which bids fair to be as popular as the opera after which it is named. This has a turned-over border, which is made separately and then stitched into the collar, thus giving a beautiful shape. It is narrow and flat in the back, but in front, where the collar is not so high, it is wider and flares very gracefully.



Still more romantic looking is a rather wide linen collar, which has a truly Byronic roll to it, cut in a deep V-shape in front and flares widely on either side. This will be very becoming to the girl who has a round, plump white throat, and those who possess this will go straightway and purchase the collar to adorn her new morning dress. Let others, however, beware, for a lean and "scraggy" neck will only look leaner and scraggier in such a frame. These are appropriate only for neglige home costumes, of course, though we can foresee a use for them with the sailor suits of next summer.



[For information received thanks are due D. R. Emerson & Co.]

Snippings and Clippings.

[From the Demorest Fashion Journal.]

Some of the prettiest evening dresses are made of striped crepe lisse and satin.

A rich visiting costume is of changeable velvet, combined with moire of the same character.

The introduction of gilt and silver on bridal dresses marks a new era, but is after all in doubtful taste.

A pair of fur-lined gloves makes a nice present for a gentleman, but are not very cheap, as they begin at $6.

A marked feature in this winter's fashions is the polonaise, which for some time past had been relegated to obscurity.

Himalaya cloth, with its long, fleecy surface, is an excellent choice for a tall and slender woman, but fatal to one of opposite proportions.

Kid gloves in Russia leather red, with heavy black stitching on the back and a binding of black on the edge, are the correct finish for a red costume.

Fans of quill feathers dyed in delicate evening colors, painted and tied with a small ribbon bow on either side, form an agreeable change from previous styles.

The favorite pearl necklace is composed of from one to eight strands, and the several strands may lie flat in continuous succession or be twisted in rope fashion.

Slender women should avail themselves of the breadth imparted by plaids, while stout women can reap equal benefit from narrow stripes.

Jersey flannel wrappers are among the most comfortable garments with which a lady can be provided, but they should be made of some pattern which does not require too much material, lest they prove heavy.

A pretty point evening dress for a debutante is of white d'esprit combined with moire; white moire sash and bouffant skirt, caught by autumn grasses on one side. A bunch of the same finishes each short lace sleeve and the skirt is edged by three narrow pinked flounces.

Buttons have been quite overshadowed by the prominence of rich and gay flowered, striped and plaided goods, to say nothing of the fine results given by colored braids, passementeries and galoons, whether of metal or beads.

All sorts of clever devices for ornamenting plain gowns are shown in the shop windows. These take the shape of vests and plastrons of various materials. One is a collar and sharply pointed vest of white crepe lisse laid in folds, and between each fold is inserted a narrow, picot-edged ribbon of very pale yellow. These collars and pointed plastrons are made of jet and of various colored passementeries, and a very pretty one for a gray dress is made of gray West India beads. In the passion for gold and silver braids of all sorts they are made up into these plastrons and pinned to the waists of various dresses to lighten them up for evening wear. Others are manufactured of multitudinous loops of very narrow feather-edged ribbons set upon a pointed shape of coarse tulle.

JEAN KINCAID.

The Parson's Pay.

[Whitman Times.]

According to Hobart's history of Abington, Rev. Samuel Brown was the first minister in Abington, and the town in their call voted to pay him £48 a year salary, and to add to that £2 a year until it amounted to £60, and then £1 a year until it reached £70, which sum thenceforth was to be his salary for life. Ministers of the present day would consider this a queer call.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Characteristics of the Late Daniel Manning.

His Great Work at Chicago in the Interest of Cleveland.

Why He Went into the President's Cabinet.

Something for Americans to Think of.

"Never Bite Off More Than You Can Chew"—The Big Raft.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—The sad end of Daniel Manning's life and the drifting of an enormous raft of logs on the crests and in the depths of ocean's mighty billows give Americans something to think of.

"Never bite off more than you can chew." That's a homely but a pregnant adage, meaning much, carrying in its own homely way fruitful suggestion to every fallow mind.

I knew Mr. Manning very well.

An honest, earnest, conscientious industrian, he would have been a great success as a contractor. He was strong physically, and contact with bodies of men would have developed his fibre in every way. If you will notice men of affairs who control physical exertions, you will be struck, I think, by the moral weight their physique gives them. Lawrence Barrett is reported to have said it would be an imperial fortune to him could two inches be added to his height. Theodore Tilton's long legs, Charles Sumner's portly carriage, Grover Cleveland's bulk, Henry Ward Beecher's impressive personality, the commanding figure of Phillips Brooks, afford apt illustrations of the theory that physical proportions have much to do with men's success in upper lines of endeavor; while, as I say, a study of great contractors, of successful shipbuilders, of railroad constructors, men who build bridges, lay sewers, will show that those who exert physical control over bodies of their fellows, are almost invariably of the George Law type, big boned, large framed, pushing, driving, locomotive men.

Daniel Manning was built that way.

Circumstances, however, led him into a newspaper office, where his practical business talent was of more use than any special development of idea or felicity of literary labor. Individually he was of little account, until Samuel J. Tilden, recognizing the desirability of having in the capital of this State an organ on which he could play the music of reform, healed a breach between himself and the Albany Argus and selected it as his mouthpiece during the tremendous battles with the rings of the State in general, and this city in particular. On the advice of William C. Whitney, then corporation counsel here, it was determined that Grover Cleveland should be nominated as Democratic candidate for governor of the State of New York, and to Mr. Manning was assigned the honorable duty of conferring with Mr. Cleveland, and directing the movements of the Democratic council. From that hour Manning was regarded as Tilden's forefinger, indicating to that great body of

Democrats Who Followed the Flag of Tilden,

because they believed in him, not as a person, but as a leader, and little by little his utterance of Tilden's mandates gained him the reputation of leadership, which in no sense belonged to him, and which I have reason to believe he had no care for.

I saw much of him in Chicago.

He was always honest in his support of Cleveland as a candidate, and it was specially noticed by the caucuses of othe States and the leaders from other interests that at no time, and under no circumstances, did Mr. Manning promise to carry the State of New York for Grover Cleveland, but in season and out of season, with a firmness that was absolutely Spartan, and with a determination that showed the true grit of the man's nature, he insisted that if any Democrat could carry this State, that Democrat was Grover Cleveland—an argument that subsequently prevailed.

Who can forget the scene?

The enormous exhibition hall was packed to the verge of suffocation. Matches in a box have space amplitudinous in comparison with that accorded the individual members of that tremendous convocation. A long platform held dignitaries and guests and favored correspondents. Immediately in front were 200 or 300 correspondents and reporters from all sections of the land, and then, massed in front and spreading out like wings on either hand, were the delegates and alternates, supported by thousands upon thousands of yelling, shouting, hurrahing men, eager to hear, anxious to see, bewildered by the noise and raised to a pitch of excitement it would be impossible to exaggerate.

The venerable figure, the classic countenance of Hendricks, loomed up like a monumental threat within four rows of the platform.

The lithe figure, the clean-cut metropolitan air, the bright intelligent face of Whitney was seen here, there, everywhere, whispering, appealing, persuading. On the platform a new man from the West, Vilas, regarded the turbulence before him with mixed emotion.

Garland with His Heavy Jowl,

Bayard with his aristocratic bearing, Lamar, long-haired, paunchy, grim, Hampton, erect and soldierly, John Kelly, the very epitome of sturdy independence, and hosts of minor men, all restless, full of wonder as to what might happen next. Little Grady of New York, round-faced, chubby-cheeked, bright-eyed, was hoarse, and failed to do himself justice. Burke Cochran took the audience in the hollow of his hand and played with it as a juggler does his balls.

Thank heaven for Burke Cochran!

New York has had such a continuity of flow from Evarts, from Choate, from Depew, from Porter, from Woodford, that it is a relief to find upon a public roster a new name. Burke Cochran has come to the front with the celerity of a comet and dominates the vault of oratory as a blazing meteor might the summer heaven. On this occasion he surpassed himself, and the men of New York, determined to push Grover Cleveland to the front, and the men of the South, desirous of doing whatever the Empire State demanded, listened with bated breath and apprehension, as this bold, defiant, plausible rhetorician soared into the very upper sphere of oratory, denouncing the men who would bring Cleveland to the front, and portraying with vivid imagination the evil certain to fall upon the country if Cleveland should be named.

Then rose the "tall sycamore" of the West, with Hendricks on his tongue.

For forty minutes thereafter the noise, confusion, stentorian shout and wild huzzah combined to frame an outcry, in the presence of which the tumult in the tower of Babel was as a baby's rattle to the roar of cannon.

And Manning?

And Manning stood like a rock. On his pale cheeks stood beads of perspiration, the sweat of agony bathed his brow, and he clasped the back of a chair before him with the grip of a set, unalterable vise.

Why so?

Because he had been charged with a duty, and that duty was on his conscience, and though he died he would still have stood, like the boy upon the burning deck, whence all but he had fled. Nothing under heavens but

Dan Manning's Pluck

kept the name of Hendricks from the flag that floated over Democratic headquarters from that balmy day in June until the bleak day in November, when the ten hundred extra votes in the Empire State carried Cleveland into place and power. Hundreds knew it, and as the cheers rolled on, their roaring like the growling of the ocean, he slid, little by little, in his seat, until he absolutely rested on the small of his back, his face covered with his hands, his hands trembling with excitement, and every fibre of his frame stirred, as he beheld, as it were, within his grasp, the prize for which he would have bartered everything save his soul.

But Manning still stood!

And standing still he carried the point he was charged to make, and 30 minutes afterwards sank exhausted in his seat, the halo of "well done good and faithful servant" resting on his tired head. That was the time for the Mannings to have taken that brave man across the water, to have washed from the chambers of his memory every vestige of political thought, instead of which he plunged into the campaign, and feeling a sense of responsibility, allowed himself to be seduced into the acceptance of the treasury portfolio, for the duties of which he had no more natural fitness than any one of a thousand country bankers who could be summoned within the hour.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact, that although Manning had been in conventions for years, when he went to Washington he was like a stranger within its gates.

I remember a striking corroboration of this which occurred the night of the inauguration ball. There was a large room, one of a series devoted to the reception committee, an unwieldy prominent body of men from all sections of the country, to which invited guests were requested to repair and remain until

The Arrival of the President,

when, in grand train, they were to parade, as they subsequently did, the entire hall. I was in this room with a party of ladies and gentlemen when Mr. Manning entered. Not a person knew him, and he did not recognize a face in all that gathering. I called the attention of Horatio King, formerly postmaster general in Buchanan's cabinet, and Mr. Roselle of the Riggs House, to Mr. Manning's presence, and led them to him. Of course, as the prospective secretary of the treasury, he was a noted man, and as the impelling power, so far as externals were concerned, which had brought Cleveland to the front, he was an honored guest, and from that hour on introductions were constant, and some degree of sociability prevailed. Of course you see the point, and, uninformed as he was as to these identities, so was he uninformed as to the duties of his new office, which he assumed, however, with a full sense of its grave responsibilities, and with a conscientious determination to do his very best.

It's all nonsense to talk about the sanitary infelicities of the Treasury Department; it is worse than absurd to ram down the throats of thoughtful men the story that the sewer-gas poisoned his blood. He had too much to do, and he didn't know how to do it. He bit off more than he could chew, and in the end was choked by a surplus of endeavor. I believe Daniel Manning to have been an honest, conscientious, industrious man, if ever there was such a being, but there is something needed there besides honesty, industry, earnestness. It requires a special fitness.

Financiers Are Born, Not Made.

A man may by study master the art of finance; he may by research familiarize himself with the habits, the theories, the peculiarities of financiers throughout the world; he may by reading bring himself to a possible comprehension of different schemes of financiering, and all this might make him a banker, might give him a certain degree of erudition, but it would not make him a financier, fit to preside in such a time as that which found Manning in the front.

He knew it.

He knew it so well that he said time and time again, oftentimes in literal phrase, oftener in manner than suggestion, that were it not for his loyalty to Cleveland, his determination to stand by him at all hazards, he would give up, and he ultimately did give up.

Why did he give up?

Because he was ill.

How did he become ill?

By overwork, by undue exertion in unaccustomed channels. The first fall he had was the result of vertigo, but prior to that he had had dizzy spells, and before them he had felt faint, and prior to that he had had headaches. Now, all men of affairs, and especially all men who use their head, have headaches, faint feelings, dizzy spells and vertigo, and a man who attempts to work when he has a fit of vertigo is exactly like a man who attempts to eat when his mouth is filled with more than he can chew.

I dare say you would like to have me say masticate; but I am talking sense.

I am "talking business" now.

I want to impress the lesson of the day upon you, and the best way to present thought is to utilize the bright crystallizations of able men. Precisely who the able man was I don't know, but his ability was well demonstrated when he compacted into those eight words the experience of all time:

"Don't Bite Off More Than You Can Chew."

Look at the raft.

Don't you wish you could look at it? Where is it? What is it doing? Into what steamer has it plunged? Falling from some towering height, what deck has it crashed, what crew sent to glory? Disintegrated, what vessel has it bored holes through? What shipwrecked sailors are at this moment resting on the coral beds beneath the wave?

You don't know, neither do I.

But we do know that the men who undertook to tow that bulk of unprecedented magnitude through and across the stormy waters bit off more than they could chew, and it, without its tow, is adrift on the trackless ocean, as all enterprises are when the head is gone, as all enterprises must be when in the hands of incompetent persons, as all persons are when they attempt to carry into effect enterprises they are not big enough to grasp and handle. Ambition is a splendid tonic, but ambition misdirected is like that of the old-time boy who set fire to the Ephesian Temple, or our misguided friend, Jefferson Davis, who sought to disrupt the nation and to create a confederacy!

See the point?

HOWARD.

Gave a Boat a Bad Name.

[Army and Navy Journal.]

There is a singular coincidence in regard to the British gunboat lately reported lost, to which we have already alluded. On Sept. 22, 1884, her majesty's gunboat Wasp was wrecked on the northwest coast of Ireland, with the lost of all hands excepting six men (one of them that usually fortunate functionary the ship's cook). The admiralty, with commendable economy of invention, clapped the same name upon a new steel gunboat lost at Elswick last year, and upon her first commission sent her to China. She got as far as Singapore without special mishap or adventure; sailed from that port for Hong Kong or Shanghai on Sept. 10, 1887, and has not been heard of since. The seas and islands in every direction have been searched in vain; not a vestige of the vessel or her crew has been found.

Thus the new Wasp, with all on board, was lost in a typhoon almost precisely three years after the wreck of the vessel whose name she bore.

This was, of course, only a coincidence. And yet, why should the admiralty have cursed a new ship with a name of evil omen?

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

NO WARNING WHISTLE.

A Train Ploughs at Full Speed Into a Crowd.

One Lady Thrown 20 Feet on the Track and Instantly Killed.

Threats to Lynch the Engineer, Who is Rescued by Police Officers.

CHICAGO, Dec., 22.—An incoming Baltimore & Ohio train ploughed at full speed through the crowd boarding the Illinois suburban train at Van Buren station last evening. Fully 200 people were thronging the tracks at the time, and without a whistle or a note of warning the train was upon them.

In an instant Miss Lottie Launderville was thrown a distance of 20 feet and instantly killed, when the train stopped and the engine was boarded by an infuriated crowd of persons who had narrowly escaped death.

The engineer was roughly seized and cries of "lynch him," "kill him," were shouted from hundreds of throats. Just in time to prevent the crowd from executing its threats, two officers arrived and rescued the cowering man from the throng of avengers. He was quickly taken away, and his name could not be learned.

There seems to be no excuse for the accident. There was no sound of bell or whistle to warn the crowd of the approaching danger.

LIARS AND LYING.

Women With Whom Lying is a Disease—White Lies That are Excused by Both Society and the World.

[Copyrighted, 1887.]

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

We are all liars to a greater or less degree, but that lamentable fact does not lessen the enormity of the crime.

I once saw a charming lady, in the presence of several guests whom she had been delightfully entertaining, take a card from her servant's hand, scan it with a slight frown, and return it, saying, "Tell the gentleman I have gone to bed with a violent headache." The servant bowed and conveyed the message—thus increasing the number of liars by two.

Fashionable lies of this kind are not supposed to count in the catalogue of sins, but it seems to me they are like parasites which destroy the delicate leaves of a plant after a time. They injure and blunt the finer perceptions of right and wrong.

A gentleman laid a wager with a lady the other evening that she could not live through the following day without lying, unless she hurt the feelings of some of her friends by seeming rudeness.

She lost the wager, declaring that she found polite lies absolutely necessary, as he had said. I do not believe them necessary, however, and I am confident we would win and retain more friends in the long run if we built our daily lives on a foundation of absolute truthfulness.

The moment I detect man or woman in a lie, however trivial, my interest and respect is lessened, and I am sure other people are influenced in the same way.

The moment my own lips have uttered a polite lie I feel a decided lessening of regard for myself, and am conscious that silence or tact could have saved me from the foolish error.

The liar who possesses a good memory may make a success of his profession for years without detection. It is seldom, however, that the art of lying and the art of remembering are combined in one person.

I remember a woman in my own profession who told me in our first interview that she had received $75 for a short article which had recently appeared. On our second meeting she spoke of the matter again, and said she received $50 for it. A few days later I heard her mention it

To a Third Party

as having brought her $25. I learned afterward that she was paid $15 for the article. Had she recollected her first statement I might never have doubted her word.

Lying is like the opium habit. I have known people who began to tell "white lies" for convenience, and ended by becoming the most absolute and shameless of liars on every occasion.

In some cases lying is a disease, and should be treated as such.

I know two ladies who are otherwise excellent in character, and both are valuable members of society. One is a devout church-member in high standing, and foremost in all good works of charity.

Both these ladies seem physically and morally unable to tell the truth. When the truth would better serve their purposes, they choose a lie. They harm no one but themselves, as their lies are never malicious, and refer usually to their own affairs.

One of these ladies is fond of telling the most marvellous stories of herself and her friends, their remarkable adventures, their extensive wealth, their wide travels, their intimate acquaintance with renowned people.

If you repeat these fairy stories after her you cover yourself with humiliation, as they are almost entirely fabrications of her brain. If you disprove her statements to her face she looks you in the eyes and smiles, and emphatically declares you misunderstood her words. Her conversation is sparkling and bright, and you are amused and entertained highly until you discover her gift for improvising.

The other lady's talent runs more in a mercantile channel. She makes a purchase in your presence for which she pays $10. Let a third person enter the room, and she declares smilingly that she has just paid $20 for the article. If you correct her she insists that you are mistaken. Her doctor's and dentist's bills, her servants' wages, the price of her bonnets and boots, are all subjects of exaggerated statements. She has, like the majority of liars, a memory like a sieve, and consequently contradicts herself a dozen times in as many hours. Her friends all acknowledge her unfortunate peculiarity, but she is so kind-hearted and possesses so

Many Other Admirable Traits

that she is tolerated in spite of her lies.

It seems to me both of these ladies need the serious attention of some specialist on diseases of the brain.

I have heard an opinion expressed that women are less frank and truthful than men. If this is true, it is due to their education. Women are taught to conceal and men to reveal their true natures from the cradle up. Women are taught that the world expects them to be statues of decorum, and that it is merciless to the one who by word, atmosphere, or act indicates that she could step down from her pedestal.

Man is taught that he is a human being of varied passions, liable to fall into error, which the world quickly forgets and forgives. He tells the truth about his nature and his temptations, and the world listens, sympathizes and admires.

Woe unto the woman who, no matter how free from sin, confesses to her best friends that she has ever in thought, even, been stirred from her role of absolute decorum. She is forever more branded "doubtful." Consequently she hides from the world, and, if necessary, lies to conceal her real human self from detection. I have heard the objection offered that if we all speak absolute truth we must speak ill of many people. I do not believe it. There is no human being so depraved that good cannot be spoken of him. It would be an interesting experience if we should all experiment for an entire month in finding the excellent quality to mention in each person we meet, and keeping silence concerning his or her faults.

Silence, however, is often made to serve as the helpless handmaid of liars. I can imagine no more despicable lie than the one conveyed by silence when speech is needed to defend the reputation of some victim of malice or envy. Many a name has been shadowed by the significant silent lie of one who should have spoken the word of defence. I am afraid this is a phase of falsehood more feminine than masculine.

Liars, like poets, are more frequently born than made; but certain methods of education can increase or cure the malady. It is said that several of our great novelists were terrible liars in childhood. Their vivid imaginations portrayed events and scenes which they related as actual occurrences. Utilized in fiction, their inborn propensity to exaggerate common events became valuable to the lovers of exciting fiction.

A child should be taught to consider a slight prevarication as a departure from morality, and strict truthfulness of speech, even in trivial matters, as one of the highest virtues.

However lightly we may speak of telling "white lies," we all feel an instinctive respect for the man or woman who has won a reputation for sincere truthfulness, and we have but to build our own lives on the same foundation to be regarded in the same light.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

She Euchred Her Successor.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]

The good woman of Tennessee who had her new bonnet buried with her, doubtless had misgivings as to the style of the crown laid up for her above.

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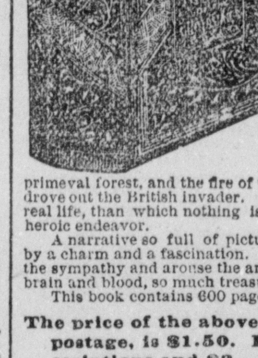
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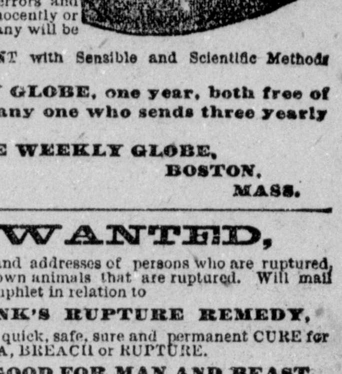
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ONE SMALL BOY'S CHRISTMAS.

[Somerville Journal.]

The small boy looked at the Christmas tree,
And, straining his eager eyes to see,
Says he:
"Now I wonder just what they have got for me.

By Gee!
There's a bully old pair of nickelled skates
The size of which clearly indicates
That they're meant for a boy of about my size—
If I get *them* I'll draw a prize.

"Then over there is a dandy drum,
Which I'm rather led to believe wi'l come
My way, and a printing press and type I see
Which would be just about the thing for me.

"That clipper sled looks mighty fine,
And I shouldn't wonder if that were mine,
And I'm rather inclined to think, from the looks
Of things, that I'll get that box of books.

"And the shotgun up there behind the tree
I'm mighty sure is designed for me,
And the camera and the base-ball bat
Are coming to me, I'll bet my hat."

BUT,
The camera went to another boy
And loaded him up with a peaceful joy,
While the case of type and the printing press
Filled his cousin Tom with happiness;
And the nickelled skates, his brother Jim
Remarked with a grin, belonged to him,
And the dandy drum and the clipper sled
Were both designed for his cousin Ned.
But when the small boy sadly saw
The shotgun go, he dropped his jaw,
And doleful, indeed, became his looks
When he lost his grip on the box of books,
While the thing that simply knocked him flat
Was the fact that he missed the base-ball bat.

AND
All that gladdened the small boy's life
Was a candy-bag and a new jack-knife.

ENVOY:
To the boys who have read this jingle through:
Let's hope that this small boy wasn't you.

Wonderful Bird Instinct.

[Hartford Times.]

The remarkable instinct by which dogs and cats have been guided in returning to their homes from long distances is frequently illustrated, but instances of this instinct in birds are rare, excepting as to certain kinds of pigeons. Even then, it is only by rising high in the air and getting a view of familiar landmarks that they are guided. A story which comes from Stratford, in this State, recounts a remarkable case of a clipped pigeon finding its way home. Some three or four weeks ago Lorenzo Beers disposed of a number of pigeons to his brother-in-law, E. M. Beardsley, of Huntington. These birds were of the tumbler variety and were highly prized by their new owner. A week or so after their removal two of them returned to their old home in Stratford and were sent back to Huntington, but returned again to Stratford in a few days. They were recaptured and returned to their owner, who took the precaution to pluck the quills from one wing of each bird. Notwithstanding this mutilation one of the birds returned again to Mr. Beers' residence, having walked the whole distance, nine miles, between Huntington and Stratford.

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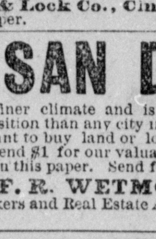
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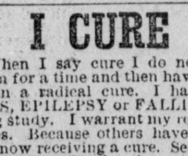
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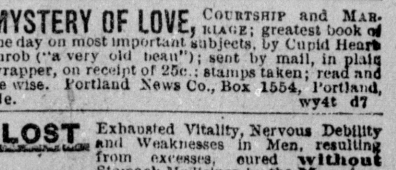
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